Aug. 30, 1982

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.25

Eugène Mihaesco

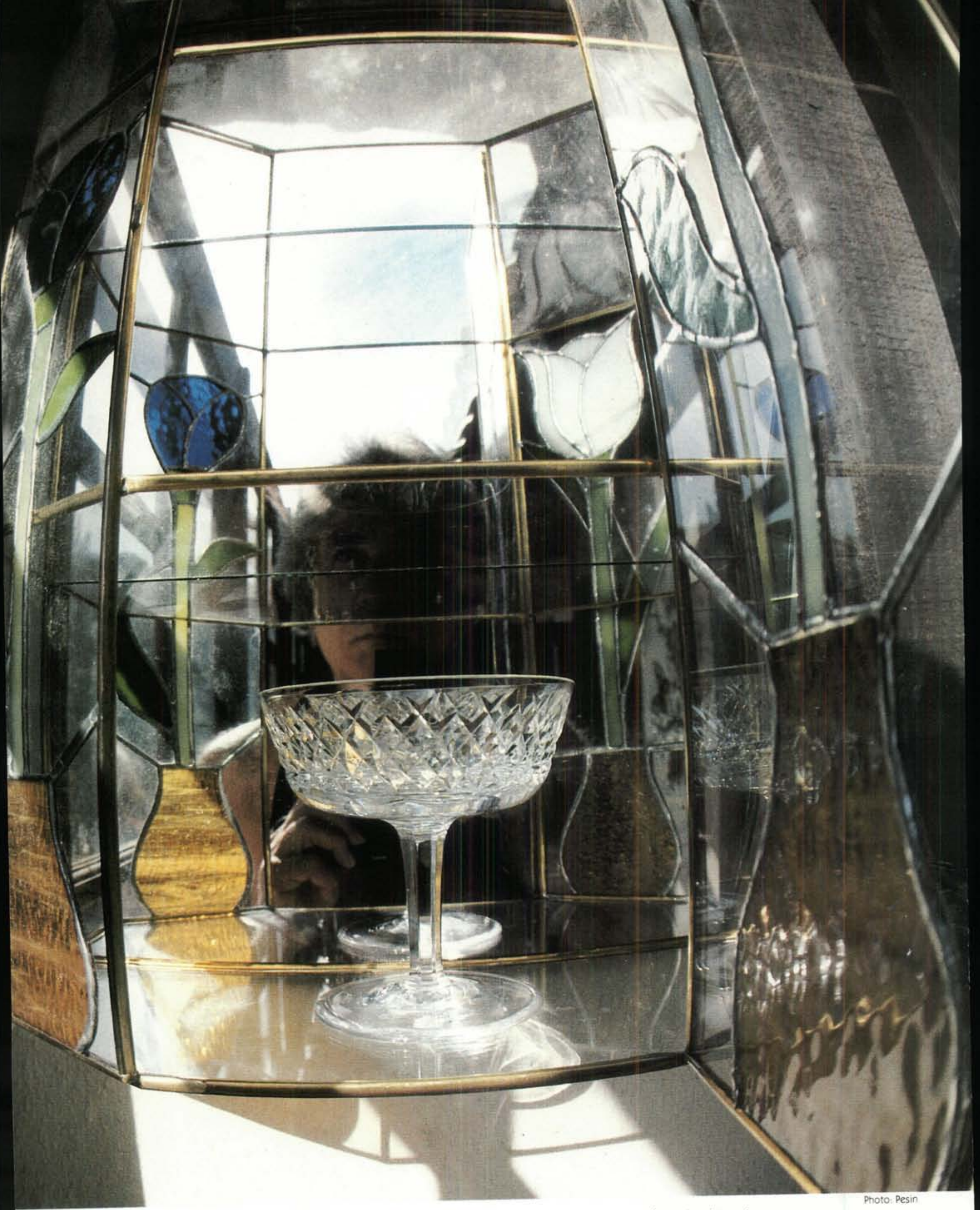


Photo: Pesin

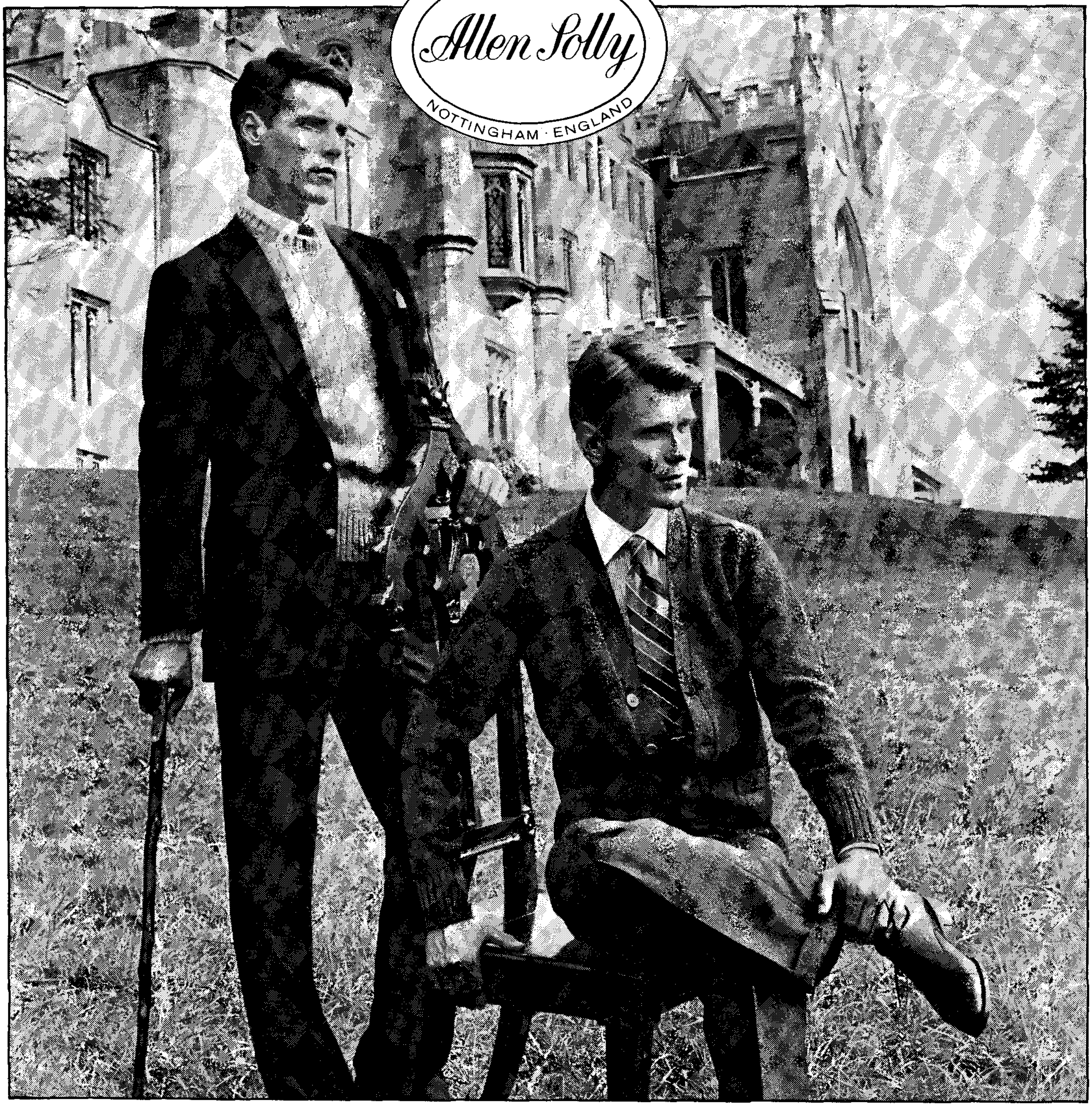
TO LIFE.

Ah, Waterford!
It's a toast to life.
A baby is born,
the fleeting desire
of a shooting star,
a chance encounter with
a mysterious stranger,
the bloom of a flower,
a parting kiss–
so many wonders call for
a Waterford toast.
Waterford–
the crystal that celebrates
life's sweet mysteries.

Authentic Waterford is handmade in Ireland and signed. Complimentary booklet, Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010

CLOTHIERS TO KINGS, MAHARAJAHS AND PRESIDENTS

ESTABLISHED 1744
Allen Solly
NOTTINGHAM · ENGLAND



Introducing an Entire Collection of Exceptional Men's Clothing in the Tradition of Allen Solly. Finely crafted and designed to perpetuate an almost legendary excellence of English heritage. That high repute was built on searching for the best. Today, you'll find impressively tailored suits and sportcoats. Pure cotton shirts. Handmade ties. Simply incomparable, perfectly beautiful knits. Scottish shetlands in every conceivable color. Buttons of horn. Such special touches prevail throughout the collection.

THE NEW ALLEN SOLLY SHOP
bloomingdale's men's store

Shown from the collection, **The Navy Blazer:** Pure wool worsted, 155.00. **The Scottish Shetland Pure Wool Crewneck:** Cable knit in heath, gridstone, briar, garnet, volcano for S,M,L,XL, 45.00 **The Scottish Shetland Pure Wool Cardigan:** Made in England. Wine, oatmeal, oxford, tartan for S,M,L,XL, 48.00. On 1, New York. And in all our fashion stores including King of Prussia and Willow Grove.

RECEIVED
AUG 30 1982
Ambassador College
Library

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 12.)

Charlotte Sweet—A spoof of Victorian music hall that is occasionally amusing, but more often just silly. The libretto is by Michael Colby and the book by Gerald Jay Markoe. The young company performs valiantly and with some skill. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting **Johnny Got His Gun**, an adaptation by Bradley Rand Smith of Dalton Trumbo's novel of the same title. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5.)

The Death of Von Richthofen as Witnessed from Earth—This musical spectacle about the First World War was written, composed, and directed by the astonishing Des McAnuff. The production, on Douglas W. Schmidt's impressive setting, steams along for a little over an act and then is swamped by its own theatricality. The acting is admirable. John Vickery is Von Richthofen, Bob Gunton is Hermann Göring, and Robert Joy, Mark Linn-Baker, Jeffrey Jones, and Robert Westenberg appear in other roles. (8/23/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Janet Maylie, Debra Mooney, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

The Fox—An adaptation, by Allan Miller, of D. H. Lawrence's story about two women who live on a farm in rural England and whose lives are disrupted (to say the least) by the intrusion of a mysterious young soldier. The time is November of 1918. Under the direction of Mr. Miller, the performance is all it *should* be, and the script embodies both Lawrence's strength and his weaknesses. With Jenny O'Hara, Mary Layne, and Anthony Heald. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 19.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—Liv Ullmann, John Neville, and Edward Binns head the cast of this Ibsen play with an adaptation by Arthur Kopit. Directed by Mr. Neville. Previews through Sunday, Aug. 29. Opens officially on Monday, Aug. 30. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, Aug. 29, at 3.)

Herringbone—David Rounds impersonates ten characters in this murky, grotesque (talented), and intensely disagreeable musical. Book by Tom Cone; score by Skip Kennon, who doubles as pianist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 5: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. Pinafore.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—A musical spoof of the 1960 Roger Corman film of the same title. The book and lyrics are by Howard Ashman, and the music is by Alan Menken. Originally presented at the WPA Theatre earlier this year. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's deft if unnecessarily didactic play about the immorality of apartheid. Formidably well acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Night-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"KEMP, DENT IN REAGAN PLANS" . . . . *Veronica Geng* 30
"THE LINE" . . . . *James Robison* 32
"FOUR POEMS" . . . . *Dave Smith* 34
PROFILES (KNUD JENSEN) . . . . *Lawrence Weschler* 36
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 62
"BY-BLOWS" (POEM) . . . . *Mark Jarman* 67
A REPORTER AT LARGE (HAWAII—PART I) . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 68
BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 86
BRIEFLY NOTED 90

COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *William Steig, Donald Reilly, Charles Saxon, Ed Arno, James Stevenson, Bernard Fuchs, Edward Frascino, Dean Vietor, Charles Barsotti, Dana Fradon, Henry Martin, Ed Fisher, Robert Weber, Mischa Richter, Arnie Levin*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 28, August 30, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

ly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Music Keeper—A play by Elliot Tiber and André Ernotte, starring Jan Miner. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nine—A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Raul Julia is the star. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Present Laughter—Audiences guffaw at this outrageous roughing up of Noël Coward's gentle, well-written comedy, much as if it were a country circus. George C. Scott is the star and director. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Frank Langella plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Dennis Boutsikaris plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,288 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** James Belushi, Maureen McGovern, Kaye Ballard, Peter Noone, George Rose, and Tony Azito in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SOLDIER'S PLAY:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 28.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of this musical. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

d.ehrenberg

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Monday, Sept. 6.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9. No performances Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5.)

Ice Show—"Walt Disney's Great Ice Odyssey": This summer's cooler has John Carlow, Jamie-Lynn Kitching, Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Goofy, and the rest of the gang on blades. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 25-27, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Aug. 28, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and final performances Sunday, Aug. 29, at 1 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, **JAKI BYARD,** a simultaneously free and stride pianist, will lead his trio; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio will be on hand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. Texas tenor saxophonist and ex-Basie-ite **BUDDY TATE** teams up with Texas alto saxophonist and positively singeing blues singer **EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON** through Sunday, Aug. 29. They'll be buoyed by and trading solos with bluesy pianist **RAY BRYANT** and his trio. Monday, Aug. 30, will be claimed by Bill Bickford and Jane Blackstone, and on Tuesday, Aug. 31, flugelhornist **ART FARMER** will arrive with pianist **FRED HERSCH,** bassist **RAY DRUMMOND,** and drummer **AKIRA TANA.** There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and, what's more, the shows usually begin on time. The varied schedule: Friday, Aug. 27, the Drifters and the Marvelettes; Saturday, Aug. 28, **DOC AND MERLE WATSON,** the stunning father-and-son flat-picking guitarists from North Carolina; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, rock, folk, and blues guitarist and singer **JORMA KAUKONEN.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile music. Pianist **PHIL MARKOWITZ** performs with vibraharpist Joe Locke through Saturday, Aug. 28; Sunday, Aug. 29, will belong to pianist **LARRY WILLIS**; and on Monday, Aug. 30, bassist **RED MITCHELL** will come in with pianist Kirk Lightsey. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** who has taken on her usual summer slot here, is always lively and energetic. She and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** play Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** influenced by Tatum and Chopin, is at the piano Mondays through Fridays from nine to midnight in this subdued dark-brown restaurant.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Wednesday, Aug. 25, Snuky Tate, Kid Blue, Attention, and Network; Thursday, Aug. 26, the Funktionaries, the Toasters, Richard Thorne & the Side Effects, and Buster & the Big Ideas; Friday, Aug. 27, Shrapnel, the Pə-dant-iks, and Jo Marshall; and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 28-29, the **BUSH TETRAS.** Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** who sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and writes the blues, also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and a beautifully slow version of "The Glory of Love." She's backed up by Jimmy Lewis on bass and Gerald Cook on piano Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, singer **CHRIS CONNOR** will be present instead of Miss Hunter. Sundays through Tuesdays belong to singer and bassist **ARVELL SHAW'S** trio. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Aug. 25, the New York Packet, a sea-chantey quartet; Saturday, Aug. 28, mandolin ace **ANDY STATMAN**; and Saturday, Sept. 4, bluegrass banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** and his band, **SKYLINE.** Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty and Saturdays at eight-fifteen.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two; Wednesdays, other combos play from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Aug. 29, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** and his band will perform from about nine-thirty. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Brazilian percussionist **AIRTO MOREIRA** and his vocalist wife, **FLORA PURIM,** are here with their band playing jazz-rock, bossa nova, reggae, and sounds of the Amazon jungles through Sunday, Aug. 29. Beginning Tuesday, Aug. 31, **NAT ADDERLEY,** an entertaining raconteur and an earthy, bluesy cornettist, will join forces with the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE.** The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City: Wednesday, Aug. 25, Stan Rogers and Connie Kaldor; Thursday, Aug. 26, Delores Keane & Reel Union; Friday, Aug. 27, John McEuen; Saturday, Aug. 28, folk rocker **ELLEN MC ILWAINE**; Tuesday, Aug. 31, the Michael Fracasso band; Wednesday, Sept. 1, **JOHN HAMMOND**; Thursday, Sept. 2, Sal Ritz and the Back-Street Band; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, singer **MARIA MULDAUR.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins at eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 25-26, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** quartet, **TOP SHELF**; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, bebop alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON**; Sunday, Aug. 29, singer and pianist **ANDY BEY**; Monday, Aug. 30, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and alto saxophonists **GARY BARTZ, CHRIS WOODS,** and **CHARLES (CI) WILLIAMS**; and beginning Tuesday, Aug. 31, singer Connie James. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio through Sunday, Aug. 29; Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 1-5, bassist **NABIL TOTAH** will work with guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and pianist **MIKE LONGO.** On Mondays and Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio. All of these groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except Sundays, when singer Kitt Moran and pianist Mike Moran hold forth.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and cooler. **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the bowing, buzzing bassist, works with pianist **VALERIE CAPERS** through Saturday, Aug. 28, and Tuesday through Friday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3, bassist **STEPHEN ROANE** will be here with pianist **NOREEN GREY.** Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven to eleven. Closed Saturday, Sept. 4.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a fine stride specialist, is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, will belong to the crackling sharp Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and his quintet, the **BRAZILIAN EXPRESS.** The music begins at nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. **HANK JONES,** older brother to Thad and Elvin and an elegant pianist, has moved in to collaborate with bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** Tuesdays through Saturdays. The Sunday-and-Monday piano-bass duties are carried out by **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

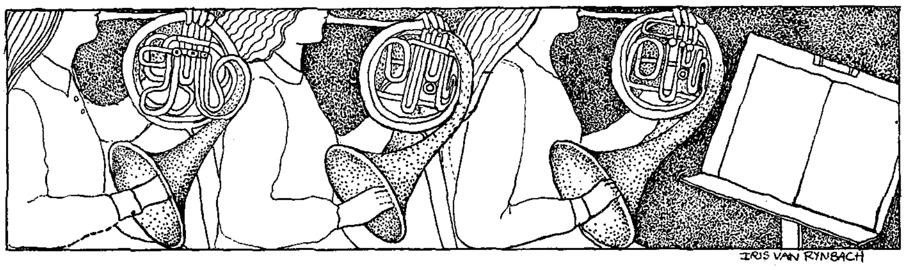
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Part of the schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 25, the Pousette-Dart Band and Willie & Nenni Nininger; Thursday, Aug. 26, the rock-soul band **WAR**; Sunday, Aug. 29, singer, pianist, and composer **MOSE ALLISON** and the Widespread Depression Band; Monday, Aug. 30, Chicago bluesmen **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS** and the Armadillo Brothers; Tuesday, Aug. 31, Brian Trottier; and Wednesday, Sept. 1, Texas Jewish folkie cowboy Kinky Friedman. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A sure-thing jazz lineup: **SPHERE,** a quartet (**CHARLIE ROUSE, KENNY BARRON, BEN RILEY,** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS**) dedicated to the music of Thelonious Sphere Monk, is here through Saturday, Aug. 28; Sunday, Aug. 29, violinist and composer **LEROY JENKINS** will lead a quintet; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 30-31, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** will be present with tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER,** bassist **RAY DRUMMOND,** and drummer **AL FOSTER**; and starting Wednesday, Sept. 1, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S TOP SHELF.** Sets begin at nine-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singer's room in this restaurant of many rooms (take a right, then a left to get to it) features **NANCY WILSON.** Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MAX MORATH** is performing ragtime music with his quartet Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, is not known for its lemon sherbet with hot fudge sauce; it is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for the good part of a decade. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug.



25, Jeannie Swinson; Thursday, Aug. 26, Billy Scott; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, guitarist **ERIC GALE** and his R. & B. & R. (rhythm-and-blues-and-reggae) band; Thursday, Sept. 2, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, violinist Noel Pointer. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Aug. 25, B. Willie Smith; Thursday, Aug. 26, Nitesprite; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 27-29, the **PERSUASIONS;** Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1, **CHICO HAMILTON** and Kathleen Adair & the Guitar Choir; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, Dan Hicks. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A multilevel rock-and-roll haunt. Wednesday, Aug. 25, **MARTHA REEVES;** Thursday and Friday, Aug. 26-27, Stiff Little Fingers; Saturday, Aug. 28, the Rockats and the Werewolves; Tuesday, Aug. 31, Kurtis Blow and Orange Krush; Wednesday, Sept. 1, Lou Miami & the Kosmetix; Thursday, Sept. 2, **JUNIOR WALKER** & the All-Stars; and Friday, Sept. 3, Our Daughter's Wedding. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely uplifting and irresistible music to lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Aug. 25, Heavy Metal Madness, Bible Black, and Talas; Thursday, Aug. 26, Lenny Kaye, the Rockats, Helen Schneider, and Alan Vega; Saturday, Aug. 28, **DEFUNKT** and the System; Monday, Aug. 30, Vōg; Tuesday, Aug. 31, Pack Nine; Wednesday, Sept. 1, Black Flag; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, **BURNING SPEAR.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The players: Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 26-28, pianist **DON GROLNICK'S** quintet, **IDIOT SAVANT;** Sunday and Monday, Aug. 29-30, R. & B. guitarist **DOC POWELL;** Tuesday, Aug. 31, Vishnu & the Safari East; Wednesday, Sept. 1, Gerardo Velez & Mixed Nuts; and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 2-5, a nameless but definitely *not* undistinguished quintet—bassist **RON CARTER,** saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON,** and drummer **ART TAYLOR.**

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Not much to look at, this very new club, a reformed luncheonette (or a lapsed luncheonette, depending on your attitude toward night clubs and luncheonettes), is a great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 25, the **JEREMY STEIG** quartet; Sunday, Aug. 29, Kenia & Pau Brasil; Tuesday, Aug.

GORDON® OF PHILADELPHIA

We recommend Woolite cold water wash

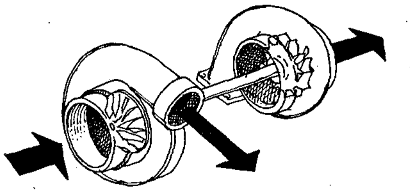
Made in The U.S.A.

Gordon of Philadelphia, 1410 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

A Chromalloy Company

A car that captures energy lost in the tailpipe and recycles it to give you "free" extra power: The Peugeot turbocharged diesel.

Two trucks lumber up a long, steep hill, their exhausts bellowing. A car noses out from behind them. It looks safe to pass. Or is it? The car is a diesel, and a diesel's strong suit is fuel economy, not swift acceleration.



The exhaust-driven turbocharger blows a 600-mph whirlwind that "packs" the engine with 13% more horsepower, 35% more torque.

The driver presses down on the accelerator pedal... and starts a fascinating chain of events.

Under the hood of the car, a tiny turbine wheel begins to spin ever faster; it will eventually reach a speed of up to 100,000 revolutions a minute.

A 600-mph whirlwind is created that literally stuffs the combustion chambers with power.

The pressure on top of each piston rises to nearly 13 *tons.*

Gathering momentum, the car surges past one truck, and then the other, and soon dwindles to a dot on the horizon.

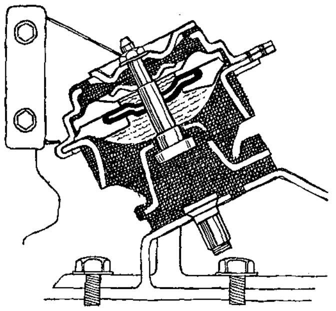
The Peugeot 505 S Turbodiesel has extra power on demand for passing situations like this.

Zero to 50 in 11.2 seconds

This was no ordinary diesel. It was the Peugeot 505 S Turbodiesel.

Exhaust gases that normally would be wasted have been harnessed by a turbocharger to provide "free" extra power: 13 percent more horsepower, 35 percent more torque.

This 5-passenger sedan, weighing a ton and a half, will reach 50 miles an hour in 11.2 seconds.



The engine has its very own suspension system. Tiny hydro-elastic shock absorbers like this are one reason why the 505 S Turbodiesel feels so smooth.

Although the performance of the Peugeot Turbodiesel yields little to comparable gasoline-engined cars, it has not sacrificed any of its diesel miserliness with fuel: 27 EPA estimated mpg, 36 estimated highway mpg.* Proof that you do not have to switch to a "downsized" car to live with today's bloated fuel costs.

Important note: 85 percent of the diesel engines sold in the U.S. are actually gasoline engines converted to burn diesel fuel. This is not Peugeot's way. Every Peugeot diesel is a *true* diesel. It is designed from scratch to withstand the enormous internal pressures of diesel combustion: the Turbodiesel's compression ratio is two and one-half times that of a gasoline engine. Engine blocks are designed with heavy structural ribs. Reinforced crankshafts, pistons, and connecting rods are fitted. The Turbodiesel's upper piston rings are coated with ultra-hard molybdenum.

The Peugeot Lion

The lion has represented Peugeot since 1858. It was Peugeot that built the first car ever sold commercially (1891)...the world's first diesel-powered car (1922)...and the first high-rpm diesel engine (1967).

A suspension of awesome efficiency

Normally, shock absorbers are designed to provide either a soft ride *or* good handling...but not both at the same time. The Peugeot shock absorbers, however, are awesomely efficient damping devices. They will swallow large bumps without breaking stride *and* deliver excellent handling.

Cut apart a Peugeot shock absorber and you will discover its secret: the piston contains *four times as many valves* as a normal shock absorber.

Every car is tested

After the car comes off the assembly line, it is put to a test that is extremely rare today. Every single Peugeot is taken to a special track where it is tested by one of a 65-member team of expert drivers. It must meet Peugeot's standards or it is not permitted to leave the factory.

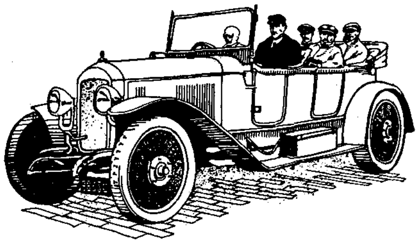
Peugeot has little tolerance for a poorly made car.

The meaning of "S"

Peugeot does not believe in nibbling you to death with extra-cost options. When you spend $16,175** for a 505 S Turbodiesel, this is the "S" (for Special) equipment that comes with the car:

Factory-installed air conditioning
Electric windows
Electric sunroof
Cruise control
Digital AM/FM 40-watt stereo radio with cassette player, scan tuning, and four speakers
Automatic electric antenna
Central door-locking—a twist of the key locks all four doors and fuel-filler door
Alloy wheels
Multi-adjustable driver's seat.

So fully equipped is the 505 S that the only other ways to spend your money are by ordering a 3-speed automatic transmission ($370) in place of the manual 5-speed overdrive gearbox, and by specifying metallic paint ($295).



The world's first diesel-powered car, built by Peugeot in 1922.

See your dealer for details of Peugeot's limited warranties.

*With 5-speed manual transmission. Use EPA estimated mpg for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed, weather, and condition of car. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

**Based on P.O.E. manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices may vary according to local dealer. Destination charges ($255), state and local taxes, dealer preparation, if any, and license fees are extra.

For name of nearest Peugeot dealer, call **1-800-447-2882** toll free in the continental U.S. In Illinois, 1-800-322-4400.

Please send me the Peugeot Facts Kit, complete with brochures, road tests by leading car magazines, plus list of my nearest dealers.

☐ Please include details on Overseas Delivery

Name____________________

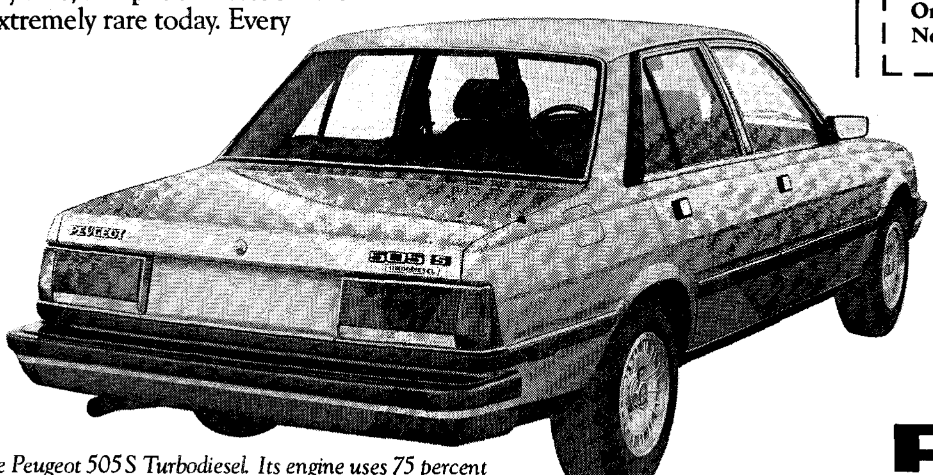
Address____________________

City____________________

State__________ Zip__________

Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.,
One Peugeot Plaza, Lyndhurst,
New Jersey 07071

54-000NY-0830



The Peugeot 505 S Turbodiesel. Its engine uses 75 percent less fuel at idle than a gasoline engine. Rapid-start glow plugs permit engine to start within 7 seconds.

PEUGEOT

© 1982, Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.

31, Tony Semifusa; and Wednesday, Sept. 1, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON.** Thursdays are given over to **LOREMIL MACHADO** and his samba band, **SARAVA BAHIA,** and Fridays and Saturdays belong to Pé-De-Boi. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, nicely appointed room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** performs with bassist **GENE TAYLOR,** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, have been reserved for bassist **MICKEY BASS'S** quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling knotty-pine room. Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS,** who sounds real good playing spiritual-enlightenment music or good old regular hard bop, leads his quartet through Saturday, Aug. 28; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 29-30, Terry Lynn Carrington, a sixteen-year-old drummer, will be bolstered by **KENNY BARRON, BUSTER WILLIAMS, RICKY FORD,** and **JIMMY OWENS;** and starting Tuesday, Aug. 31, tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP,** His Nattiness, will arrive with his quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**BIG JOE TURNER,** a real live history of Kansas City blues, sings here Wednesdays through Saturdays with some help from tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** guitarist **BILLY BUTLER** (a master of sliding blues chords and a veteran of the recording of Bill Doggett's "Honky Tonk"), and a sufficiently bluesy quintet. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 25, the Drongoes and Tazmania; Thursday, Aug. 26, Dancette Major; Friday, Aug. 27, Startoon and the Privates; Saturday, Aug. 28, Silke Berlin and the Sherpas; Tuesday, Aug. 31, Stereo; Wednesday, Sept. 1, the Staff and Symbals; Thursday, Sept. 2, the Brakes; and Friday, Sept. 3, the Swing and Knucklehead Smith. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room after nine; Aug. 30 will be quite special: the Latinate beat will be carried out by the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** and his group, and by **TITO PUENTO'S** Latin-jazz band with guest soloist, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, jazz tap dancers Honi Coles and the Copasetics will perform in the Top of the Gate at eight-thirty and eleven. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described this world-famous basement club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **ROLAND HANNA,** an undulating, powerful pianist, leads a quartet that features tenor saxophonist **FRANK WESS,** who is also a wonderful flutist, through Sunday, Aug. 29; on Tuesday, Aug. 31, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** whose satisfyingly full-but-not-too-filling lush tone should be heard in a live performance, will descend the stairs with his quintet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. Singer-pianist Bobby Scott and bassist Bob Cranshaw work out through Sunday, Aug. 29; on Monday, Aug. 30, Brazilian pianist **DOM SALVADOR** will bring in his band. Sets begin at nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands of iciclelike glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass lighting fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is the pianist. Thursdays through Sundays, Kuni Mikami has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** heads up a quintet through Saturday, Aug. 28. Sunday, Aug. 29, from three in the afternoon until one, will be devoted to a benefit concert for the Columbia radio station, WKCR-FM, with **JO JONES, BIG NICK NICHOLAS, OLIVER JACKSON, SAMMY PRICE,** and others participating. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 30-31, will be claimed by Dickey Myers. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Pianist Mike LeDonne and bassist Phil Flanigan have the floor until Saturday, Aug. 28. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sunday, Aug. 29, through Tuesday, Sept. 7.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Salsa Concert—El Gran Combo, Oscar D'Leon, Johnny Ventura, Willie Colon, and Hector LaVoe. (*Madison Square Garden.* 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 4, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Monty Waters quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, at 10, 11:30, and 1: George Coleman All-Star octet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 9: A jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 2-4, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Cedar Walton, Al Haig, Buster Williams, Billy Hart, and others. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

William Glackens (1870-1938)—Drawings, among them views from his studio on Washington Square. Through Sept. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Candace Hill-Montgomery / Reverend Howard Finster—A two-room installation combining painting, sculpture, and photography. / Works using found objects, with descriptive texts by this retired minister and repairman from Summerville, Georgia. Through Sept. 22. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens at noon.)

David Milne (1882-1953)—A show of paintings and drawings by a Canadian artist who lived in New York from 1903-16 and absorbed numerous modern influences here, notably from the work of Cézanne, Prendergast, and Matisse. Through Sept. 5. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

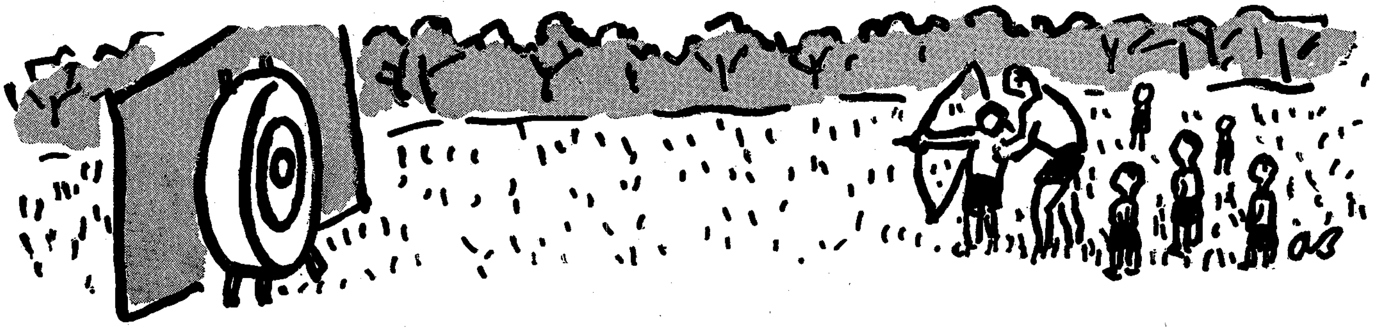
Art on the Beach—Twelve sculptural installations (including two from last summer) populate the Battery Park City Landfill in Creative Time's fourth annual outdoor show. Some of the installers are Scott Pfaffman, Jody Pinto, and David Saunders. Through Sept. 12. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a dozen artists, including Yvonne Jacquette, Richard Haas, and *Martha Diamond. Through Friday, Aug.* 27. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, lithographs, maps, and posters of Paris (Whistler), Rome (Muirhead Bone), Martinique (Gauguin), and other far-off spots. The earliest prints date from the seventeenth century; the latest are from the early twentieth. Through Sept. 10. . . . **THE DAIRY,** in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. The artists are Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Four large figurative paintings in oil by Otto Dix, and eight watercolors by Egon Schiele are included in a showing of works by half a dozen German Expressionists. Through Oct. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Conceptual drawings, color renderings, and models for the proposed rehabilitation of four subway stops that serve Astor Place, Eastern Parkway, *Lincoln Center, and Fifth Avenue* and Fifty-Third Street. . . . ¶ Another renovation exhibit, this one of projects actually under way, of photographs and drawings detailing restoration work planned for three landmark churches in New York City: St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie (built in 1799), the Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields (1821), and the Church of St. Ann and the Holy Trinity (1847). Both shows through Sept. 25. (Open Saturdays.)

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. A number of others mount group shows, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St. . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 25 W. 56th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **JACK,** 138 Prince St. (Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Erich Salomon (1886-1944) / **Beaumont Newhall**—Candid prints of statesmen and politicians. Through Sept. 12. / Architectural subjects,



landscapes, and portraits of Henri Cartier-Bresson, Ansel Adams, and other photographers by the art historian. Through Sept. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morris Warman—Mostly candid shots of Winston Churchill, William Faulkner, Fiorello LaGuardia, Edith Piaf, Rex Stout, and thirty-three other notables, taken by a former *Tribune* photographer. Through Sept. 30. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **floating foundation of photography,** Pier 40 South, Hudson River at W. Houston St.: Experimental color photography—exhibited in a houseboat resting on a purple barge—by more than thirty artists, including Joseph Zingler, Les Krims, Bea Nettles, John Pfahl, and Via Wynroth. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Thursdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **freidus,** 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Three prints each by thirty-three Chicago photographers. Through Sept. 24. . . . **wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: 20 x 24 Polaroid prints by Sandi Fellman, Luciano Franchi de Alfaro III, John Reuter, Kenda North, and Rena Small. Through Friday, Aug. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A joint exhibit of Rhode Island architectural drawings, 1825-1945, which has been divided chronologically between the Metropolitan and the National Academy of Design (see below). The Metropolitan has the earlier samples (up to 1875) in the survey, a cross-section of American styles in general and in particular of houses and buildings in Newport (Richard Upjohn's formidable 1839 Gothic cottage, Kingscote) and Providence (William Strickland's Atheneum). Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ About sixty Chinese antiquities: ritual vessels in bronze, terra-cotta tomb figurines, and Buddhist sculptures. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—While the museum's renovation and expansion project continues, about half of the permanent collection remains on view (on a rotating basis), along with the three shows currently being offered: Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other, the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ "New Work on Paper 2," the second in a series of exhibits of drawings by contemporary artists, contains examples (some of which are executed directly on the wall) by Jonathan Borofsky, Francesco Clemente, Mario Merz, A. R. Penck, and Giuseppe Penone. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Universal Limited Art Editions. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The New York School: Four Decades," an exhibition of the museum's paintings and sculptures (supplemented with some loans) by representatives of most of the major developments in art in this country from the forties on. Included are Rothko, Rauschenberg, Martin, Oldenburg, Warhol, and Noguchi. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings, works on paper, and handmade books by California artist Edward Ruscha, who often confines his works to the depiction of a single word ("Vaseline") or phrase ("Listen, I'd Like to Help Out, But,"). Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Through Sept. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Three six-foot stone standard-bearers are in attendance at an exhibit of Aztec artifacts that were, like them, discovered four years ago in a subterranean temple in Mexico City. Among the other hundred objects are skulls, knives, seashells, jewelry, ceramics, and carvings. Through Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show of forty-one nineteenth-century Japanese prints portraying foreigners—the work of printmakers whose keyhole impressions of the world outside Japan came from foreign traders and from copies of European prints found in the port cities of Nagasaki and Yokohama. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

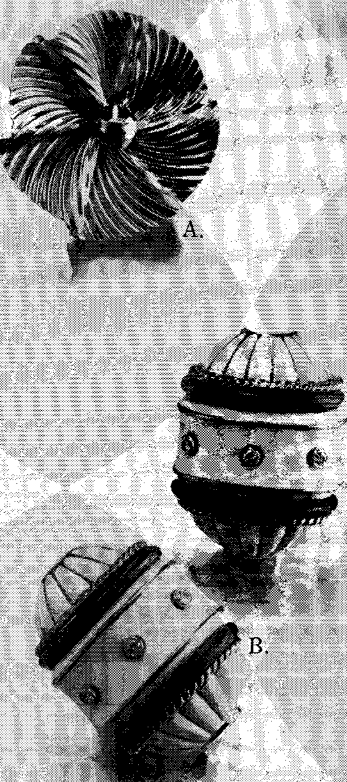
The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of European laces dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, with additional items chosen to demonstrate how lace patterns have been translated into patterns for wrought-iron gates, embroidery, and contemporary baskets. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ A button exposition—about a thousand functional, decorative buttons in every conceivable (and even inconceivable) material and form, from shell to plastic and from painted scenes to sculptured figures. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of the thirty-three additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary, a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory, a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane," and miniature mourning pins. Through Sept. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About seventy-five years (1870-



Diamonds.

Diamonds and other precious jewels will be offered at an auction of Fine Jewelry on September 15.

For catalogues and information about buying at this sale, or for a confidential appointment to discuss selling at upcoming auctions, please contact the Jewelry Department at (212) 472-3421. Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc., 1334 York Avenue at 72nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

Auction Estimates: A. $750-$1,000, B. $1,500-$2,000.

SOTHEBY'S
Founded 1744

1945) of architecture in Rhode Island are seen in a show of architects' sketches, drawings, and renderings. Included are Richard Morris Hunt's drawings for Marble House and the Breakers in the Beaux-Arts classical style and, in the International Style, Richard Neutra's design for Windshield. A joint exhibit with the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection is noting the centennial of the Irish writer James Stephens with a show of manuscripts, letters, and first editions that represent his work as a poet, adapter of Irish folktales, and BBC broadcaster. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of paintings and drawings by Charles White (1918-79). Through Sunday, Aug. 29. . . . ¶ An exhibit of James Van DerZee's photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through Wednesday, Sept. 1. . . . ¶ A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 25: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mostly Mozart *Festival Orchestra and acting as violin* soloist, with Lilian Kallir, piano, and Erie Mills, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26: Roger Nierenberg directing a performance of Haydn's opera "L'Infedeltà Delusa" (in English), with Betsy Norden and Sylvia McNair, sopranos; David Britton and David Gordon, tenors; and Jan Opalach, bass. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Cecile Licad, piano, and Cho-Liang Lin, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

***Chamber Opera Theatre of New York**—Final performances* of Francesco Cavalli's "L'Ormindo," conducted by Peyton Hibbitt and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, Aug. 26, and Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 570-1888.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8:30: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in a Dallapiccola-Weill-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, as well as a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony, the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, and the Boston University Young Artist Orchestra, conducted variously by Seiji Ozawa, John Williams, and Joseph Silverstein. With Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Panufnik-Mozart-Richard Strauss program, with Ken Noda, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a Wagner-Beethoven program, with Hildegard Behrens, soprano; Mr. Serkin; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 7: The J. Geils Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 7: Genesis. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 7: The Charlie Daniels Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 7: Cheap Trick. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, at 7: Emmylou Harris and McGuffey Lane. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 30, at 7: Joe Jackson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 7: Willie Nelson and Family. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 7: The Beach Boys. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 28: The Clive Thompson Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 2-5: Maria Benitez Estampa Flamenca. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays and Sunday, Sept. 5, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday, Sept. 5, at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 25-26, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 28, at 7:35; and Sunday, Aug. 29, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Houston, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 4, at 7:35.

College Football—Rutgers vs. Syracuse. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Friday, Sept. 3, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Sept. 4, at 6:30.)

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Denver Broncos, Saturday, Sept. 4, at 8.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (The Country Club, Brookline, Mass. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5.)

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 30. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 28; the Spinaway, Sunday, Aug. 29; and the Seneca Handicap, Monday, Aug. 30. . . . **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Sept. 1, through Monday, Oct. 11. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 4. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Choice Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 28, and the Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4.

Running—The Fifth Avenue Mile will start at 5 on Saturday, Sept. 4, at 82nd Street and finish at 62nd Street.

Soccer—North American Soccer League quarterfinal playoffs: Cosmos vs. Tulsa. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 8, and, if necessary, Wednesday, Sept. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—AMF Head Cup U.S.A.: Guillermo Vilas, Wojtek Fibak, Tim Gullikson, Tom Gullikson, Mats Wilander, and eleven other players. (Heritage Hills of Westchester, Somers, N.Y. Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 1; Thursday, Aug. 26, at 4; Friday, Aug. 27, at 7:30; final singles match Saturday, Aug. 28, at 1; and final doubles match Sunday, Aug. 29, at 1. For information about tickets, call 741-2323.) . . . ¶ United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Center, Flushing Meadow. Tuesday, Aug. 31, through Thursday, Sept. 9, at 11 and 7:30; Friday, Sept. 10, at 11; Saturday, Sept. 11, at noon; and Sunday, Sept. 12, at 4. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 20.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 25-29.)

ET ALIA

Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum—The Second World War aircraft carrier Intrepid is now permanently berthed in Manhattan and has opened to the public the hangar and flight decks, as well as parts of the island superstructure. Among the exhibits are a collection of historical aircraft; a technological display of man's future in sea, air, and space; and a review of the Intrepid's thirty-eight-year history. (Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. 245-0072. Daily, 10 to 8.)

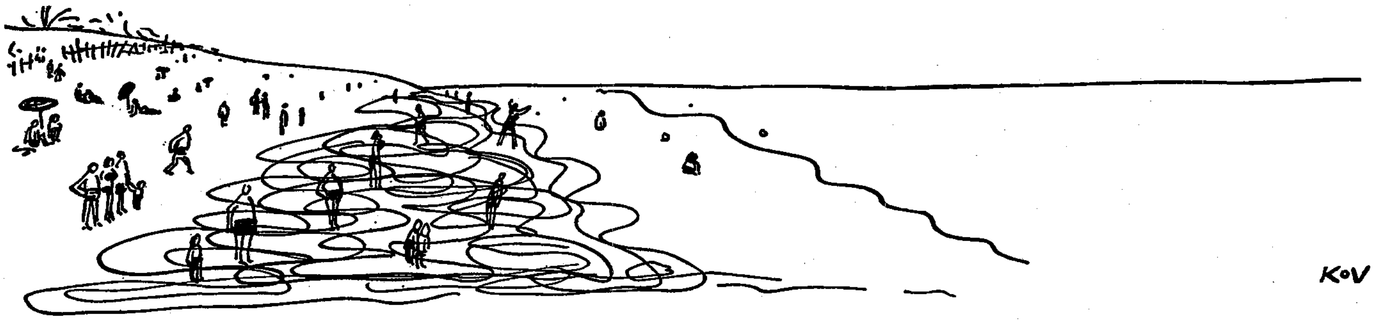
THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** A merry, summery production in Heidi Landesman's delightful setting, with Allen Shawn's enchanting score. Among the good actors are William Hurt (Oberon), Michele Shay (Titania), and Jeffrey DeMunn (Bottom). James Lapine directed. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 598-7100.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **JAZZ/FOLK/BLUES:** Benefit concerts—Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 8, Noel Pointer. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 8, Odetta and Dr. John. (For tickets, call 766-9066.) . . . **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8, the Hotfoot Quintet. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

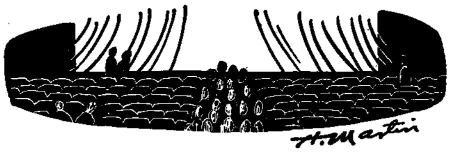
***Music Festival on the Pier**—Final performances* of the Dr Pepper wingding. Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8: Cheap Trick and Axe. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, at 8: Joe Jackson and Marshall Crenshaw. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 30, at 8: Elvis Costello. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Final performances of a three-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **DAMROSCH PARK**—Wednesday, Aug. 25, "1000 Years of Jazz: A Tap Dance Festival" at 8:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, the Nat Adderley quintet at 12:15, the Harmonie Ensemble at 6, and "1000 Years of Jazz: A Tap Dance Festival" at 8:15. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, "1000 Years of Jazz: A Tap Dance Festival" at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, Raymond Harvey conducting the American Symphony Orchestra, with Steven Mayer, piano, at 8:15. . . . **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 25, Danza Folklorique del Estado de Morelos at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, Morocco and the Casbah Dancexperience at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, the Leon Felder Dance Company at 2:30 and Jelon Vieira Dance Brazil at 5:30. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 29, the International Afrikan-American Ballet at 2:30. (For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Aug. 29: "I Am a Cat" (1975; directed by Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

From Aug. 31: "The Wolves" (1971; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Aug. 26: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

From Aug. 27: A festival of Woody Allen films.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Aug. 26: "Poltergeist" (†) and "True Confessions" (†).

Aug. 27-Sept. 2: "Rocky III" (†); and another feature, to be announced.

From Sept. 3: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Sept. 2: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

From Sept. 3: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"The World According to Garp" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "Star Wars" (†). From Aug. 27: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.

Theatre 2: "Summer Lovers" (Randal Kleiser), with Peter Gallagher.

Theatre 3: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Aug. 26: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.

Aug. 27-Sept. 2: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (†).

From Sept. 3: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"The World According to Garp" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Aug. 26: "Six Pack" (Daniel Petrie), with Kenny Rogers.

From Aug. 27: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Sept. 2: "Last Tango in Paris" (†).

From Sept. 3: An Australian film festival.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Barbarosa" (†). From Aug. 27: "Le Beau Mariage" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand and Arielle Dombasle.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "Star Wars" (†). From Aug. 27: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 2: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King. From Sept. 3: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Road Warrior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Summer Lovers" (Randal Kleiser), with Peter Gallagher.

Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Nest" (Jaime de Arminan; in Spanish), with Hector Alterio and Ana Torrent.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Tempest" (Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 26: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†).

Aug. 27-Sept. 2: "Annie" (†).

From Sept. 3: "Poltergeist" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "Star Wars" (†). From Aug. 27: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.

Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong. From Aug. 27: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "The Judge and the Assassin" (1975; directed by Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret, Michel Galabru, and Isabelle Huppert.

Theatre 2: Aug. 25: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth. Aug. 26-28: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider. Aug. 29-30: "The Wizard of Oz" (†) and "The Pirate" (†). Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Where's Poppa?" (†) and "The Loved One" (†). From Sept. 2: "Last Tango in Paris" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From Aug. 27: "Annie" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman).

Theatre 2: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 26: "La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel. From Aug. 27: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins.

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 2: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne. From Sept. 3: "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Annie" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through Aug. 26: "Mephisto" (†).

From Aug. 27: "Barbarosa" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through Aug. 26: "Annie" (†).

From Aug. 27: To be announced.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando. From Aug. 27: "Annie" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 2: "The World According to Garp" (†). From Sept. 3: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 2: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson. From Sept. 3: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 26: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Aug. 27: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 26: "Star Wars" (†). From Aug. 27: "Summer Lovers" (Randal Kleiser), with Peter Gallagher.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Diner" (†).

Theatre 2: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977/80; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, and Teri Garr. From Aug. 27: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 2: "Class of 1984"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

(Mark Lester), with Perry King. From Sept. 3: "Reds" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 26: "Poltergeist" (†); and "Eye of the Needle" (1981; Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan. Aug. 27-Sept. 2: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong; and "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†). From Sept. 3: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young; and "History of the World—Part I" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 2: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer. From Sept. 3: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Six Pack" (directed by Daniel Petrie), with Kenny Rogers.
Theatre 2: "The World According to Garp" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 4: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 5: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 6: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 26: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From Aug. 27: To be announced.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner. From Aug. 27: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 4: "Summer Lovers" (Randal Kleiser), with Peter Gallagher.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong. From Aug. 27: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film. Aug. 27-Sept. 2: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins. From Sept. 3: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley. Aug. 27-Sept. 2: "The Sword and the Sorcerer;" and "Cannibals in the Street." From Sept. 3: "The Incubus."
Theatre 2: "The Road Warrior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Star Wars" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 31: "Taxi Zum Klo" (1981; directed by Frank Ripploh; in German).
From Sept. 1: A program of jazz films.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 25: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "The Devil's Playground" (1976; Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate.
Aug. 26: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "The Cars That Ate People" (1974; Peter Weir; an Australian film).
Aug. 27-28: "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey; and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.
Aug. 29: "Reds" (†).
Aug. 30: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland; and "Don't Knock the Rock" (1957), with Bill Haley.
Aug. 31: "Zatoichi and the Drum" (1968; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Demon's Image" (1952; Tatsuo Ohsone; in Japanese).
Sept. 1: "The Getting of Wisdom" (1977; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Susannah Fowle and Hilary Ryan; and "Caddie" (1976; Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Helen Morse.
Sept. 2: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Sept. 3-4: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

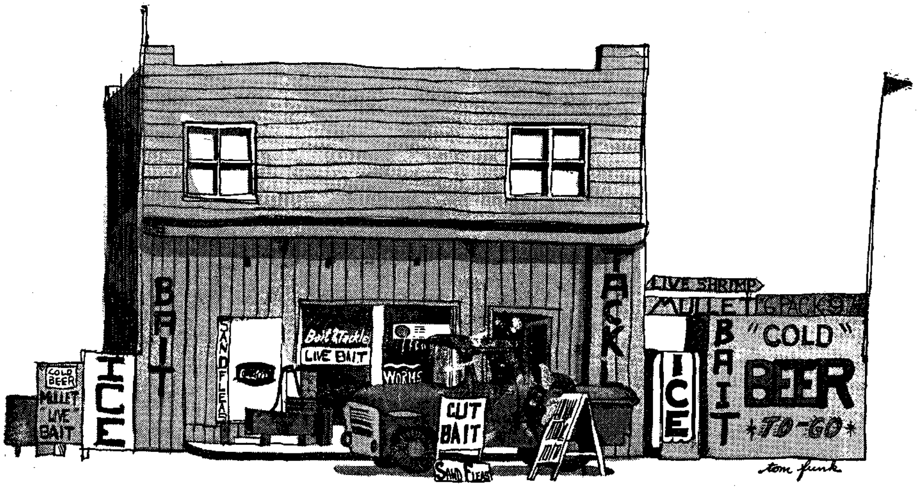
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 25: "State of Siege" (1973; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand; and "Coup de Grâce" (1976; Volker Schlöndorff; in German and French), with Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich.
Aug. 26: "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; and "Man on the Roof" (1977; Bo Widerberg; in Swedish), with Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt.
Aug. 27-28: "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve; and "The Bride Wore Black" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Aug. 29-30: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.
Sept. 2-3: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "Day for Night" (†).
Sept. 4: "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 26: "Shoot the Moon" (1982; Alan Parker), with Diane Keaton and Albert Finney; and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.
Aug. 27-28: "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
Aug. 29-31: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.
Sept. 1-2: "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson; and "Christine F." (Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.
Sept. 3-4: "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Road Warrior" (George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 28: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer; and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.
Aug. 29-31: "Juliet of the Spirits" (†) and "Nights of Cabiria" (†).
Sept. 1-3: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (†).
From Sept. 4: "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974; Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, Jessica Harper, and Gerrit Graham; and "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 28: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.
Aug. 29-31: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Sept. 1-3: "Gigi" (1958; Vincente Minnelli), with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold; and "Can-Can" (1960; Walter Lang), with Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan.
From Sept. 4: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard



Carlson and Julia Adams; and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush. Both in 3-D.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 25: "An Unmarried Woman" (1978; Paul Mazursky), with Jill Clayburgh, Alan Bates, and Michael Murphy; and "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1979, Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep, and Jane Alexander.

Aug. 26-28: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray, and "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, and Susan Harrison.

Aug. 29-30: "It Should Happen to You" (†); and "Marjorie Morningstar" (1958; Irving Rapper), with Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood, Claire Trevor, and Ed Wynn.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Broadway Melody" (†); and "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter.

Sept. 2-4: "Klute" (1971; Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 25: "Dead Ringer" (1964: Paul Henreid), with Bette Davis, Karl Malden, and Peter Lawford; and "Straight-Jacket" (1964; William Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson.

Aug. 26: "Bandit vs. Samurai Squad" (1978; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai and Shima Iwashita.

Aug. 27-28: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Dieguez; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.

Aug. 29: "Cría!" (1977; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent; and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

Aug. 30: "The Front" (†); and "Casino Royale" (1967), with Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, David Niven, and Woody Allen.

Aug. 31: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; "Bizarre, Bizarre" (†); and "House on the Waterfront" (1955; in French), with Jean Gabin.

Sept. 1: "The Member of the Wedding" (†); and "Pinky" (1949; Elia Kazan), with Jeanne Crain, William Lundigan, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters.

Sept. 2: "Prince of the City" (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse, and Jerry Orbach; and "He Walked by Night" (1949; Anthony Mann and Alfred Werker), with Richard Basehart and Scott Brady.

Sept. 3-4: "The Great Dictator" (1940) and "Modern Times" (1936), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 25: "International House" (1933; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields; and "We're Not Dressing" (1934; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Carole Lombard, and Burns and Allen.

Aug. 26: "I Want to Live!" (1958; Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward; and "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (1956; Daniel Mann), with Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, Eddie Albert, and Don Taylor.

Aug. 27-28: "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney as Poirot.

Aug. 29: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers; and "Monkey Business" (†).

Aug. 30: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Shame" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

Aug. 31: "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and Edith Evans; and "Laughter in the Dark" (†).

Sept. 1: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

Sept. 2: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

Sept. 3-4: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Guild. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Aug. 27-Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 27.)

Barbarosa—The most spirited and satisfying new Western epic in several years—it may seem a little loose at first, but it gets better and better as it goes along and you get the fresh, crazy hang of it. Directed by the Australian Fred Schepisi, from a script by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, it has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. Willie Nelson has a great screen presence; he has an aura—his scruffiness is part of his grace. As the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him, he's like the dragon in the fairy tale who threatens the community (and keeps it strong). The period is the eighteen-eighties and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who gets in trouble with his in-laws and has to run off to hide; he joins up with Barbarosa, and without intending to becomes an apprentice desperado. Busey is a magical shambles; as the farm boy he's an outlaw-galoot—Mark Twain might have dreamt him up. Working with the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton, Schepisi shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking; Willie Nelson doesn't need to sing here—the whole picture is a ballad. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (8/9/82) (Cinema II; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Aug. 27.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—The moviemakers pile on the coy Americana; they appear to have distrusted anything original in the material—the movie is adapted from the long-running Broadway musical based on Larry L. King's 1974 *Playboy* article about a crackbrained crusading TV newsman who attacked a time-honored brothel with such fervor that the authorities had to force the madam to close it. The film's rambunctiousness is off-color yet wholesome, in the worst sense: this is the sort of movie romp in which the frolicking prosties can hardly wait to jump into bed with the fellas. But dimples, wigs, bazooms, and all, Dolly Parton is phenomenally likable as the madam; her whole personality is melodious, and her acting isn't bad at all, even though the director, Colin Higgins, has made her chest the focal point of her scenes. She has the charm to transcend her own cartoonishness and the additional portion inflicted on her. As the local sheriff, Burt Reynolds doesn't give an ostentatiously bad performance—just his usual low-key, embarrassed-to-be-up-here-doing-this-dumb-stuff performance. While Reynolds underplays and looks mortified, Charles Durning, as governor of Texas, steals the honors with his "Sidestep" song-and-dance routine—a demonstration of how a corrupt-to-the-bone politico evades answering probing questions and takes joy in his own slippery skill. This sequence is the only part of the movie that's satisfyingly shaped and has a musical-comedy rhythm. With Dom DeLuise, Jim Nabors, Theresa Merritt, and Lois Nettleton. The script is by King and Peter Masterson (who wrote the Broadway show) and Higgins; seven of the fourteen songs that Carol Hall wrote for the stage version have been retained, and two new ones by Dolly Parton have been added. (8/9/82) (72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 26.)

Bizarre, Bizarre (1937)—Dadaist frivolity, with sequences that one giggles over happily for years. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy, set in Edwardian England, about the English mania for detective fiction. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata (he gathers a bouquet for her by stealing the boutonnières of men who have been clobbered in the Limehouse alleys); Louis Jouvet as a clergyman; and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. A memorable, deadpan dinner conversation about duck à l'orange is the source of the American title. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 31.)

Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. With Charles King, Jed Prouty, Kenneth Thompson, and Mary Doran. Directed by Harry Beaumont, with ensemble numbers staged by George Cunningham; produced by Harry Rapf. (Some sequences were in an early Technicolor process.) (Regency; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 2-3.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loew's New York Twin, and Movieland.)

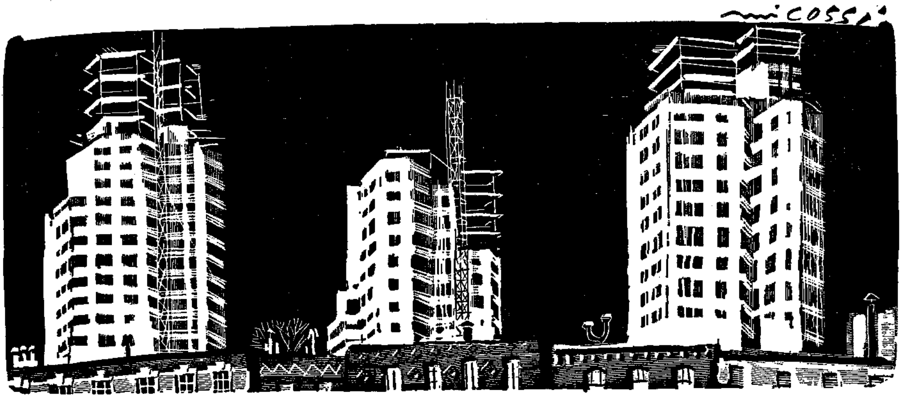
The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. With Zero Mostel in a major role, and Mark Murphy, Herschel Bernardi, Remak Ramsey, and the dark, solemnly woebegone Andrea Marcovicci. (Thalia; Aug. 30.)

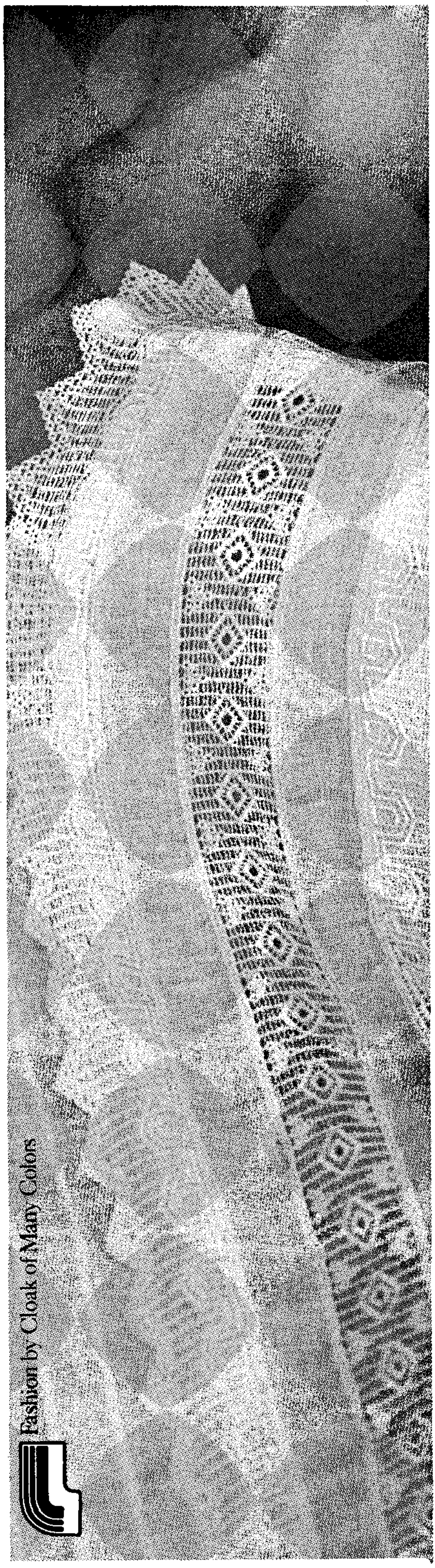
A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Richard Lester's camera keeps cutting into and away from the comedians (Phil Silvers, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern), who never get a chance to develop a routine or to bring off a number. They're rushed pell-mell through this fractured version of the wonderful musical farce by Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim, taken from Plautus and set in ancient Rome. We get the sense that Lester thinks it would be too banal just to let us see a dance or a pair of burlesque clowns singing a duet. He trashes the men, even old Buster Keaton, and the women are blank-faced bodies or witless viragos. Some of the best effects are the least doctored: Hordern's vocal inflections, a satirical entrance song by Leon Greene. And Lester's fracturing technique is sometimes successful—as in the parody recap of the love duet, which has lyrical wit, like the song in the snow in "Help!" Mostly, Lester's visual gags seem just pointless agitation. He proceeds by fits and starts and leaves jokes suspended in midair; it's as if he's forgotten what it's all for. And for an audience the experience becomes one of impatience and irritation. With Michael Crawford, Annette Andre, Patricia Jessel, and Beatrix Lehmann. Cinematography by Nicolas Roeg; sets and costumes designed by Tony Walton; script by Melvin Frank (who was the producer) and Michael Pertwee. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 1-3.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (1978)—This sex comedy by the writer-director Bertrand Blier is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that hadn't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. Cinematography by Jean Penzer; music by Mozart, by Georges Delerue (writing in the spirit of Mozart), and by Schubert. In French. (Eastside Cinema; Aug. 27-Sept. 2.)

History of the World—Part I (1981)—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 3.)

It Should Happen to You (1954)—Judy Holliday in a pleasantly erratic satirical comedy; the targets—advertising, TV, and urban gullibility—are rather easily pinked, but the scenarist, Garson Kanin, and the director, George Cukor, don't loiter over them for long. (Still, the film runs down.) The heroine, who yearns




Fashion by Cloak of Many Colors

Centuries of tradition.
Woven into the
fabric of your life.

BAIRD
IRISH HANDKERCHIEF LINEN
©1982 HAMILTON ADAMS IMPORTS LTD.
104 WEST 40 ST. N.Y., N.Y. 10018

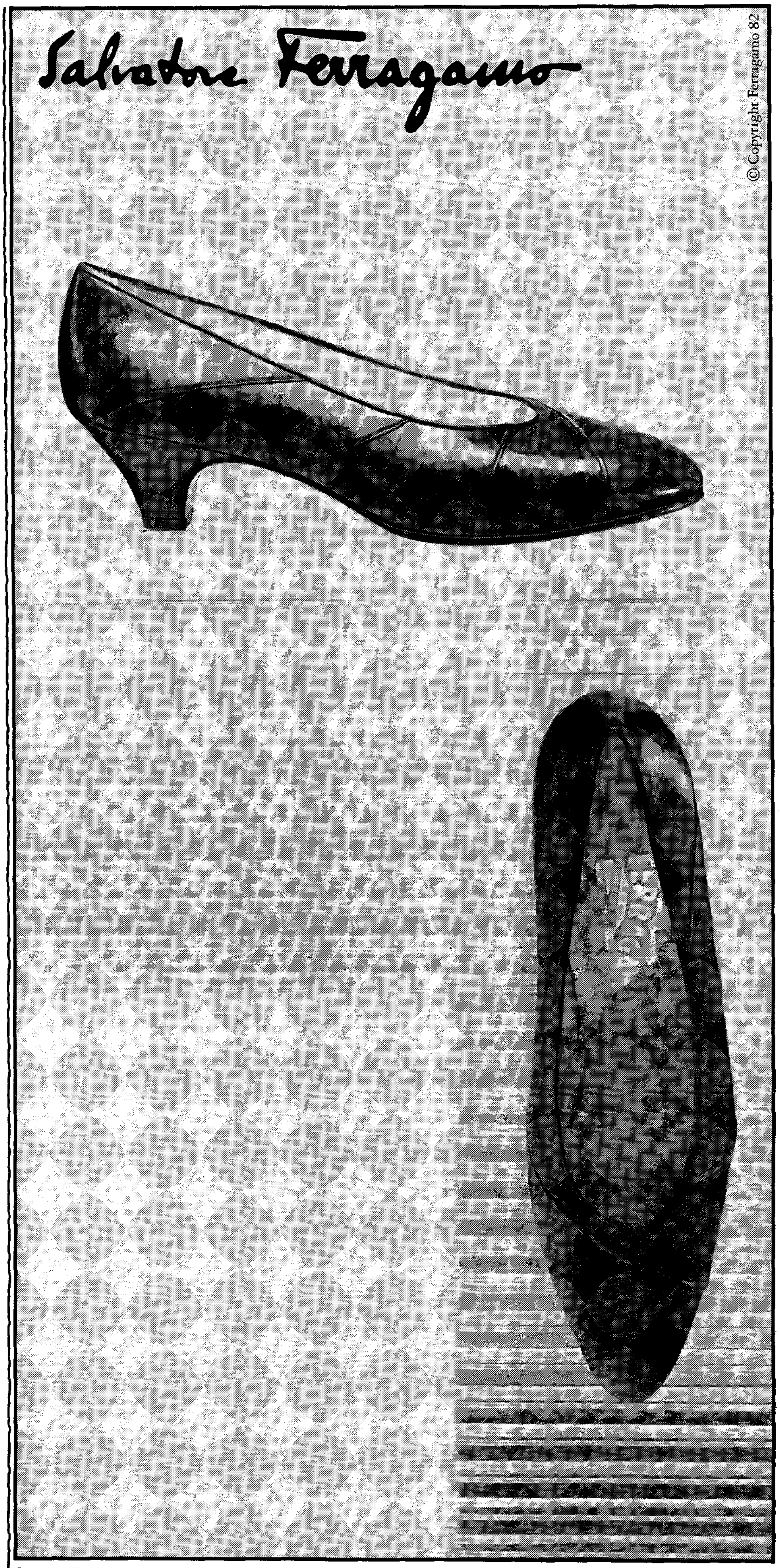
for celebrity, takes her life savings and places her name—Gladys Glover—in giant letters across a billboard in Columbus Circle. Before long, she is as inescapably in the public eye as one of the Gabors. She also tosses about in romantic indecision: should she give her heart to an honest documentary filmmaker (Jack Lemmon, in his film début) and say farewell to the big time, or should she surrender herself to the sudsy embraces of a soap manufacturer (Peter Lawford)? With Connie Gilchrist, Melville Cooper, and Michael O'Shea, who is particularly funny as a seedy entrepreneur. There are also appearances by Constance Bennett, Ilka Chase, and Wendy Barrie as themselves. (Regency; Aug. 29-30.)

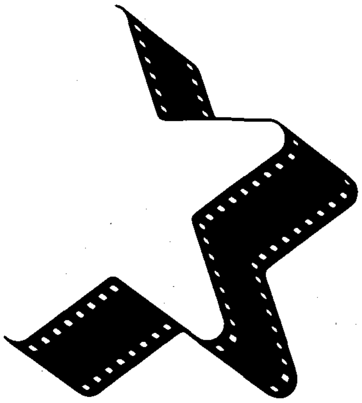
Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina, and Sandra Milo, Valeska Gert, Lou Gilbert, José-Luis de Villalonga, Silva Koscina, Valentina Cortese, and Friedrich Ledebur. Cinematography by Gianni Di Venanzo; music by Nino Rota. Written by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Brunello Rondi. In Italian. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 29-31.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Exploitation films had been supplying mechanized sex—sex as physical stimulant without passion or emotional violence. Then, in this film, Bernardo Bertolucci used sex to express the characters' drives. Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. When Brando improvises within Bertolucci's structure, his full art is realized; his performance is intuitive, rapt, princely. Working with Brando, Bertolucci achieves realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. Script by Bertolucci and the editor, Franco Arcalli; cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Gato Barbieri; production design by Ferdinando Scarfiotti. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith; through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Film Forum; starting Sept. 2.)

Laughter in the Dark (1969)—Nicol Williamson plays the blinded rich man of Nabokov's novel, plagued by an evilly prankish couple (Anna Karina and Jean-Claude Drouot). Directed by Tony Richardson, from a script by Edward Bond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 31.)

The Loved One (1965)—In 1947, Evelyn Waugh went to Hollywood to clear up censorial objections to the script for his "Brideshead Revisited;" after seven weeks he simply withdrew the book and went back to England. Out of his experiences he wrote the essay "Death in Hollywood," on Forest Lawn Memorial Park, and, in 1948, "The Loved One," a short satirical novel about one of the last outposts of empire—the British colony in the movie business—and its renegade poet who goes to work in a cemetery for pets. Bought for the movies, the novel became a Hollywood legend because of the efforts of various writers (including Luis Buñuel and Elaine May) to get an acceptable film script out of material that was considered too naughty and macabre for the screen. By the time Tony Richardson was signed to direct the film, from Christopher Isherwood's script, movies had changed so much that Terry Southern was brought in to juice the material up. (Waugh tried, but was unable, to withdraw "The Loved One.") From the look of the film, Richardson shot every plausible idea that came to him, and then, as the footage had no flow, no development, he chopped it up and slapped it together hard, trying to use overlapping sound to plug up the holes. But it's funny anyway. Although the picture has lost its center (the poet—played by Robert Morse—has become as quirky and crazy as everybody else), some of the fragments are good and jagged. This botched picture is a triumphant disaster—a sinking ship that makes it to port because everybody on board is too giddy to panic. Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton—who might seem the world's most unlikely married couple—are quite amazing together; Rod Steiger is an embalmer; Ayllene Gibbons is his bedridden fat mother (who has orgasms from looking at the


Salvatore Ferragamo
© Copyright Ferragamo 82
Shoe: Rugiada, $172
FERRAGAMO 717 Fifth Avenue, New York. 212-759-3822



Festival of Festivals

Toronto, Sept. 9-18, 1982

It's the world's largest public celebration of the cinema. It's seven years old this year and going for glory. It's a nine-day marathon of screenings, gala affairs, presentations, tributes and your best chance to meet the stars, directors and glitterati who make your favourite films.

This year's festival presents a special tribute to 20th Century-Fox Studios, spanning the years 1935-1982 with a selection of over 40 classic pictures.
A gala presentation will be made to a member of the international film community, and important new films will be premiered.

It's a chance to see and meet the people behind the pictures and discover some rising new faces.
Get in on the lights, the cameras and the action.

For more information call
TOLL FREE, **1-800-828-8585,** or
1-800-462-8404 in N.Y. State.

ONTARIO
yours
to discover!®

food in TV commercials); Jonathan Winters is a charlatan; and Liberace is a casket salesman. Also with James Coburn, John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Roddy McDowall, Anjanette Comer, Tab Hunter, Lionel Stander, and Paul Williams, as a child scientist. Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. (Film Forum; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—The Carson McCullers dialogue is one of the high points of literacy in American films: sharp and full of wit, yet lyrical. Scrawny, cracked-voiced Julie Harris (she was twenty-six at the time) plays Frankie, the motherless, fiercely lonely twelve-year-old tomboy, caught between childhood and adolescence, and fighting them both. Ethel Waters plays Berenice, the cook who looks after her, and Brandon deWilde is Frankie's owlish little playmate and whipping boy. The setting is a small Georgia town; the time is the summer when these three characters, who have been clinging to each other, are torn apart. Adapted from McCullers' 1950 stage success (with the same cast), the film is weak when it tries to "open up" the material, but fortunately Fred Zinnemann's direction respects Carson McCullers' intensity and humor. This remarkable film failed commercially, perhaps for want of a conventional "story;" it is said that in some towns viewers didn't understand the material and, for most of the film, thought that Frankie was a boy. The movie company *then cut a crucial twenty-minute segment* (which included Ethel Waters' finest scene) and tossed the film into the lower half of double bills. (Thalia; Sept. 1.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3; through Aug. 26.)

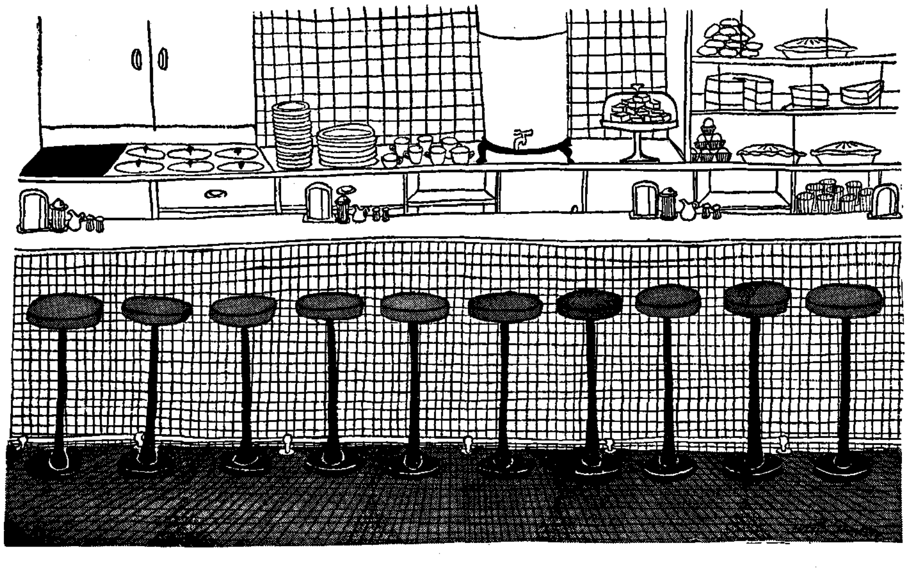
A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. (7/26/82) (Baronet, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; through Aug. 26.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman, Will B. Johnstone, and Arthur Sheekman). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 29.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What *he acts out for us is the questing that* has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Possibly Federico Fellini's finest film, and a work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she received for "La Strada." The structure is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy little Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility, which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous actor (Amedeo Nazzari) picks her up and takes her to his luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and when the magician hypnotizes her, the innocent dreams of her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience (François Périer) meets her and proposes to her, etc. Though the film seems free and almost unplanned, each apparent irrelevance falls into place. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 29-31.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama, which involves the *regenerative moral powers of military discipline*, seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love



story whiz by. He has a headlong style; he gives the picture so much propulsion that it gains a momentum of its own. It's crap, but crap on a motorcycle. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at the Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School in the Northwest, near Puget Sound. Gere pushes himself to go as far as he can, and he has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and has punished him. But after he has broken down—when you expect him to be emotionally transfigured—he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Winger convinces you that this girl really believes her life would be empty if she didn't share it with the hero. Gossett plays the sergeant bone-hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith as the hero's friend and Robert Loggia as his father, and there are entertaining flashes of Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. They all work under a handicap: the script, by Douglas Day Stewart, is schematic in the manner of TV drama, circa 1955. (8/23/82) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THE PIRATE (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Vincente Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Film Forum; Aug. 29-30.)

POLTERGEIST—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Sept. 3.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of Princess Leia in "Star Wars" (see below)—and effects that

Good looks come in all sizes...
so do good clothes!

We recommend
Woolite
cold water wash

Made in The U.S.A.

also
GORDON™
OF PHILADELPHIA
1410 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

A brand new collection of separates especially designed to fit and flatter the larger figure. The same fine tailoring, quality, and fashion that are found in our missy clothes. Pants and skirts in sizes 30 to 38. Blazers, blouses, shirts and sweaters, 36 to 44.

A Chromalloy Company

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy 1; through Aug. 26.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 3.)

Richard Pryon Live on the Sunset Strip—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. That earlier movie made him a legend, and the vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, when (as he acknowledges here) the dope he was freebasing exploded and set him on fire, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Olympia Quad; Aug. 27-Sept. 2.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 27-Sept. 2.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) takes a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and wakes up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get through to you. (6/28/82) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

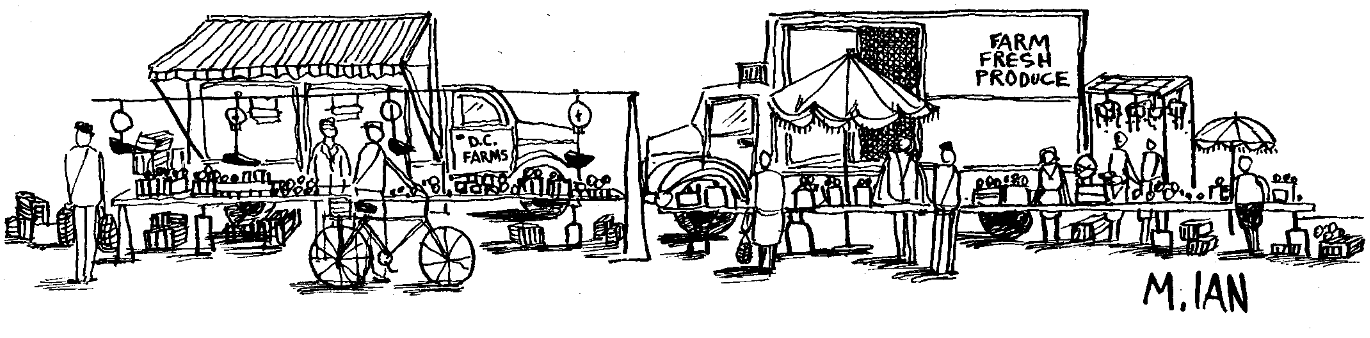
Star Wars (1977)—As of now, the biggest box-office success in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 26.)

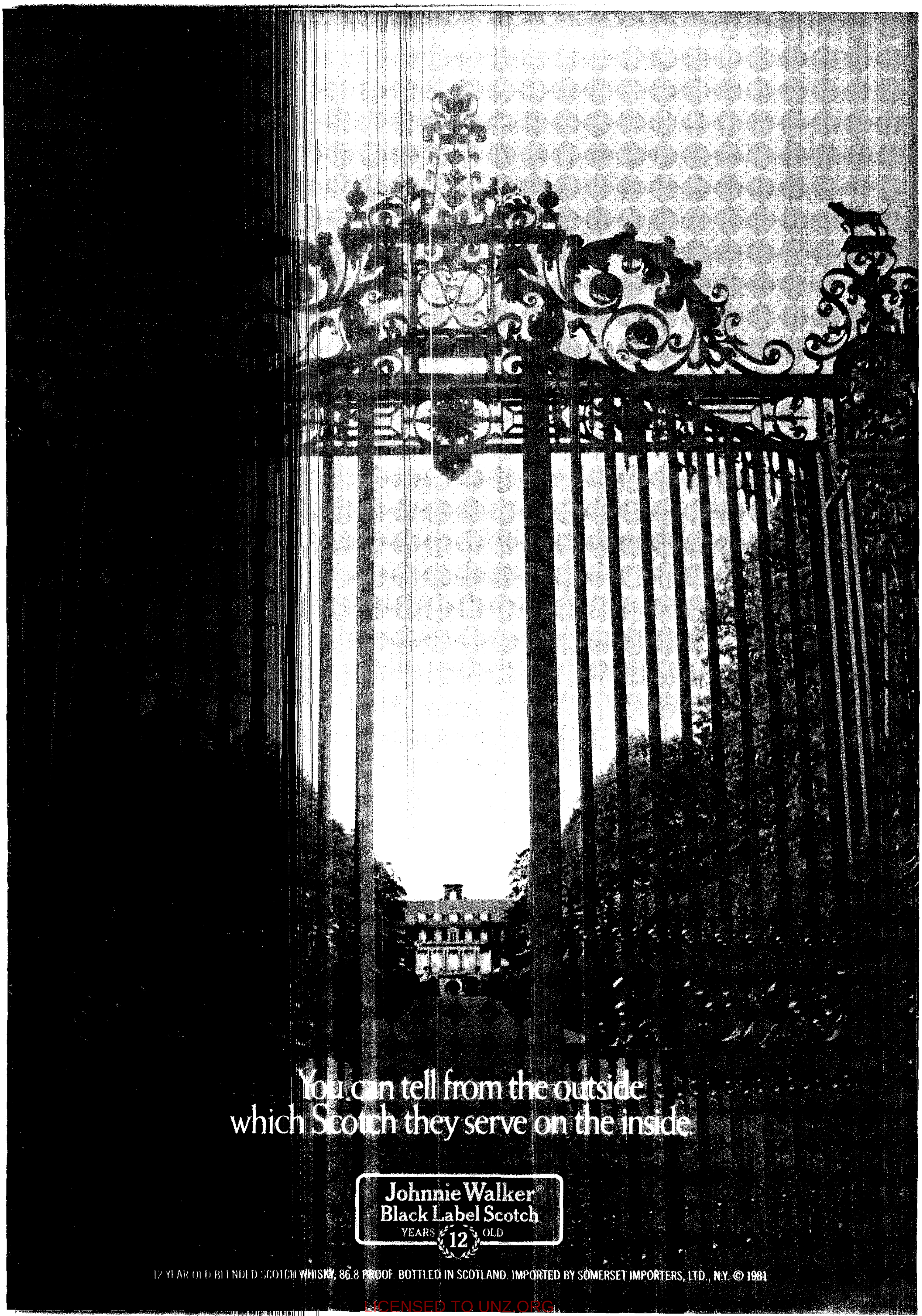
True Confessions—The idea is to take the lovable Irish brothers of thirties movies—the cop and the priest—and turn them inside out. Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. You have to put up a struggle to get anything out of this picture. What we need to know—what the movie is supposed to be about—is what the brothers are mulling over on their silent, troubled walks alone and together (and still alone). With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 26.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Film Forum; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. Directed by Victor Fleming. (Film Forum; Aug. 29-30.)

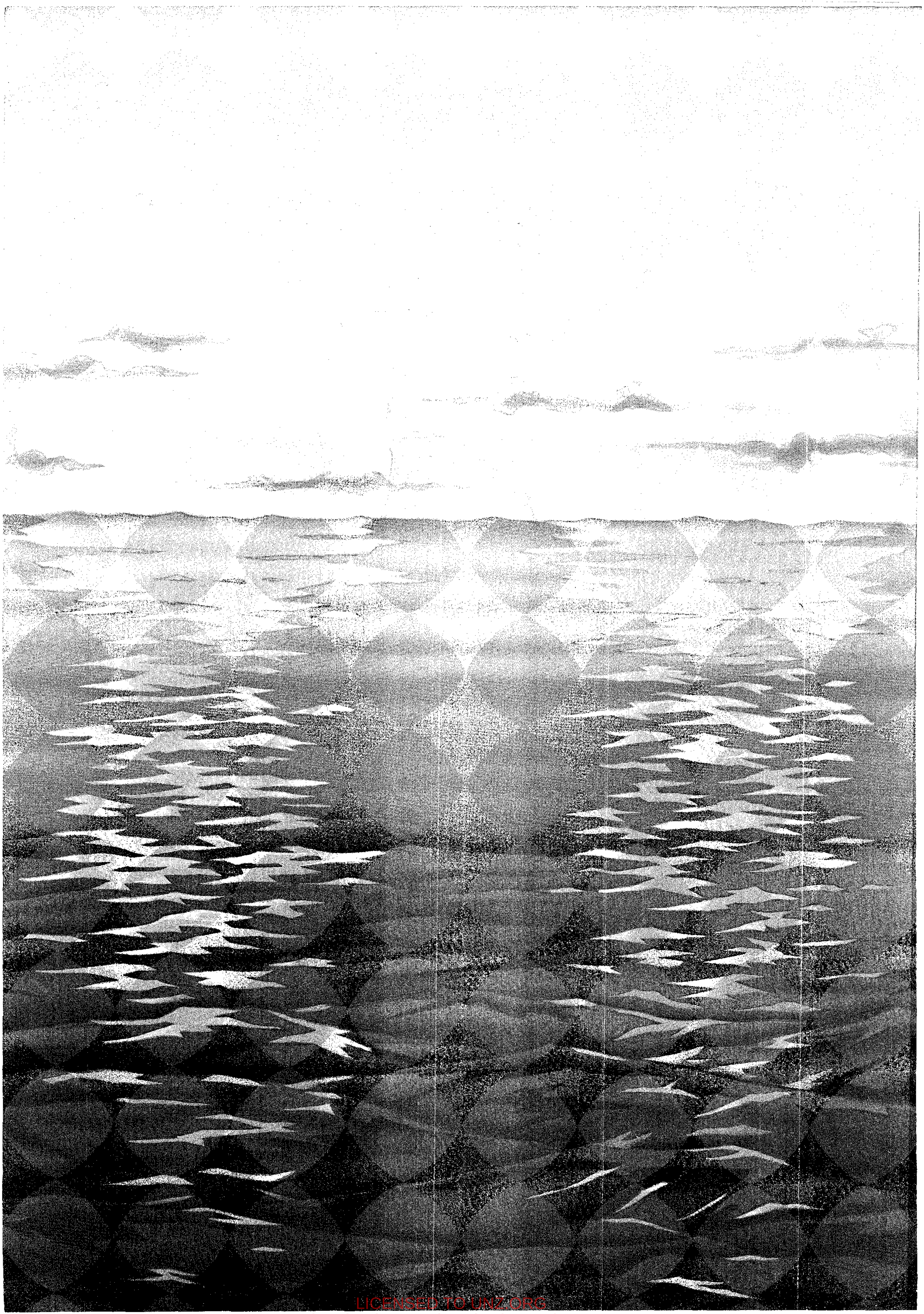
The World According to Garp—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. This isn't necessarily bad—Hill's pastel, detached, and generally meaningless comedy may, in some ways, be preferable to the baroque apparatus that Irving constructed—but in recounting the book's key incidents Hill and Tesich lay bare the pattern of mutilations in the plot. Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. The masochistic gifted-victim game has been played in recent American writing on just about every conceivable level, but Irving's novel is still something special: he created a whole hideous and deformed women's political group (the Ellen Jamesians) in order to have his author-hero, his alter ego, destroyed by it, and the film is faithful to Irving's "vision." With John Lithgow, who gives an appealing performance as the big-bruiser transsexual Roberta Muldoon, Glenn Close as Garp's mother, Mary Beth Hurt as his wife, and, in a bit, Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. (8/23/82) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 2.)




You can tell from the outside
which Scotch they serve on the inside.

Johnnie Walker®
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1981



ONE COMPANY IS HELPING TOMORROW DAWN TWICE IN THE SAME SKIES.

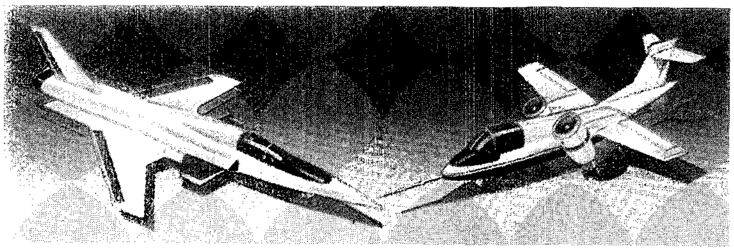
THE COMPANY IS GRUMMAN.

In wind tunnels and on test stands, new Grumman aircraft are helping move the future of flight into the present in two different ways.

The first, called Design 698, will take off and land like a helicopter and fly forward with the speed of a plane. With two turbofan jet engines and nacelles that tilt for hover, transition, and conventional flight, it will be able to operate from postage-stamp airfields as well as Navy cruisers and destroyers. Now that five thousand hours of wind tunnel testing –as well as simulators and radio-controlled models – have proved the validity of Grumman's V/STOL technology, the next step is a manned flight demonstrator.

With Grumman's leadership reputation in lightweight, super-strong composite materials, we're also designing and testing an aircraft with wings that sweep forward instead of back. Known as the X-29A, this innovative design will do a lot more than demonstrate a broad range of advanced technologies. It will reduce aerodynamic drag, improve fuel efficiency and, with its lighter weight and greater maneuverability, will reach a new plateau for high performance aircraft.

Providing tomorrow's aircraft with capabilities like these requires a host of technologies, many of which can be seen in the tactical aircraft Grumman produces today – the F-14, A-6E, E-2C, EA-6B and EF-111. So whether it's keeping today's aircraft preeminent or making tomorrow's unmatched, we have the technology for the job at hand.



THE TECHNOLOGY FOR THE JOB AT HAND.

GRUMMAN

COUNTRY MANOR COLORS

You are cordially invited to live in Estée Lauder's Country Manor Colors for the whole fall season. (Do stay longer if you like.)

© 1982 Estée Lauder, Inc.   Photographs: Skrebneski   Location: Middleton Place, Charleston, S.C.   Clothes: Frank Masandrea   Boots: Manolo Blahnik   Jewelry: James Robinson

Makeup: Tender Blusher: Violet Mist; All Day Re-Nutriv Lipstick: Starlit Pink; Polished Performance Nail Lacquer: Raspberry Glaze; Pressed Eyelid Shadow: Country Lake Colors.

Come enjoy vibrant cutting-garden colors— rare antique colors— a season filled with rich gleaming new brilliance for eyes, lips, cheeks, fingertips.

ESTĒE LAUDER

Dr. Porsche invites you to test drive the newest Porsche.

My family, beginning with my father, has been designing and building cars for over 80 years.

Our very first Porsche was the 356.

Now there is a new Porsche: the 944.

It has a new 2.5-liter, 143-hp Porsche engine.

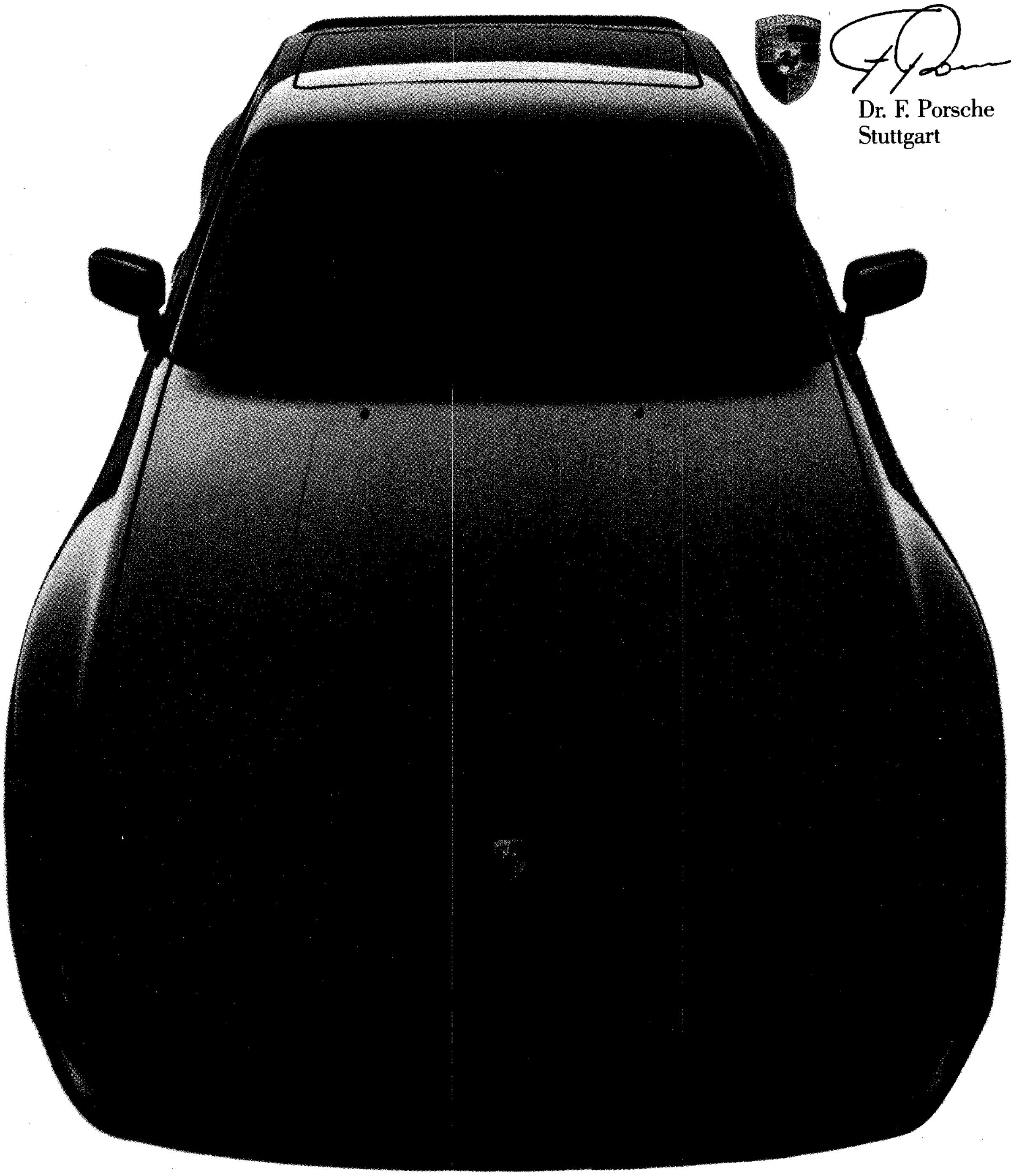
On the track, the 944 accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 5.9 seconds. And it reaches the ¼-mile mark from a standing start in only 16.2 seconds at a speed of 84 mph. Its maximum speed: 130 mph.

The new 944 also has the Porsche transaxle design, Porsche aerodynamics, and Porsche handling.

To my family, the 944 is more than a new car. It is a new and true Porsche.

At Porsche, excellence is expected.

Dr. F. Porsche
Stuttgart



The new 944 Porsche.

$18,450. New 1983, 944 suggested retail price. P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes, dealer delivery charges additional.

PORSCHE+AUDI

©1982 Porsche Audi

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other day, we saw the following headline in the Providence *Sunday Journal:*

PENTAGON STRATEGISTS
ENVISION VICTORY WITH
LOSS OF NO MORE THAN
20 MILLION LIVES

The information in this headline has been widely disseminated, but we haven't seen it expressed anywhere else with such calm simplicity. As we said the words over to ourself, we found in them a poetic cadence:

pentagon strategists
envision
victory
with loss of no more
than
twenty million
lives

Read this way, the headline has a soft, dreamlike tranquillity. We can thank the Providence bard for his soothing message.

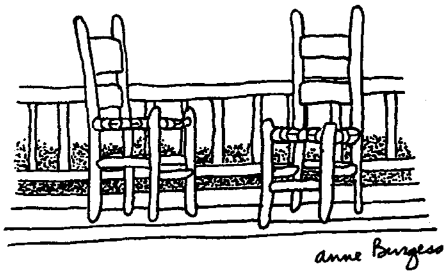
• •

Eleven Thousand Lawyers

OUR man Stanley took a brief vacation earlier this month in San Francisco, where the American Bar Association was holding its hundred-and-fourth annual meeting—the largest one in its history. We asked Stanley to look in on this phenomenon, and he obliged, with the following report:

What to do about eleven thousand lawyers, plus their families, running all over San Francisco, filling thirty hotels, hogging all places on cable cars, polishing off supply of Boudin's pizza bread, practically demolishing baby-shrimp and crabmeat cocktails on Fisherman's Wharf, monopolizing sightseeing boat trips to Alcatraz? Only thing lawyers not exhausting is great San Francisco unpolluted air. Consider covering A.B.A.'s Young Lawyers Division program Coping with the Law Office Blues. Or Tax Aspects of Planning for the Second Marriage After Divorce. Or Crisis in Criminal Defense Funding. Decide against. Pass up lawyers' dramatic productions, including "The Trial of Sacco and Vanzetti—Re-Creation of the Famous Trial and Retrying of the Case Using Current Federal Rules of Evidence." Pass up "Anatomy of a Marital Settlement—Live Mock Negotiation of a Complex, but Not Atypical, Marital Case, Staged in Three 'Acts' (Custody, Finances, Taxes)." Pass up serious stuff like Two Resolutions Relative to Religious Discrimination in Law School Admissions. Also Two Resolutions Requesting the A.B.A. House of Delegates to Rescind Its Policy Adopted Last January Opposing Discriminatory Membership Policies in Private Clubs. Dig through a hundred and seventeen tons of material describing other highlights. Also Major Speakers List—one thousand one hundred and sixty-one Major Names, from Aberbanel, Arthur, New York, N.Y. (Topic: "Death on and Over the Water"), to Zunker, Jerry, Bar Counsel, State Bar of Texas, Austin, Texas (Topic: "Avoiding Litigation Against Bar Associations").

Decide to go to A.B.A. Opening Assembly at San Francisco Opera House, for appearance of major Major Name, former Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig, Jr. No explanation given by A.B.A. for choice of Haig as bigwig of official opening of nine-day convention. Seems to be biggest deal to hit Bay Area since Clark Gable emerged in one piece from earthquake. Word out Haig getting big fee for appearance: twenty thousand dollars, plus expenses. Haig apparently ordered special six-star security arrangements. Most of press ordered to be inside Opera House by 8:30 A.M. Further orders: No press conference. No interviews before speech. No copy of speech before or after speech. No photo opportunity for closeups. Entire audience, including media, to remain seated after speech until departure of Haig from building.



Opera House filling up dutifully with lawyers. Stationed in upper box is seven-piece orchestra, with members wearing tuxedos, playing "The Sound of Music." Walt Tolleson's orchestra. Nice beat. In five other boxes, photographers, television reporters, TV cameramen squashed together, all very cranky, making cracks about twenty-thousand-dollar fee, about being pushed around, about not being allowed to talk to local politicians or to A.B.A. officials waiting for Haig backstage. Reporters skeptical. Objective. Independent. Good "Front Page" stuff. *Wall Street Journal* man says, "I'm getting a plane ticket to Washington to hear the *real* Secretary of State."

Three Supreme Court Justices waiting backstage in clump. Mr. Justice Byron R. White. Mr. Justice Lewis F. Powell, Jr. Mr. Justice John Paul Stevens. Polite, tough, icy Justices. Ask Mr. Justice White for opinion of Haig as choice of opening speaker. Get high-class judicial answer: "I have no comment on that." Ask Dick Collins, A.B.A. information man, why Haig. Get sensible answer: "Last year, at the New Orleans Hilton, Haig filled the ballroom." Collins gives straight facts: "Caspar Weinberger is coming, but he

The Farmer's Wife

is *not* being compensated. Only Haig and Marvin Kalb."

Talk to Richard O. Gantz, Anchorage, Alaska, lawyer, also backstage. Get another splendid legal reply to the question about Haig: "I can't really give you a definitive answer, because I'm too busy figuring out where I'm going to sit. There are scores of us up here on the stage with Haig. I'm on the board of governors. We're at the head table, so to speak."

Ask Gantz why no pictures of Haig. Get another terrific answer: "After all, this is a function for our members."

Dick Collins wants to add facts about magnitude of meeting: "We have sixteen hundred subcomponents. We have sixteen foreign Bar Association presidents, on the *stage*. We have hundreds of different Bar Association presidents. Can't fit them on the stage. We have fifty-eight tons of Wangs, file cabinets, and so on, shipped from A.B.A. headquarters, in Chicago. We have five hundred and seventy-four judges, some on the stage, some off. We've got to introduce a hundred and ten people before Haig can open his mouth."

Collins says over two thousand lawyers and their families will be out front. Look. Opera House only half filled. Go back to TV, photographer, press buddies in media box. Eric Risberg, A.P. Gordon H. Stone, San Francisco *Examiner*. Etc. Good guys. Share crouching space. Share inside info.

"Strom Thurmond couldn't make it," somebody says.

Somebody else says, "The rumor is Haig is going to speak off the cuff. For twenty thousand smackers, not worth *preparing* a speech for lawyers." Adds that Haig appearance just showoff stuff. Key issue at convention is Lawyer-Client Confidentiality. "That's the biggie," he says. Knowledgeable fellow.

Proceedings start. Houselights down. Walt Tolleson's orchestra playing "I Left My Heart in San Francisco." Lady in long gown—Marianne Kent, famous in California—singing words. Screen onstage. Cable cars pictured onscreen. "San Francisco" playing while Golden Gate Bridge appears onscreen. Fine spirit.

Introductions next, with time for bows, applause. Geoffrey Lane, Lord Chief Justice of England. Leon Jaworski, Second Century Fund Chairman. Lawyers from Spain. Judges from Australia. Lawyers, judges from Hong Kong, Mexico, France, Venezuela. Past A.B.A. treasurers. Diverse mob. Press buddies dozing.

Houselights go up as m.c., distinguished fellow named Ernest T. Guy, from Chicago—big thatch of gleaming brown hair, tuxedo with blue ruffled shirt—announces Navy Precision Drill Team "will perform a very spectacular drill." Wow. Twelve-man team—one woman, one black—in white helmets, white uniforms, white gloves, with gleaming rifles, take next seven minutes demonstrating discipline, discipline, discipline. Impressive tricks with rifles. Lots of foot-stamping. Sharp commands. Haig not in sight. Too bad. Just his stuff. Why Navy Precision Drill Team for lawyers? Nobody knows. Then announcement by m.c.: Governor Edmund Brown, Jr., unfortunately in Oklahoma at Governors' Conference, so Brown's legal-affairs secretary, Byron Georgiou, to give official welcome. Georgiou says that California has eighty-four thousand lawyers, more judges in Los Angeles County than in all of England, one lawyer in San Francisco for every seventy-two individuals. Big hand. Then city welcome from S.F. Mayor Dianne Feinstein. Looks efficient. Takes opportunity to tell lawyers she hopes they vote yes on handgun control, S.F. first large American city to vote for handgun control, twenty-two thousand people killed by handguns in U.S. in 1980, but now S.F. setting good example for other cities to save lives. Mild applause. Leon Jaworski follows with report on Second Century Fund: almost thirty thousand lawyers, plus more than three hundred law firms, gave ten and a half million bucks to Fund, for public-service projects. Jaworski looking chubbier than in Watergate days. Praises "selflessness of the American legal profession." Loud, long applause.

Press buddies restive. Been sitting cramped in box for hour waiting for Haig. Now David R. Brink, outgoing A.B.A. president, starting speech. Begins with quote from Ambrose Bierce defining "a bore as 'a person who talks when you wish him to listen.' " Good laugh. Finishes twenty minutes later—impressive courtroom-delivery manner—advising lawyers to choose road of "rule of law among nations." Applause.

Finally, Haig introduction. Quick bio by m.c.: Grad of U.S. Military Academy, 1947. Served in Japan, Korea, Europe, Pentagon, Vietnam. Military assistant to Kissinger, January, 1969. Fourteen trips to S.E. Asia, in the course of which he helped to set up Nixon visit to China, 1972. Appointed Chief of Staff by Nixon, 1973. Retired from Army, June, 1979. Appointed Secretary of State, January, 1981. Resigned, June, 1982.

Haig natty, as usual—gray suit, white shirt, red-white-blue tie. Looks on top of world. Smiling. Tells joke-writer-type joke—à la Bob Hope, Henny Youngman, Ron Reagan. Says, "Only a few weeks ago, I could travel all over the world in my own planes any time I liked. Now I can't leave home without my American Express card." Gets laugh. Tells more pal-to-pal jokes—about telephoning "Ed Muskie," "Cy Vance," "Henry," about shared letdown feelings. Gets chuckles. Throws out another one-liner: "A few weeks ago, I was fourth in line of succession; today I have to struggle for a precedence in a check-out-counter line at the supermarket." Losing audience. Quickly tells lawyers glad to be there. "In a room with thirty-six hundred attorneys, I'm sure I'll learn how to deduct the three-Martini breakfast I just had." Audience coming back a little. But still no Johnny Carson Show smash guest comic.

Cameras going click, click, click. Photographers looking grim. Haig saying decade of nineteen-eighties "particularly difficult as we seek to strengthen the rule of law." Jokes over. Lawyers settle back in chairs. Haig says, "Marxism-Leninism perverted the rule of law." Trying for academic level. Making voice go up and down, as if following elocution teacher's instructions. Jumps to another thought: "American foreign policy must be bipartisan." Bounces quickly from idea to idea, slipping in intellectual references; self-consciously gleeful. Peculiar. Seems to be discussing appeasement, confrontation, negotiation among nations. Refers to "a fine balance of the Hegelian dialectic, if you will." Gives little giggle at this brainy but unapropos reference. Seems to be against U.S. confrontation with our allies. More references to "Marxism-Leninism." Then gets on familiar ground for moment, says he agrees with Cap Weinberger that we must reverse the decline of our defense capabilities. Delivered in manner of politician telling political convention he's against high cost of living. Then returns to brainy-type references, castigates people who would "contemplate each other's navel." Castigates "proclivity of developing leaders to latch on to Marxism-Leninism." Says, "Marxist jargon is a locomotive for social change but never an engine for economic development and social progress." Says only the West brings economic development. Knocks "slogganisms and sophistries of Marxism-Leninism." Says emphatically, "I go to bed each night thanking God that I don't preside in the Kremlin!" Brezhnev undoubtedly glad to hear this.

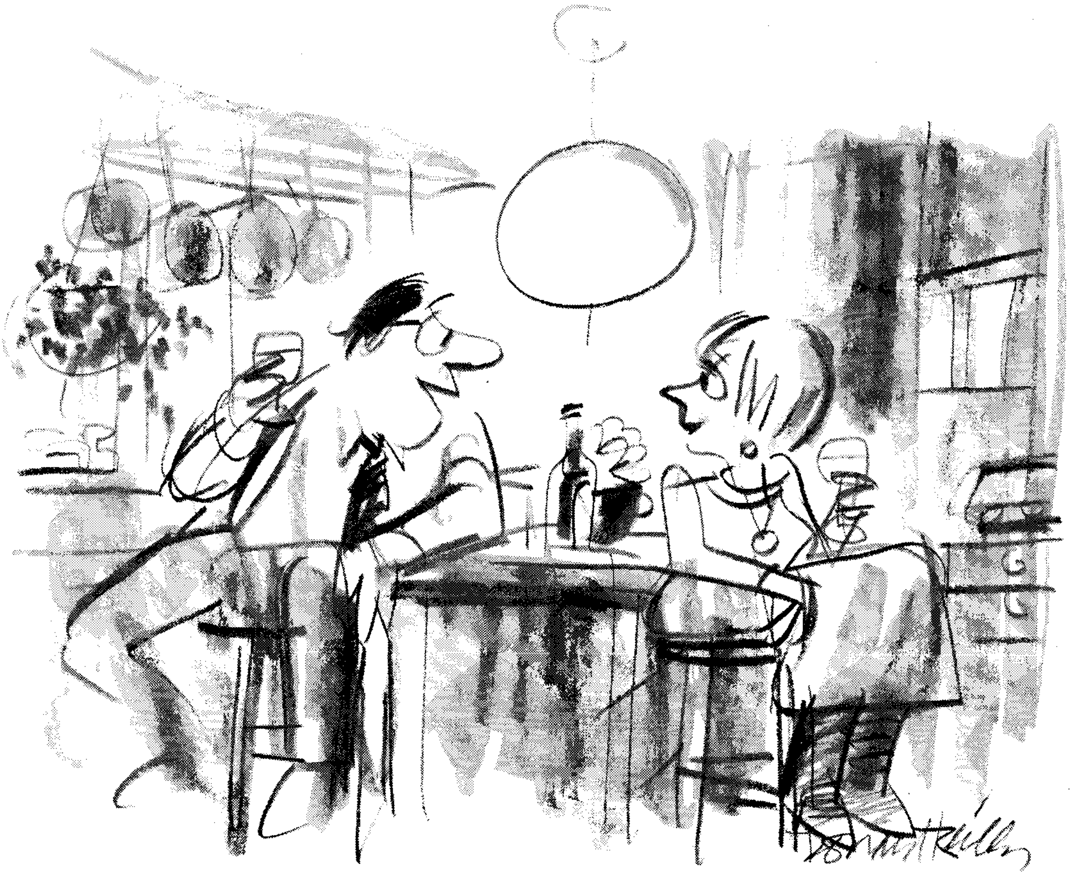
Lawyers in audience give Haig nice hand.

"Nobody can get out till Haig leaves!" m.c. calls out after Haig exit. "The doors are locked!"

Take advantage of captive audience to sample lawyers' reactions. Identification easy, because lawyers wearing badges. Start with Ogden W. Fields, Godeffroy, New York. Unusual lawyer. No mincing words. Gives blunt answer: "I got the feeling he's running for President." Bert Early, Chicago: "Well, I'm a low-profile person." Larry Dagenhart, Sr., Charlotte, North Carolina: "We've got to have something like that for this audience. Do you know how to get to Candlestick Park?" Larry Dagenhart, Jr. (thirteen years old): "It kind of put me to sleep." C. D. Peterson, State Justice, St. Paul, Minnesota: "Sobering and predictable." James R. Greenfield, New Haven: "A very two-handed speech." Sidney S. Baron, Pontiac, Michigan: "Full of sound and fury. Not worth twenty thousand." Priscilla Schechter, Smithtown, New York: "Very impressive. He tailors his suits like a Marine, with more white shirt showing than all these legal types here." Norman Redlich, Dean, N.Y.U. Law School: "Expensive." Leon Jaworski: "I comment only about jurisprudence." Right idea.

Saratoga

SARATOGA has a long history of good losers and gracious winners. When General John Burgoyne, a reckless gambler who had supposedly bet Charles Fox fifty guineas that he would make mincemeat of the Americans and be home in London by Christmas of 1777, surrendered his sword and his troops to General Horatio Gates at Saratoga on October 17, 1777, there was a spate of good sportsmanship. Gates handed him back his sword and said that the defeat certainly wasn't Burgoyne's fault. He also agreed that they wouldn't use the word "surrender"—they would call it a "convention"—and that Burgoyne's troops would be allowed to go home to England if they promised not to come



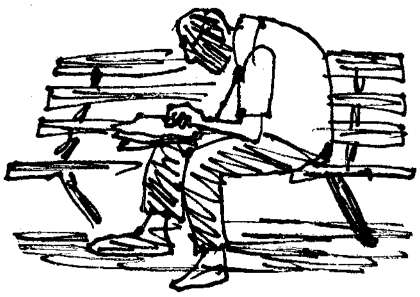
"Yeah, I feel like eating out, too. Where'll it be? The Ginger Root, The Asparagus Spear, The Pea Pod, The Celery Stalk, The Broccoli Flower, The Basil Leaf, or The Pepper Corn?"

back, and no one's luggage would be searched or molested. Another American general, Philip Schuyler, asked Burgoyne to dinner. Burgoyne then apologized to General Schuyler for having burned down his house, and Schuyler, according to Burgoyne, "desired me to think no more of it." The other night, the most eagerly awaited event of the Saratoga season took place—the first major jewel thefts of the year—and when the victims appeared on local TV the next day they displayed impressive equanimity. One good-natured fellow, who was robbed of a hundred thousand dollars, explained that the same thing had happened to him there three years ago, and he was getting used to it.

It is probably impossible to find a motel room anywhere near Saratoga late in August. The place draws a large, mixed crowd that includes, among others, people who love horses; people who love people who love horses; gamblers; music and ballet fans; jewel thieves; and enthusiasts of the local spring waters. The waters were described by Isaac Weld, Jr., in his book "Travels Through the States of North America, and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, During the Years 1795, 1796, and 1797," as follows:

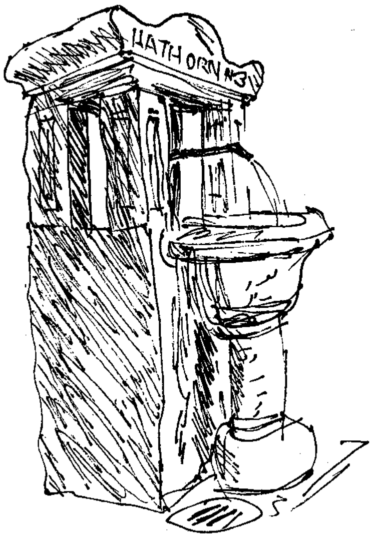
> In this neighbourhood, upon the borders of a marfh, are feveral very remarkable mineral fprings. . . . The various properties of the water have not been yet afcertained with any great accuracy; but it is faid to be impregnated with a foffile acid and fome faline fubftance; there is alfo a great portion of fixed air in it. . . . The water is very pungent to the tafte, and acts as a cathartic on fome people, as an emetic on others.

It didn't seem right for us to be in Saratoga without testing the celebrated waters, so after breakfast at an outdoor café near the Adelphi Hotel, on Broadway, we strolled down in the sunshine to Congress Park, the site of Congress Spring, where kids in the old days used six-foot-long wooden sticks with three glasses attached to one end to dip into the bubbly spring and serve visitors, for a gratuity of one cent per glass. (We learned this in the Historical Society of Saratoga Springs Museum, in the park—a pink brick building that once housed the Canfield Casino, which was a major attraction for the innocent but whose games "were known to all experts as swindles.") No fountains of Saratoga water were working in the park, because construction was going on. The park was a green and pleasant place, however, with active ducks, geese, mothers, babies, and one man (*Illus. A*) who was sitting on a bench in the shade chewing gum steadily while he studied a racing form and poked at a calculator.



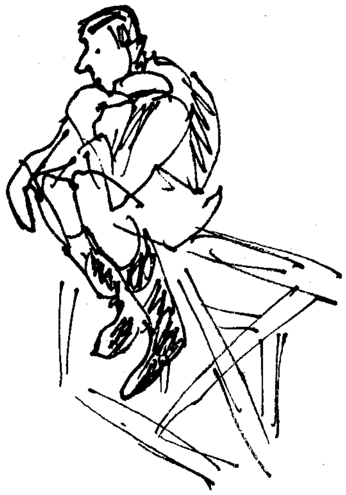
Illus. A

Later in the morning, at the entrance to Saratoga Spa State Park, southwest of town on Route 50, we observed a marble shrine called Hathorn No. 3 (*Illus. B*)—a discolored, eroded, encrusted fountain with water gurgling and spitting continuously from a copper tube. A fat man in a red T-shirt got out of a car, marched up to the fountain, filled an empty Coke bottle with the wonder water, returned to the car, and drove off. This seemed reassuring, though he may have been planning to use it in his radiator, so we stepped up to Hathorn No. 3, cupped our hands, and tried a mouthful. Foul-smelling, metallic-tasting. (Whether it is cathartic or emetic, we can't say—it may well be both—because we didn't swallow any.)



Illus. B

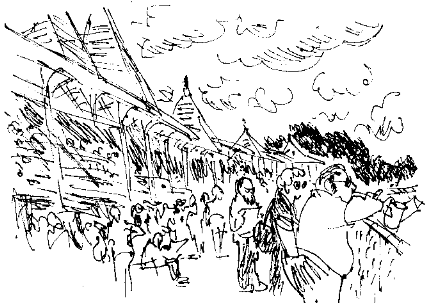
Toward noon, we drove out to the race track. Lots of striped tents, booths, white outbuildings, benches, grass, trees, flowers. Picnic atmosphere. Clean. Cheerful, optimistic crowd, including many children. Outside the jockeys' building, people gathered to watch the riders get weighed on a large scale prior to the next race. One jockey sat on a fence waiting his turn (*Illus. C*). Then the jockeys walked briskly over to the paddock; as they went, they formed a loose chain of bright patterns—multicolored shirts with stripes and spots of lurid hues—moving through the crowd. Horses were meanwhile being walked around dirt paths encircling small islands of trees. The number assigned to a horse was posted on one of the tree trunks: one horse per island. The splendid animals walked quietly around and around in the shadows until it was time to be saddled. Then one reared up, whinnying, tried to bolt, and had to be calmed.



Illus. C

The open white-painted stalls of the paddock looked pink in the light descending through the red-and-white striped tent overhead. In one stall, a dark bay stood on the brown earth while a groom sponged its gleaming coat. The owner leaned against the wall, smoking a cigarette. The groom said that the horse never got upset before a race. The owner said, "Maybe it would be better if she did," and gave a hard laugh. (We decided not to bet on that one.) People were flocking to the outdoor betting windows, then sitting on benches or folding chairs to watch the race on closed-circuit-TV sets suspended from trees. It looked like a revival meeting: all eyes turned upward.

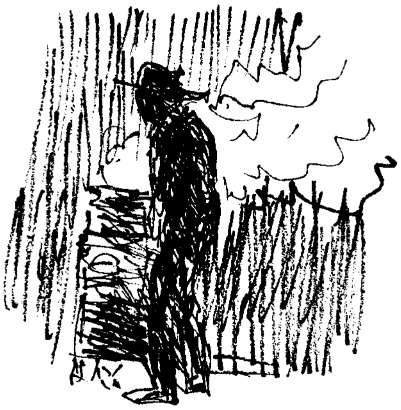
We went to the grandstand, a rambling Victorian astonishment about a quarter of a mile in length. It is a stretched-out pavilion with pyramidal steeples projecting from its roof (*Illus. D*) and is made largely of wood—seats, railings, pillars, beams—and the floors creak satisfyingly underfoot. The roof, from below, looks like the attic of an old summer house. From our seat, we looked out into the bright sunlight at the wide, smooth earth track, then white rails, and the green turf courses. Then came lawns with flowers and boxwood hedges, a pond with swans and a gazebo, and, in the distance, the backstretch, with stables under dense trees, and, above everything, a blue sky churning with fat white clouds that curled like the rococo arms and legs of the Victorian chairs back in the museum.



Illus. D

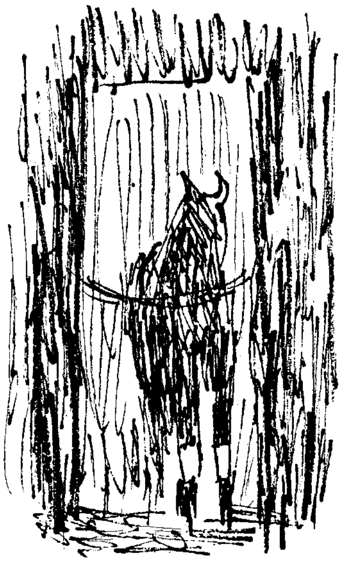
We bet on several promising horses, and were disappointed to find out they were laggards. We departed the track, determined to be a good loser and attend the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra concert in the evening at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center. There we walked across a bridge above a gorge to get to the amphitheatre, with the tops of trees on either side and the sound of a stream rushing over rocks far below. Post time was 8:15 P.M. It was Barber, Ravel, and the Mahler Symphony No. 1. Barber and Ravel finished well, but Mahler seemed to drag; too many furlongs.

The next afternoon, we did better at the windows, though still poorly, and at night we went to the Fasig-Tipton Saratoga Yearling Sales, held in a snappy pavilion a block away from the race track. Around sixty yearlings went under the hammer. There was no price-slashing here; at one point, in fact, the announcer impatiently halted the bidding on a horse at two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, charging the audience with sitting on its hands, and insisting that it do better. The audience took the reprimand to heart, bidding soared, and the yearling was presently sold for a million four. It was difficult to ascertain who was bidding; horse collectors gesture very discreetly, not wishing to be observed except by the auctioneer. (Is this shame or embarrassment, perhaps, at dropping a million smackers on a creature that wears aluminum shoes and eats hay? No. It's to avoid arousing the competition.) Late in the evening, a filly went for two million one, and we retired. It had been a long day, starting around 5:30 A.M., when we'd gone out to the track to see the morning workouts. There had been a half-moon overhead. The grandstand roof glistened with dew in the early light. The air was cold and wet. We walked around the stables: dogs barking; the smell of manure; water heating in steel drums. An old man was keeping warm, silhouetted against clouds of steam (*Illus. E*).



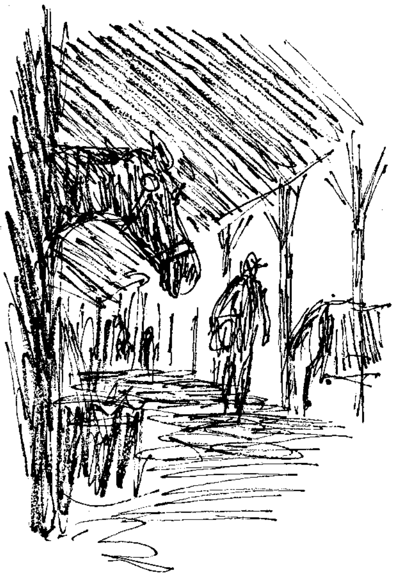
Illus. E

There were scraping sounds as stables were shovelled and swept. Horses framed in the doorways of dim, yellow-brown stalls were dark shapes, indistinct except for white bandages on their shins (*Illus. F*).



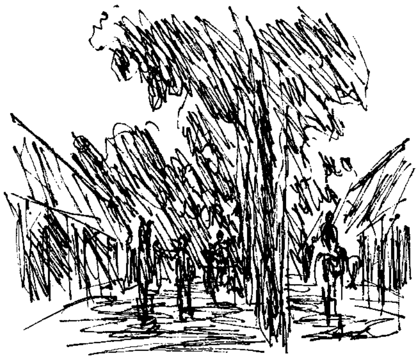
Illus. F

Others stuck their heads out, peering at passersby (*Illus. G*).



Illus. G

Then sunlight began to speckle the branches overhead. Horses—some in blankets—were led or ridden up and down alleys of trees between the long, low stables (*Illus. H*).



Illus. H

A jockey in a helmet with goggles drove by in a car. Out on the track, horses were running, some riders standing straight up in the stirrups, as if waterskiing. Except for the horses' hooves thumping on the dirt, it was so quiet that the dominant sound was the breathing of the horses—snorting, panting, hyperventilating, sometimes making a thrumming or whirring sound. As the magnificent horses went pounding down the track, their tails and manes flaring, their riders perched high above the ground, the betting and the buying and selling, the winning and losing all seemed irrelevant; what is remarkable, we realized, is that an animal can move at such speed and with such grace, and that anybody had ever considered trying to ride one.

KEMP, DENT IN REAGAN PLANS

A FEW hours after George Steinbrenner vowed that the New York Yankees would not trade Bucky Dent, the Yankees traded Dent to the Republicans for Jack Kemp.

The trade was announced at a press conference at Yankee Stadium just after a doubleheader between the two teams, in which the Yankees won the first game, $560,000 to $240,500. The Reagan team then shut out New York, $98.3 billion to 0, with a murderous tax bill in the top of the ninth.

Later, in the locker room, Dent was asked about his new position. He will represent upstate New York in the U.S. House of Representatives. "I'm comfortable with it," he said. "I haven't been all that happy with the Yankees recently. Mr. Steinbrenner was constantly on my back about fiscal this and earnings that, and he told me my work on last year's annual report wasn't thought very highly of in the front office. At one point he tried to make me sell individual pizzas during games—something to do with revenue. And then a few months ago he declared a three-for-one split—me, Nettles, and Smalley having to take turns going down to Wall Street to sit around the Stock Exchange and see if anybody would give us some money. Now at least Mr. Reagan has made it clear that all he wants me to do is play ball."

"So what!" Steinbrenner steamed when Dent's remarks were read to him as he sought a limousine.

Reportedly, the idea for a trade came from the White House Office of Player Personnel, the Bechtel Group, which released this statement: "Jack Kemp is a very fine young man, and the Reagan organization is very sorry to see him leave Washington. We all have the greatest respect for his lovely family. He should be grateful for all that Ronald Reagan has done for him."

At an impromptu briefing on the White House helicopter pad, Reagan waved, smiled, and said, "I sensed Jack wasn't happy, because he couldn't keep his mind on the gate receipts. He kept nagging day in and day out about spending what-all and the other thing, supply, and he frankly just made a nuisance. It was time to cut the guy loose. He'll be better off in a situation where I won't always be having to have to prove I'm sane."

However, Kemp's spokesman, talent agent Bob Haldeman, said, "Jack loves his teammates in the Capitol, but he is a sincere idealist who actually believes that George Steinbrenner is a man of unswerving principle—unlike some other people who Jack has too much integrity to comment on."

Invited to reply to this by a TV newscaster waiting at Andrews Air Force Base, Reagan chuckled and burst out spontaneously, "You know, I'd love to go back into show business. It would be fun to do that vaudeville routine where you take a jack-in-the-box and hit it with a hammer. But seriously. Jack Kemp sure in Hades didn't turn out to be a team player, which is how I never thought in the first place. Where is the sportsmanship that his wonderful parents instilled? Who does he think he is, as he seems to think?"

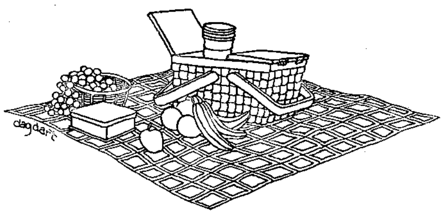
FLAGGED down on a California freeway, former Yankee manager Billy Martin was asked for his opinion of the trade. While explaining carefully that Steinbrenner needed to be taken down a peg or two, Martin drove away.

A source close to a companion of Reggie Jackson's maintained guardedly that "Reggie is keeping a positive mental attitude at all times."

Steinbrenner is rumored to have really hit the ceiling on hearing this.

LATER in the day, the real cause of Steinbrenner's ire was divulged when he chewed out an ebullient Reagan in a limo driven by an undercover reporter. Steinbrenner had begun the negotiations months ago, when the Reagan organization was trying to unload David Stockman. At the last minute, Reagan jawboned Steinbrenner into taking Kemp off his hands as the precondition for a Stockman deal. Now the Yankees have had to arrange to sell Kemp to M-G-M-United Artists and buy Stockman outright for an undisclosed sum of cash.

Stockman's old position, Director of the Office of Management and Budget, will be held down by a callboy.

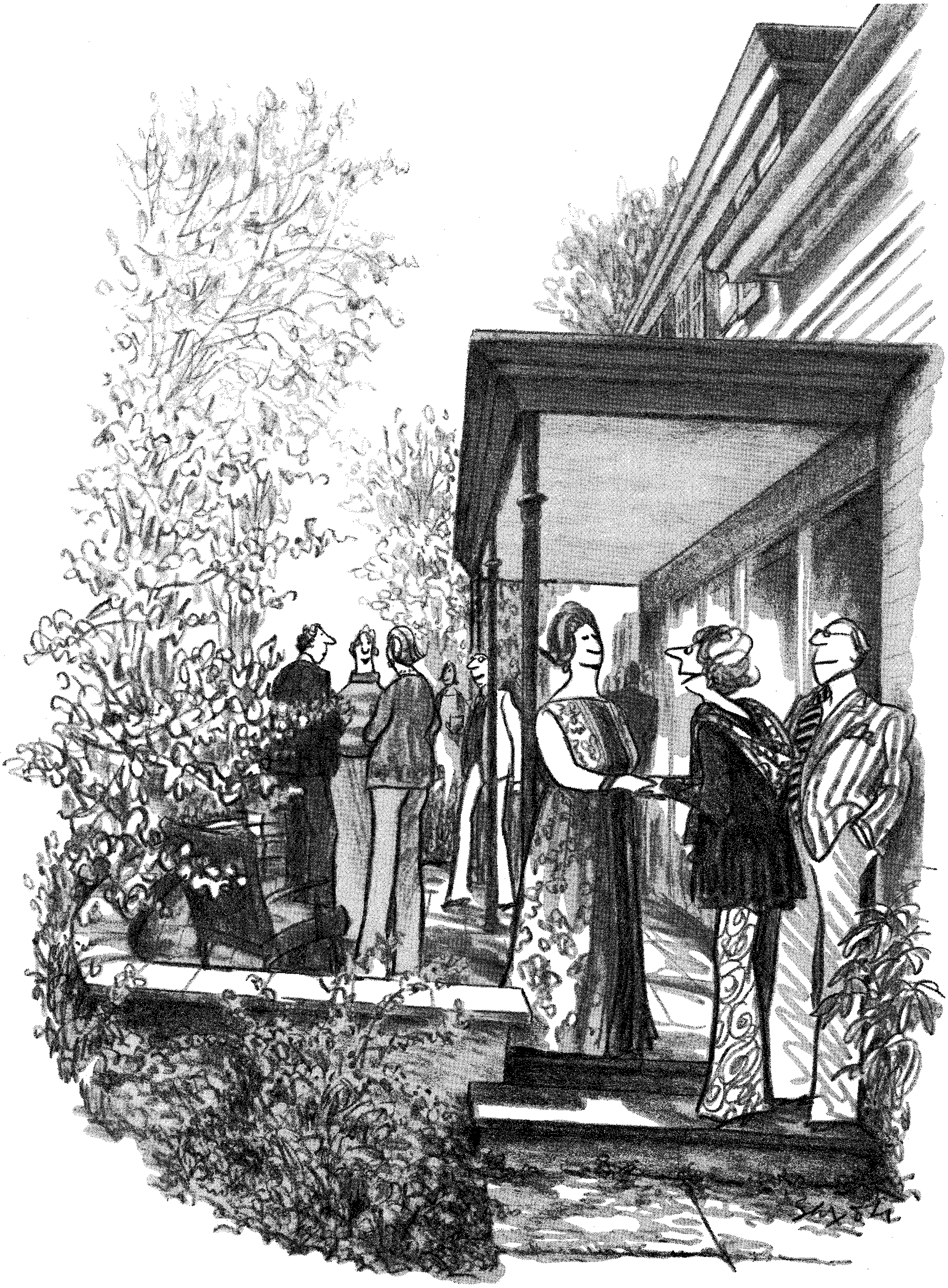


After hearing this news from his representative, West Coast superagent Ham Jordan, Stockman telephoned a reporter at home and confided, "It's tremendous news, just tremendous—a tremendous break for me. Ever since I was a little baby, I've wanted a position on the New York Yankees, with all the joy in economic performance that makes it worthwhile. An impossible dream, but then—you know me! I have a way of getting myself into situations that are way over my head and then flagellating myself for failing to overcome the tremendous odds. I don't know—maybe that's even what I'm doing right now. Setting myself up for failure. O.K.! Let's say I'm asking for trouble, it's probably hopeless, but it's the chance of a lifetime—to be with a winner. What an exciting prospect! The Reagan thing, you know, began to change tremendously once it started to not work out. There is athlete's foot on the Presidency. It is growing. It compounds itself daily, like interest. It's a phenomenal—a giant fungus! How do we keep it off us? For all I know, maybe the whole world, even the Yankees, is doomed necessarily to be this type of uncontrollable—these things of this nature, and the like, which allow no one to function within them as a rational shortstop. What did I just say? Are you writing this down?"

Reached for a reaction in what he described as "the middle of the night," Reagan said laughingly, "If that's his interpretation, all I can say is he's as equally as entitled to it as I am. Very frankly, he has always had a loose rotator cuff. Like the rest of the country, it is very sad for his family and we have great sympathy. Bucky Dent—now there is a very popular young man with our American population. As far as Jack Kemp, it's not my job to make trades for the Yankees, but they bought a pig in a poke there, and they have nothing but our compassion."

Kemp's personal manager, Jerry Ford, said, "Jack Kemp can play hardball with the best of them. But he has a frail ego like all professional egomaniacs. And this career instability at this point is affecting his athletic condition."

Reagan's phone was off the hook by then, but his aide Lyn Nofziger, "psychiatrist to the stars," commented, "I knew Jack Kemp wouldn't last five minutes in a business such as the New York Yankees." —VERONICA GENG



"Heaven only knows how you construct these super parties, Frieda. It must take a lot out of you."

THE LINE

ON the Boston ferry, I'm most like that guy by the rail—I mean we share a vocabulary of forms, being froglike both of us, and fifty some. His grimy motorist's cap is pushed down to his popped eyes; his yellow shirt is buttoned to the wattles at his throat; and tenderly, palm up, he holds a chewed cigar. Its leaf is only a shade darker than his mackintosh.

And I would *talk* to her, the ponytailed weight lifter on the rail. In a sweater shirt, the depth and breadth of her shoulders are sexy. Her waist is tiny.

I feel like a dynamo, too, on the shuddering varnished bench over the ferry's grinding engines. I'll try to slow down. I'm under orders to try. The September sun has burned a hole in the dawn haze and laid a hot white path behind the ferry, a burning wake.

Painted on an orange channel marker, which swirls in our charge in the drab water, is the block numeral "2."

I've been alone for over a month now, deserted. Or, not exactly deserted, for what has happened to me is more an act of justice; "marooned" is right.

Matte-black birds race the ferry, coursing so low their wing tips nearly beat water.

The jet liners prowling Logan have finned tails that look like gliding sail craft from where I sit.

I think how Boston, massed terribly off the bow, looks judgmental after the holiday space of the bay.

I'm trying to organize. My faraway wife once told me, "Don't talk all at once, Sam. Start at the top and go to the bottom. Remember to indent."

Later, on the subway to Cambridge, I'm between a brooding man in a leather trenchcoat and a woman with a poodle haircut and a lot of face paint. I would like to talk to her. Her lips and eyes are all art and drama—greenish—but she's down to business already, reading printout sheets in the crush of riders.

At work, Edna Rudd's newest secretary has this memo delivered to me: "Could you move a touch more quickly on your contribution to the Procedures Manual?"

"I could, Marta, but I probably won't" is my answering note, which I sign "Slacker," and give to Interoffice.

Lunch I take behind a newspaper, in a coffeehouse on Mt. Auburn Street. The cramped rows of tables are like game boards on poles—they're that small.

A middle-aged man in a turban gets seated diagonally across from me. He wears a blue wool sports jacket and a floppy shirt the color of cantaloupe flesh. He has a wispy beard, many moles, and steel-framed spectacles. Crowding me on the left, his companion is too close to be glanced.

"Today, no more tea," says the man in the turban.

"So you're fully entertained," says the companion.

My food comes. I try to read. The two have a kind of lovers' quarrel.

"Last week Washington, next week Washington, and *no*, I didn't try to call you," says the unseen man. His accent has the South in it, and sophistication of a type.

"I don't care what I eat," says the turban.

"Listen, don't you move."

The waitress takes their orders—literally over my head. I twist to see the man at my shoulder. He turns out to be a black man in a hacking jacket and a toffee sweater.

"Anything good in the paper?" the waitress asks me.

"I wasn't chasing you out," she says, when I have told her no, and looked away.

After she delivers their meal, I hear the black man say, "I've never seen anyone do that. Salt in your orange juice?"

"Delicious," says the other.

"Are you serious? And pepper now?"

"It's very good. You should be open to new things, Henry."

"You want some ketchup?" says the black man.

What I have been studying, since turning over my paper, is a line of copy on a full-page ad for beer. "You've done what you set out to do," it says. The irony is not very biting—toothless, really. I know I've done nothing.

So I don't go back to work but to the reading room at the Widener Library. I mean to finish making my letter.

Working at the library, I'm stared at. I look up from my long table. The starers, caught, look away and readjust their features. They're merely thinking, I know—distracted by thought. They don't, of course, see me when they stare. Or they do.

The very difficult letter I'm composing has me swamped, just as whatever trials of composition or tabulation or memory they are enduring have the starers swamped. But when I'm hunting a phrase, sorting possibilities, some part of me takes in a college girl. She's like the young Jean Arthur, if that actress had ever worn her hair in such a full-blown, leonine manner. While I'm deciding whether or not to use the word "adore" in my letter, I see the shaped curve of her blouse collar, her stingy green sweater, the silver fountain pen she uses. Sometime in the future, if this letter is successful, I will have a chance to reread it, and when I discover the phrase that does or does not contain the word "adore," I know I will see this girl or feel something of her in the words, and maybe the weight lifter, too, and maybe the green-lipped woman, and the man in the turban.

Across from me at the table, a young man with a bad skin stabs out his Parliament cigarette. A Cartier watch is strapped to his wrist. Without hesitation, he pencils "D-minus" onto the front page of an exam booklet he has been reading and slaps shut its cover.

It's only three. I cut my job altogether, take the subway to the Government Center, choose, near Quincy Market, a hash place, an unhappy space. It's narrow and just below street level. There's very little light, but it's right for me. I'm out of breath and mean to set myself aside for a bit.

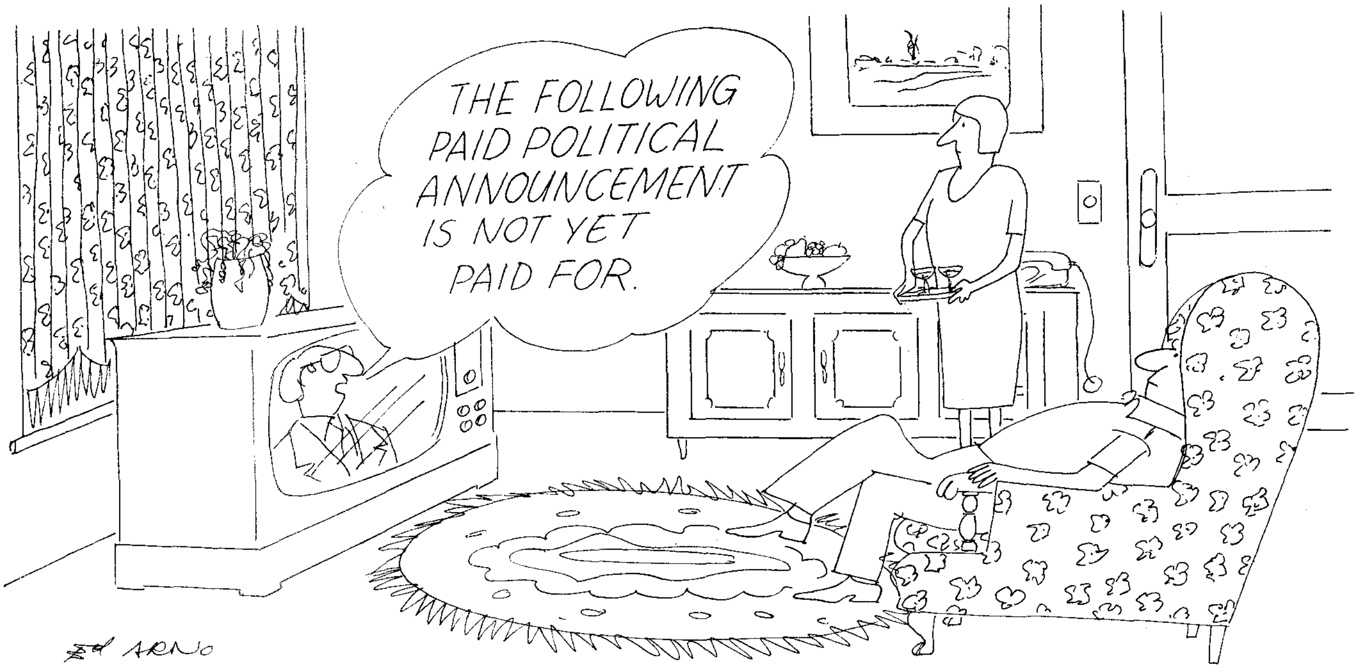
My view from the back end of the serving counter is of abandoned food machines, their steel furry with grease and dust. The working grill, the tanks of hot water, the little aquariums of fruit drink are at the front of the place, near the street window.

The counterman comes to me, apparently not to take my order but to carve up a brisket of corned beef. He calls to his crony, a round man in an Eisenhower jacket, "Do you know how many days we gotta wait to see that 'Hill Street Blue'?"

"What's that? Dirty?"

"No, that show won all those Emmys. Nine days we gotta wait. Ricky, you have a man here."

Ricky, a waitress—maybe his daughter or his wife—says to me, "Sir?"


THE FOLLOWING PAID POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT IS NOT YET PAID FOR.

• •

She's bucktoothed. The line from her underlip to the base of her throat is nearly straight.

“And Ricky, don't heat the plates with real gold in the microwave,” the owner says.

“Sure, I know,” she says and holds herself.

“It's too hot for gold.”

“It's not too hot,” she tells me. “It just makes everything black. It's broken.” She serves me my coffee in a pudgy cup and gives me a lustreless spoon.

“Serve him, with that, the real cream,” the owner says.

On the ferry home, between gray flattish islands that are here and there rusty with autumn trees, I see a landless lighthouse. It's like some sunken skyscraper with just the tower showing, looking both dainty and stubby in the sliding bay.

I take the car my wife has left me, an old Maverick, into the village. The village is standard: hardware, jeweller's, package store, travel agent, bakery; on the corner is a pharmacy. I find a meter in front of the bakery, but Lois Mencke, our former car-insurance person, is in the bakery, pointing into a lighted glass showcase. The tiny blonde who works there is collecting corn muffins for Lois. I slither into the pharmacy.

Inside, Billings, my neighbor, our mayor, is at the magazine rack. He holds a perfume bottle—the kind with an attached rubber squeeze bulb—and a gift box of Scotch. He's in survival wear tonight: a camouflage shirt, Army-looking trousers.

“’Lo, citizen. How's yourself? How's Olive?” he says.

“Olive's away,” I say.

“Pat McClery, where are my drugs?” he calls. Pat is the pharmacist.

“Kickbacks,” I hear Pat mutter.

“So where is Olive?” Billings asks me.

I tell him our story. I blurt it out, really. My romance, I tell him, that I had to have but didn't consummate, did not hurt my wife so much as terrify her. She ran. Nothing happens in my story, but it's too much for me. My knees are going watery.

Billings' head is very large. His big face is blond, florid. His skin is polished-looking. He's unmoved.

“You know Bob Kavanagh?” he says. “His father-in-law has a cranberry bog down the Cape. Bob raises these guard dogs. A bitch from this latest batch was a wolf, a real wolf, and they're an unstable bunch. Very volatile. Bob names them, you know—Nitro or Omen Three. We bought one for the heavy-equipment garage. Kids fool with the Cat and the backhoe, so we want to scare them off. Only the one Bob sells us has a one-hundred-and-twenty-decibel bark and yellow eyes, but he's a sweetheart, see—so friendly he can't scare off the parkers who smooch there in the lot, see. Man, there are your tax dollars at work.”

“On this other,” I start.

“Maybe check that out with your clergyman?” Billings says.

On the sidewalk, I see Lois Mencke is out of the bakery and moving up Water Street. I go in for breakfast pastry, for tomorrow. The tiny bottle blonde is waiting counter. She does not look sixteen and her crinkled hair drizzles around her face like bleached tinsel. Her eyelashes are boldly fake.

“Hey, hi,” she says. “Monkey tails, I bet.”

My wife has left me the dog—a collie named June. When I arrive home, June and I are very happy to see each other. June weeps, ecstatic with greeting. She stands on two legs to fill my ear with enormous chuffling noises.

“Kisses me,” I say.

Dinner is a sandwich and a pale bourbon. Waiting for my coffee water to boil, at the kitchen table, I wonder about the finished letter in my attaché case. On the phone last night, our first talk for two weeks, Olive sounded a little softer than before.

“You may write me,” she said. “But just say what you're doing. Go slow, please. Contain yourself.”

And beyond working, what have I been doing? Too much. Not enough. When you are suddenly alone, I think, you take of other people's lives whatever you can. I mean, what's not given I guess you just steal.

—James Robison

•

Stock prices held steady, with the Dow Jones industrial average down up 0.28, to 812.21.—*The Times.*

Easy there, *Times*.

FOUR POEMS

PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE, PARTLY SPIDERED: HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA, WITH MODEL T FORD MID-CHANNEL

No one alive has seen such ice but the five-mile floor
of water so clenched itself salt broke down.
Among us even the age-wearied did not dream
you might walk the Chesapeake Bay
and look unafraid on its lucid darkness,

and the fathers of fathers, builders of what went on all
waters, never guessed this stuttering toy
might take them so far. But someone,
joking maybe, has rolled a small house
on perilous wheels down the banks
of the James, gunned it forward
for skids, runs, circles, a day
of such joyous noise the dead
seem to have risen, so many
great-booted and black-coated are out there.

We cannot tell what they think, or if they find themselves
dancing on the road where no road ever was,
though there are long skirts, a few
thick-waisted grandmothers, even
a scatter of skating children.
All of them face Norfolk,
where ships doze like the unimaginable
beasts the sea keeps to itself.

The Model T is small, black, plain, and appears
cornered like something risen through ice.
Hands reach in the hazed air
but do not touch what must be
chugging as if in terror.
The plate is dotted far and near.
Seagulls? Stains? Some flaw of glass?
And do their faces only look averted, cast down?

Among these is the one who will breed us, having crossed
a whiteness he will not speak about even to her
whose skirts he will shake us from.
But now gears spin inside him,
wheels, a future of machines. One day
he would tell my father he walked on water . . .
sick, chugging for breath, shunned as crazy,
whom I remember by the habitual odor of gasoline.
When he died my father said he was too frightened to live.

Under the ice where they walk the dark is enormous.
All day I watch the backs turned away for the one face
that is mine, that is going to wheel at me the secret of many.

FALSE SPRING: LATE SNOW

Everything in the village seemed to dance
all the dances of its kind all day long:
the whisk and pant of brooms early on,
doors slammed, dark gone to a green-gold,
the light ripeness of dead-ends smoldering,
a hint of skunks on patrol, a cardinal's
ringing out the first gilt of lank limbs
above the yards, children in the streets
from school, sweaters tied at waist, their
push and shove of shy courtship, squeals,
then the bronze houselights stepping out
from dinner, conversation low in winddark.

It startled me from reading, silence thick
as the absence of winter's failures, those
who leave a house lightless, a chair empty.
Words stopped like a chainsaw seized, and
soon we're buried, eased under, lost again.
I climb the stairs, light-headed as a leaf,
to ride it out in dreams. I know it's now
April, the blood-red bird home. A plow
grinds through winter's lie like the sun,
bumps, skitters, turns, making the earth
gleam black as the walls of a ballroom.
I see her take his hand, and music comes.

COMMUTE

Driving from work along the darkly banked country
road, the Susquehanna locked in, grinding,
I see how yesterday's snow has ceased
to melt, has taken the clear shape
of the oncoming night into narrow ruts
where school buses tomorrow will try
to huff slower, and slowly enough. Ice
glints where I am going into the heart
of my headlights and I am hard as limbs
stripped for a switch, seeking out the way

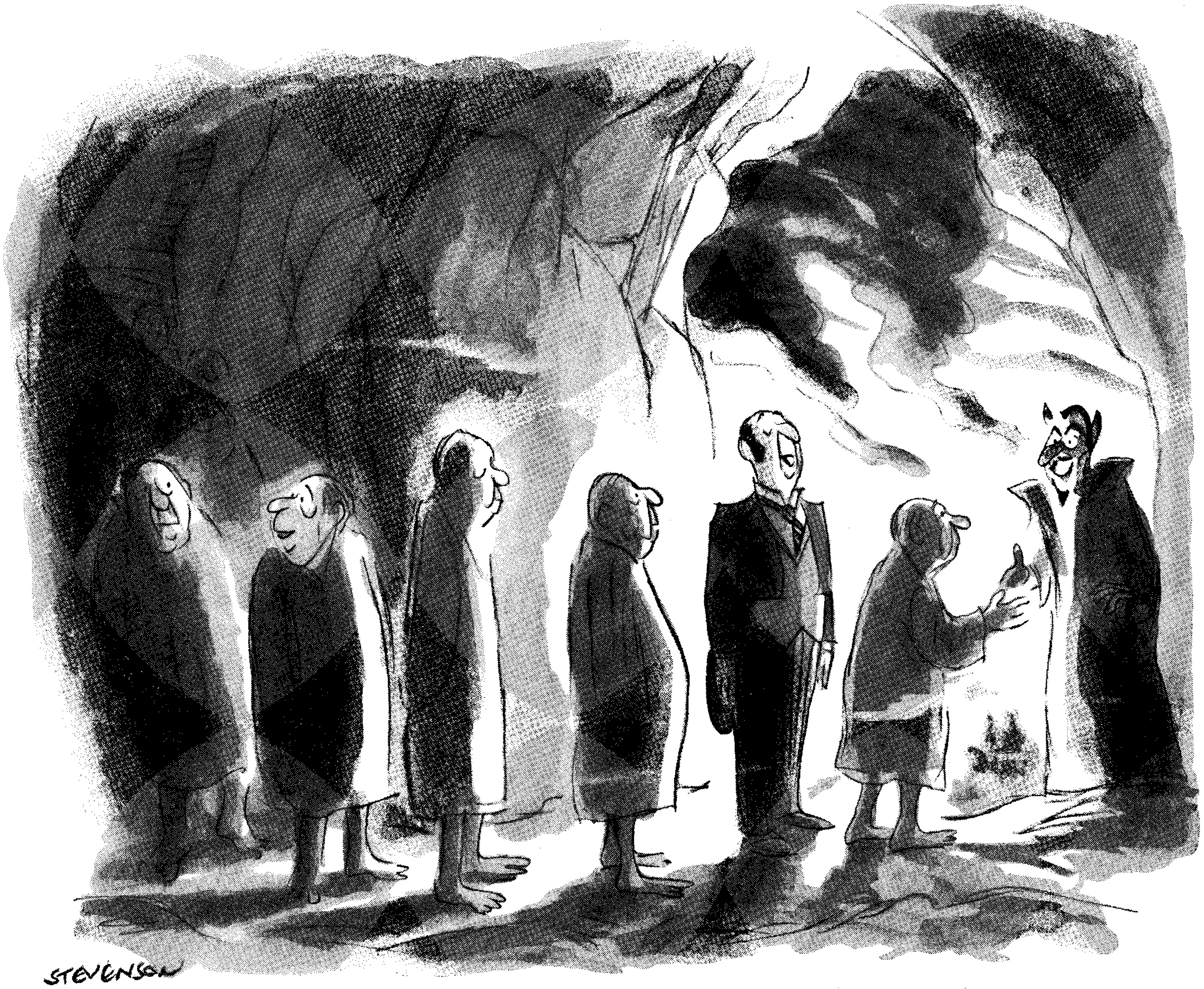
when it happens, when the cold wheel bucks in,
breaks loose, because a fool like a lost sun
suddenly skids, then I whip back, and we are
whirling like tops in the crazy country night.

How quiet those instants after, in the holding on,
enough almost to hear the river ache, the stars
scream in distant glacial laughter, but I am
alive and remember my father raging off
behind my sister's locked door the terrible
lies she invented waiting for him to come home.
Snow in icelight streaks like the pale face
of my son, slapped, and I think of him
huddled at cartoons, coiling his unsuspected
long legs into something that breaks, sudden
laughter and fear all over him. I drive on,
too fast now, skidding and surging.

Tracks ghost ahead, cross and recross, no traffic.
Houselights high above farms drop into fields
gone under like the river. Flying past each
I think of meat steaming on the big table,
ice in tears on the face of the man entering,
the whirled, endless cold delivered with him,
the sweet bread broken, offered by children.

HOUSE-MOVERS

Steadily down highways intractable roofs creep.
Whoever chooses them seems of one mind.
Sad white, pale green, the imagined result
of a going-out-of-business operation,



"So far, it's nice."

• •

their clapboard hulls betray storied weather
by flaking paint and those star-cracked
glasses just violated. Behind them, steps
hang patiently, or a family porch waits
like a quick, amazed countryman. Required,
we think, are brute shoulders, blue jaws,
and knuckles that gently graze a child's
face sliding under the edge of hateful sleep.
These do not go with the houses, moored
as they are to the debris-bullied pastures
where their fathers have been laid for years.
Like dreams, they limp and hawk, then fade.
Empty of all portable, dangerous furniture
for long nights sitting to talk and conjure,
houses glide over our road-veins, sinking
almost, as we pass them and grip our wheels.
Wherever they arrive the ground is gouged,
papers solemnly signed, lime is laid out,
the gray, bony bite of foundations readied.
We imagine, driving at traffic that looms,
the black birdwings will start up, spiral,
a furred knob in the sumac will shudder,
clench itself down, and growl in its belly.
In a week no one will stop to feel suddenness
hunch unalterably there, like a growth,
or months after will remember what was
never so stingingly white. But, shouldered
quietly at that rutted ground, our children
those first hours wait for children to pop out.
They lick their lips at the future come
as unlikely as death or birth among them.
Here, too, arrive the summoned around us,
from the tree-shrouded edges we live near,
the thick-thighed ones who pull and strike,
wielders of maul and nail and cold chain.
When we step in their tracks we become
the bare-soled children of their keeping.
We dance out of their way, sidling, transfixed.
At night, our houses locked, we cannot guess
who chose how it would be. We lie under
the lipfall and spell of their hard songs.
In our heads walls ring, bow, and chant.

—DAVE SMITH

PROFILES

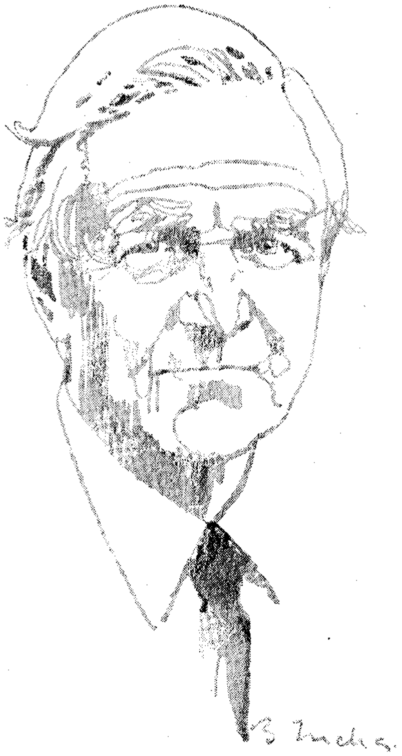
LOUISIANA IN DENMARK

FROM its name—the Louisiana Museum—I was half expecting some bayou vista. The view from the window of the director's office, however, was of a broad green lawn girdled by a profusion of tall, dense trees; a smattering of modern sculpture; a dip about two hundred yards off, where the plateau gave way to a bluff; then sea strait—a band of blue—and, off in the distance, about seven miles across the calm water, Sweden.

The Louisiana Museum, that is, in Humlebaek, Denmark.

"There, all right," said Knud Jensen, the museum's founder and director, as he speared a memo from his desk, folded it neatly, threw it away, then reached back into the wastebasket, retrieved the folded page, and left it on top of a pile of similarly reprieved documents. "O.K., let's see. Is that everything? I think so. Well, there's always something, but I think . . . No, wait." Looking up at me, he smiled at his own mild confusion. "People accuse me of being a perfectionist, but I'm not. On the contrary, I know what perfection should be, so I realize each evening how far short I've once again fallen. By now, I'm miles and miles behind!"

Speaking about Jensen with museum people and artists in the United States and Europe, as I was preparing for my visit, I'd heard him described, variously, as an elf, a pixie, Ariel, a leprechaun, "the kindest man in the museum world," and King Puck. Danes are almost always described this way; people tend to have Hans Christian Andersen on the brain when it comes to Danes. Or Victor Borge. But it was true: the short, brisk, white-haired man who came circling round from behind his desk to greet me seemed wholly unconnected to any Viking ancestors. "Ah, yes," he said, chuckling, when I offered the observation. "We Danes do have a hard time squaring our current lives with our supposedly fierce Viking heritage. Our history classes at school are somewhat demoralizing: we start out very big and important, the scourge of the world, and then it's just one defeat and dismemberment after another."



Knud Jensen

He started to guide me out of the office, stopped, excused himself, went back to his desk, riffled through several piles of papers, passed a hand over a bookshelf, sighed, gave up on whatever the project had been, and returned to the door, muttering something about tomorrow. Jensen, I came to realize during the ensuing week, perpetually projects an aura of benign befuddlement—he seems to be moving in a cloud of good-natured confusion—but he is *not* confused. He may be thinking about a lot of things at once; he may even enjoy the pose of innocuous disorientation; but he's a masterly organizer. From that diffuse cloud dart startlingly succinct aphorisms and hard-edged decisions. He may not be a Viking, but during the past twenty-five years he has amassed one of the loveliest and best-loved treasure hordes of modern art in Europe.

"Well," he said as we left his office and descended the single flight of stairs into what had once been the vestibule of the Victorian-era manor house that constitutes the entry hall at Louisiana. "Where do you want me to start?" I suggested that the museum's name might be a good place.

"Ah, yes," Jensen agreed. "People do have trouble with that. Actually, we had nothing to do with naming it Louisiana. The name came with the estate. This house was built by the estate's founder, one Alexander Brun, during the eighteen-fifties. He was a comfortable landed gentryman, with a strange fixation: over the years, he wed a succession of three wives, each of whom was named Louise. Somewhere in there he founded the estate, and named it after one or all of them."

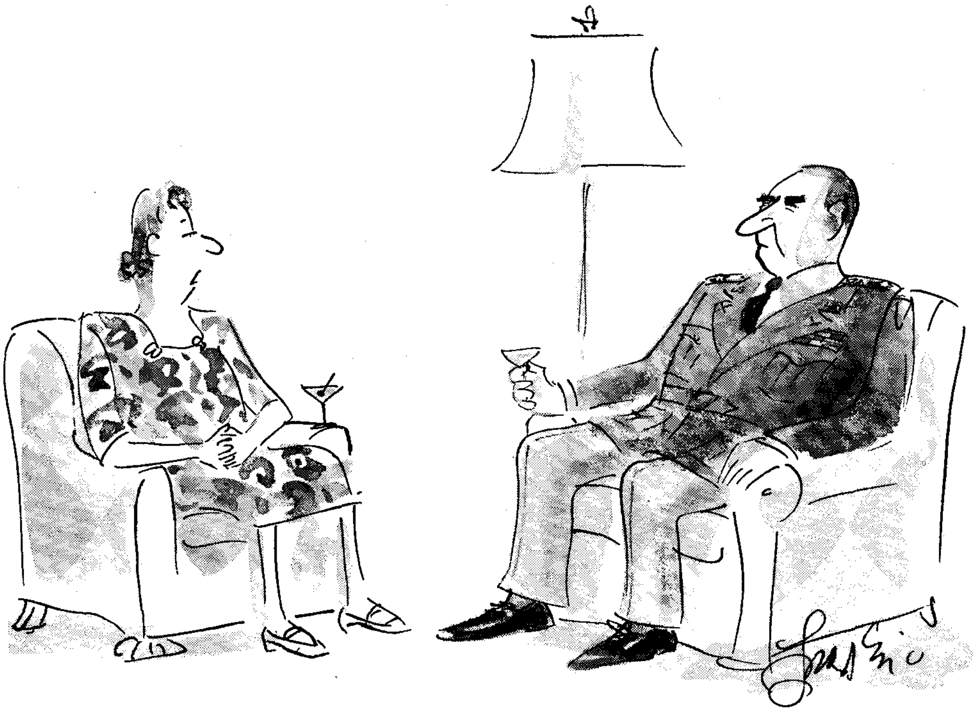
As Jensen was speaking, we'd walked around to a porch, which opened out onto the lawn I'd observed from his office window. The trees were even more magnificent from ground level: a blue-green cedar, a flowering magnolia, a tall, distinguished pine, a wide, low cotoneaster, a gorgeous ginkgo, and—perhaps most awesome—a tremendous blood beech, breathing like some deep-burgundy giant in the springtime breeze. "The grove is very much Mr. Brun's legacy," Jensen explained. "He was the president of some sort of Danish beekeepers' and fruit-tree-growers' association, so he planted all sorts of exotic and remarkable trees during his time here. Owing to one of the perpetuation clauses in the deed to this property, Louisiana is, I think I can safely say, the only museum in the world where presentation of an entrance ticket entitles the bearer to the cutting of his or her choice."

From the vantage of the porch one could see another special feature of Louisiana: an unparalleled sense of the human provenance of art. People milled in the late-afternoon sun, sat on picnic blankets, slept on the lawn, or cuddled in the shade, more like neighbors than visitors. There was a great sense of relaxation, of familiarity—none of the stiff propriety, the soreness at the back of the knee and the base of the spine which I usually associate with museumgoing. As we sat for a few moments on the porch steps, Jensen said, "I have noticed that you can classify the world's museums by their metaphorical images of themselves. Some—the Tate, the Museum of Modern Art—seem like arsenals, tremendously imposing and exhaustive in their thoroughness. Others seem like cemeteries, an endless array of tombstones; some museums are almost self-consciously mausoleums, devoted to the eternal flame of an individual artist—a Rodin, for instance, or a Vasarely. I've always thought of the Guggenheim as a temple and the Centre Pompidou, in Paris, as a forum, in the ancient sense, or else a circus fair. At Louisiana, we've tried to create a refuge, a sanctuary, a sort of Shangri-La." I suggested the image of a deer park. "No, no," Jensen objected. "Or, at any rate, in the deer parks I know of, animals are penned in—they've become docile and domesticated. We've tried to preserve the wild and slightly dangerous element in art."

Although there are dozens of sculptures scattered through the grounds of Louisiana, only three bronzes are visible on that part of the wide lawn seen from the main porch. In the foreground rests a small, sensuously smooth and lyrical abstract concretion by Jean Arp. In the middle distance, slightly larger than life-size, stands a squat figurative maiden by Henri Laurens. And at the edge of the bluff, magnificently framed against the dapple of sea and sky, looms one of Henry Moore's huge abstract reclining figures. From the porch, thanks to the play of perspective, the three bronzes seem the same size, occupy the same amount of visual field. The tiny Arp, at any rate, holds its own and establishes a confluence of form and presence with the massive Moore—a dialogue seemingly mediated by the quiet, gentle Laurens. Their placement evokes a myriad triangulations—the interrelationship, for instance, of pieces that are abstract, figurative, and abstractly figurative. "It's strange—this whole wide lawn, and all it can take is three pieces," Jensen observed. "I've noticed that when you create a human enclosure, a walled-in square or rectangle, you can put in five, seven, ten pieces of sculpture. It's as if the pieces were slightly tamed by the cage. But against a natural backdrop you can seldom have more than three, no matter how large the space. You know the work of Konrad Lorenz, the great ethologist—his writings on animal behavior and territoriality. That is why the sculptures at Louisiana are spaced as they are: Lorenz has shown that all living things stake out their natural territory, require their breathing space. Sculptures, like all great art, are, of course, living things. I once tried to move another piece onto the lawn here, but the others got very angry; they withheld their lustre as if in resentment. Anyway, three is the ideal number. We have three Moores, three Calders, three Ernsts, three Arps, three Kienholzes. In fairy tales, as we all know, one is lonesome, two is sterile, but three—ah, three is fertile, the number of possibility. Thesis, antithesis, synthesis. Flaubert once wrote that it takes three particular details, when describing any fresh new scene, to establish its substantial reality in the reader's mind, to give it a sense of lived-in three-dimensionality. Freud, too, has many things to say about three."

We got up from the porch and took a little walk along the edge of the lawn and then into the encircling grove. The corridors of the museum, as they span out northward from the manor house, are virtually invisible, completely absorbed into the surrounding nature. Occasionally, one catches glimpses of visitors walking through low glass passages from one exhibition hall to the next. Outdoors, there's a fresh surprise every few feet. "The children call those the 'Muppet Show,' " Jensen said as we happened upon a view of three whimsical Max Ernst beasts—a turtle, a bird, and some other sort of thing. "And here's an army of little stone creatures by my Danish friend Henry Heerup." They looked as if they were marching in from the sea—petrified Viking dwarfs.

"I've always had a love of journeys," Jensen said, thrusting his way through a jungle of ferns toward a sudden clearing—the terrace of a cafeteria, upon which were straddled three medium-sized Calder stabiles. "I am fascinated by the sense of around-the-bend—the expectation, the anticipation of a voyage. That's always been a key element in our planning at Louisiana—lots of around-the-bend." The Calders, two black flanking one bright red, revealed an unexpected maritime aspect: they were cast like proud sails against the sea. Some children chased a blue-yellow-and-white mobile that circled gently, high atop the red metal mast of the center stabile. We ambled back toward the lawn and emerged near the Laurens. Small children love the Laurens; they relate, perhaps, to her short, stubby legs, her low waist, the soft tumble of her half-enveloping blanket. They try to shinny up the knee to grab an arm. Or else they sit beside her, nuzzling her sun-warmed calves. She's like a very nice babysitter, and picnicking parents leave their kids to her. The Moore, meanwhile, attracts a slightly older crowd. Eight-year-olds understand Moore; they recognize a giant lap, and they climb aboard to perch. As we walked by, I noticed one boy curled inside a hollow, intently reading Tolkien, not the least bit distracted by a frisky band of seven-year-olds burrowing follow-the-leader through the holes and over the promontories at the other end of the platform. Jensen looked on, beaming, well-established smile lines spreading out from his eyes, his white hair blown back by the breeze. "I suppose I should worry a little bit about the wear and tear," he remarked. "But even Moore says it's good there's at least one place



"Are you, as usual, cloaked in military secrecy?"

where the children can provide a natural polish."

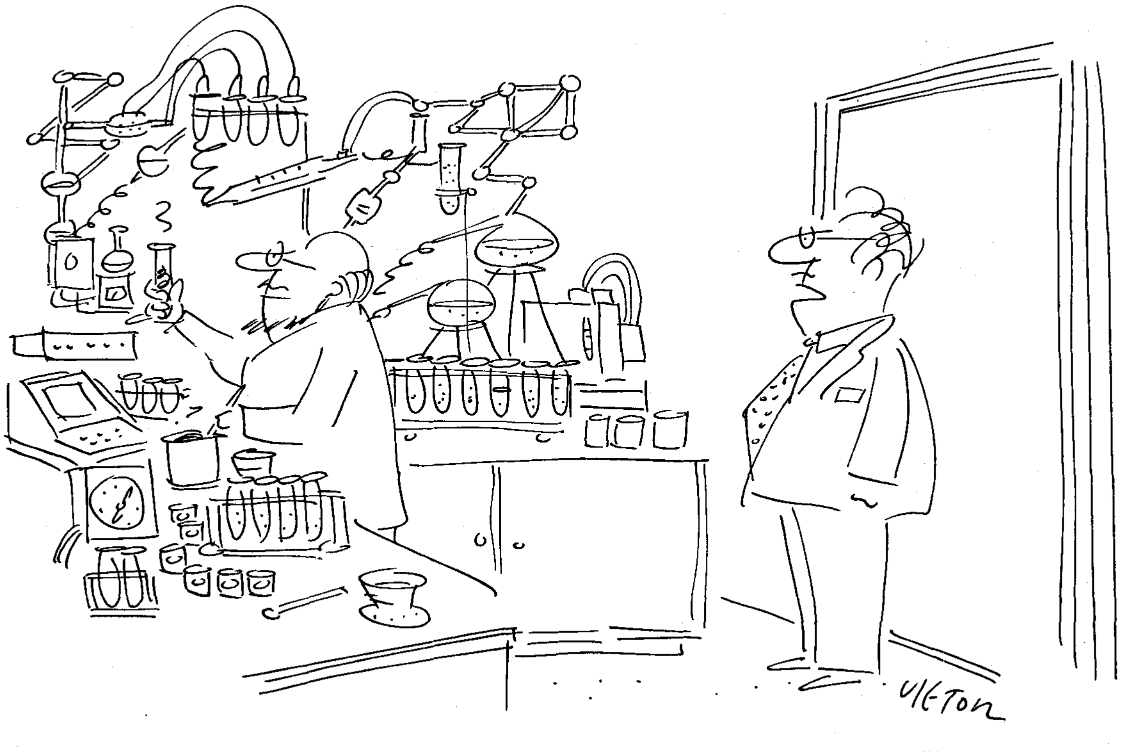
"Knud, at age sixty-five, retains the wonder and exuberance he must have had when he was five or six," says one of his associates at the museum. "Nothing is ever routine. About everything, there is an almost childlike enthusiasm. He wears all the rest of us clean out."

Knud Jensen was born in 1916, in Copenhagen. His mother, Christiane, was thirty-seven at the time, and there were already two daughters, aged ten and twelve. His father, Jens Peter Jensen, was forty-six and had long since given up hoping for a son, to whom he could leave his cheese-exporting business. "It was like being an only child, only more so," Jensen recalls. "People sometimes describe me as impatient, overeager, headstrong. I think this has something to do with how spoiled I was. I had not one but three doting mothers; my sisters—who, by the way, were both out of the house by the time I was ten—used to compete with each other at indulging me."

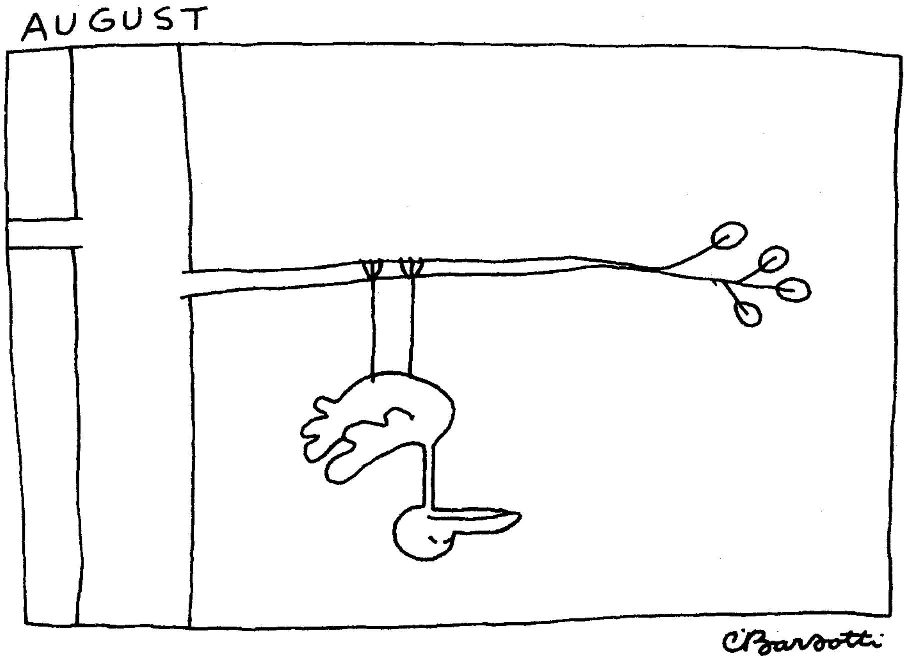
Jensen regales his companions with memories of Copenhagen during the twenties—his sisters' flapper friends, his own long discussions with the family chauffeur, the summers in the family villa, about fifteen miles north of Copenhagen, and not far from where Louisiana stands. He attended public schools, "along with children of all classes," and almost from the start he revelled in literature. During his adolescence, his favorite authors were Poe and Rabelais; earlier, he'd steeped himself in the faerie world of his countryman Hans Christian Andersen. His father, an autodidact who'd had to suspend his own schooling at age fifteen, when *his* father died, had built up an extraordinary library of valuable and cherished old books. "It was not a collection gathered by the metre but, rather, the library of a life," Jensen recalls, lapsing into bittersweet nostalgia as he leafs through a catalogue he once had prepared—first editions of Andersen, Kierkegaard, Poe, Rabelais, and Goethe, among others. "Many years after my father died, once I'd started the museum, I decided to sell the library. Sitting through that auction was a tremendously masochistic experience, because I loved the books. But it was no doubt better that they nourish other people's collections. And the proceeds helped cover some of our construction costs. The books became bricks—metres and metres of bricks."

Jensen had begun showing a head for business by the time he entered college, and between 1936 and 1938 his father sent him abroad to Germany, France, Belgium, England, and Switzerland, partly to deepen his comprehension of the languages he would be needing once he'd joined the family firm. Languages came easily, but while he was learning them he developed an increasingly consuming passion for literature and, soon, the visual arts. At the University of Lausanne, he composed a senior thesis entitled "Les Influences des Arts Primitifs sur l'Art Moderne." In the introduction to the essay, he quoted a sentence from Gide: "*L'influence ne crée rien, elle éveille—la puissance d'une influence vient de ce qu'elle n'a fait que de me révéler quelque partie de moi encore inconnue à moi-même.*" ("Influence creates nothing: it awakens. The power of an influence comes from the fact that it has only revealed to me some part of myself that was still unknown to me.") The choice of quotation was doubly autobiographical, in that it described both Jensen's situation at the time and the aspirations he came to embrace as his vocation. Jensen returned to Denmark early in 1939 and informed his father that he would not be going into the family business after all but, instead, wished to pursue some sort of career in the humanities. "My father was disappointed, a little doubtful, but generally supportive," Jensen recalls. "The funny thing was that after about three months I began to miss the excitement and tangibility of commerce. And I went back to him and asked to return to the firm."

Soon thereafter, Hitler invaded Norway and Denmark. From the outset, the Danes acquitted themselves with remarkable valor and honor, rescuing, for example, most of their Jewish population. (The small harbor town of Humlebaek, facing neutral Sweden at a narrow point along the Øresund strait, was one of the principal launching points for midnight smuggling operations.) Jensen plays down his own contributions to the Resistance; as the only son of an old and ailing father, he says, he had to be careful. Others tell stories of how the Jensens gave Resistance fighters innocuous work in their company's warehouses, allowing the buildings to be used as hideouts. When Jensen *père* died, in 1944, Jensen *fils* was only twenty-seven; nevertheless, he took over the business. Hans Erik Wallin, a former advertising executive



"Now, see here, Dr. Smalley! I smell fudge again!"



who is a longtime friend of Knud's and is now his colleague at Louisiana, recalls meeting him on the street soon afterward: "Knud was quite agitated. Several of the other cheese exporters, the veterans, considered him something of an upstart and were trying to maneuver him out of the cheese-exporters' association. But Knud insisted he wasn't going to allow that to happen—'If you do something, you do it right,' he said—and within a few years he had become, like his father before him, president of the association."

"I very much enjoyed the business," Jensen told me one evening as I sipped coffee with him and his wife, Vivi, around the kitchen table, following a delicious dinner at their home, about a mile from Louisiana. "I loved the morning drives out to the country, the conversations with the farmers, the stimulation of commerce. During the first few years after the war, Denmark, which had emerged relatively undamaged, was very much the farm for all of Europe, so the work was important and the business good. But I was really living a sort of double life." Jensen had all the while maintained his literary interests. He spent most of his free hours in the company of Copenhagen's bohemian community, such as it was—writers and painters and poets who whiled evening into night scanning Rilke and Baudelaire, Eliot, Auden, and Isherwood. "I loved being with the writers, even though I was no writer myself," Jensen recalls. "I was the one they sent for beer." The parties would drift from tavern to tavern and eventually back to Jensen's modest, three-room downtown apartment. "At a certain point, I would have to retire to the bedroom, leaving them to their disputations. The next morning, when I got up for work at six-thirty, I'd find them sprawled all about the apartment, draped in curtains they'd taken down for blankets."

"Yes," Mrs. Jensen puts in, smiling, as she pours fresh coffee. "I was one of those underneath the curtains." Jensen had first seen Vivi Arndal during the war, sitting at a restaurant table with two friends, while he was on a date with another woman. Vivi must have been a stunner; she still is. Vaulting over the intervening circumstances—her escorts, his companion—he called out to her, lobbed a few one-liners. Nothing quite took. "Several months later, however," Jensen recalls, "I was on the top deck of a ferry, and next to me was standing a woman all bundled in a hood. I used the old 'Don't I know you from somewhere?' approach, but once I'd got her down to the ferry bar and she'd lowered her hood, I had to gasp, 'Gosh, I do! I do know you!' This was Vivi."

The first months after the liberation, in May, 1945, were a heady time. Jensen would procure gasoline on the black market and spirit Vivi off to the country. Vivi, a schoolteacher with a special interest in psychology (she subsequently compiled Rorschach inkblot interpretations from many of the greatest artists of our time, and she guards this collection with absolute discretion), quickly became part of his bohemian circle, and slept in his curtains. In 1946, Jensen travelled to the United States on business for several months, leaving her behind. He established contact with Kraft and Swift and other American corporations, which had by then begun to expand their European operations.

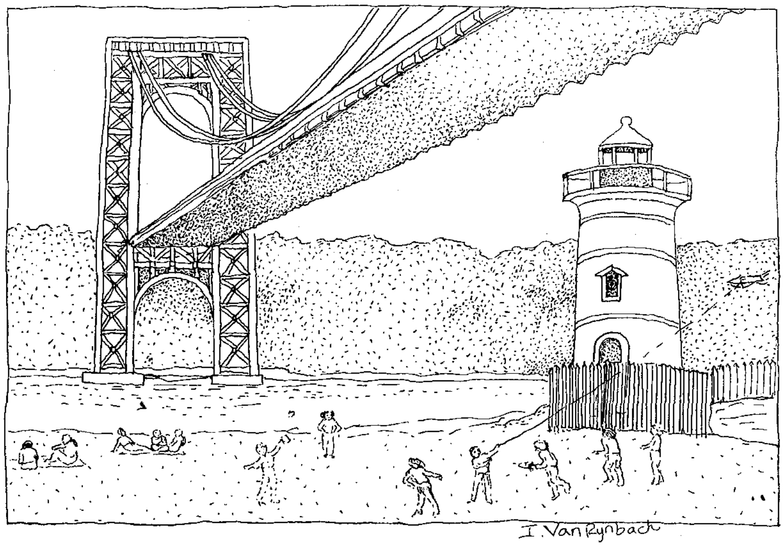
Returning to Denmark, Jensen went straight to a travel agent, bought two tickets to the Faroe Islands (the home, about three hundred miles off Iceland, of Vivi's maternal relatives), and then called on Vivi to propose marriage. Everything blew up in his face. Vivi laughs about it today. "I didn't like his attitude," she says. "He bought the honeymoon tickets before he'd even proposed. He was too sure of himself." The fact is that while Jensen was away Vivi had fallen in love with another member of the circle, a painter. A few months after she rejected Jensen's offer, she married the painter; presently, Jensen also married someone else. Neither marriage lasted more than three years, but it took almost a decade for Jensen and Vivi to get it right. Jensen has yet to visit the Faroe Islands, although he talks about them with a passion he ordinarily reserves for the work of Henry Moore.

His business, meanwhile, was undergoing a phenomenal expansion. Within a few years, he had guided it through a fivefold increase in sales and personnel. And the other side of his double life was blossoming simultaneously. In 1945, he and a friend, Ole Wivel, founded a small publishing house, specializing in contemporary literature. Three years later, Jensen helped to finance the launching of *Heretica*, which became one of the most important Danish literary magazines. Then, in 1952, he acquired the controlling interest in Gyldendal, Denmark's oldest and most distinguished publishing house—it was founded in 1770—which had been on the verge of falling into the hands of foreign speculators. "Jensen is the ideal owner to work for," one of Gyldendal's senior editors told me one day, when I stopped in at the Copenhagen headquarters of the firm. "There's no expectation that the company will make money. We are not criticized if we do things that fail, as long as they have quality. For that matter, Jensen hardly ever interferes with the running of the house at all. The thing with the supermarkets last week was quite the exception."

A few days later, I asked Jensen

about the supermarkets. "Our salespeople were trying to persuade us to start marketing our books on racks in supermarkets, which is something that is beginning to be popular here," he explained. "All the figures support the idea, but I had to veto it. It was a question of morale. I felt that it would hurt the feelings of the book dealers, and we shouldn't hurt their feelings, because they support us and work very hard."

BY the early fifties, Knud Jensen was well established in Copenhagen as a business and civic leader. He would not, however, have merited a place on anybody's list of major European art collectors—or even, for that matter, of significant Danish collectors. To his three-room apartment he brought a taste for uncluttered walls; he owned a single Picasso drawing and one Munch print. He lacked, in his words, "the collector's mania, the need to possess." But with his acquisition of Gyldendal and the completion, later the same year, of a large cheese factory and warehouse, he suddenly found himself with a lot of empty walls. "It was like a dam bursting," he recalls. "I suddenly began acquiring all kinds of things for all those new empty spaces." Not satisfied with the limitations imposed by those new walls of his own, he soon forged an association of forty Copenhagen companies to carry out an ambitious program called Art in the Workplace. The companies began pooling resources, buying art works from young Danish artists, and circulating the pieces in travelling shows. "This program wasn't for the offices of management," Jensen explains. "We figured that managers could fend for themselves. Rather, these shows visited workers' canteens and rest areas. The art ran the gamut from traditional to modern Danish style. Some of it was quite difficult, and sometimes the workers complained. I remember one fellow who stared at a painting a long time and then got up and walked away, muttering in disgust, 'At least, it should have a gold frame or something around it.' We didn't condescend and we didn't bend, and there was some resistance. But the moment a show had moved on and the walls were again empty, the workers would demand, almost in unison, 'Where's *our* art?' "



Through *Heretica*, Gyldendal, and Art in the Workplace, Jensen was beginning to build a reputation as something of a cultural power in Copenhagen. One afternoon, a journalist invited him to appear on a radio interview show to discuss the situation of the Danish Royal Museum of Fine Arts. The museum's longtime director—a man who loved Matisse and loathed Picasso, and, for that matter, anything more adventuresome than Fauvism—had recently resigned, and the future direction of the museum had become a matter for public debate. "I hadn't particularly thought about the Royal Museum in some time," Jensen recalls. "I guess I just took it for granted. But prior to the interview I went over to take a look with fresh spectacles. And I was dumbfounded. It was a true horror cabinet, very much the nineteenth-century bourgeoisie's exaggerated view of its own importance, manifested in the transcendent value of the art it prized. It was a real art temple—huge, fat columns, a broad, forbidding marble staircase, rows and rows of plaster busts, dark alcoves. During the interview, I therefore started criticizing the museum, saying that it was a relic and had nothing to do with the art of our time. 'So what do you propose?' the journalist demanded. Well—just improvising—I suggested that they ought to move out into the museum's large park, get a good architect, build a low pavilion, with not too high ceilings and good lighting, and move all the modern stuff out there. The main thing was to make it inviting, so that all the people who walked through the park—the young mothers, the maids with their perambulators, the old pensioners—would have an oasis in the park. Well, parks are sacred in Copenhagen. Even though the city has dozens of parks, and some of them are ugly, and some have too tall trees and too shady groves—idyllic but also unsafe—they don't let you touch a single tree. People told me I was crazy: 'How can you violate the green areas of our town?' It was nuts. But I got fascinated by the idea. I thought, Damn it, maybe I could do it myself."

At first, Jensen merely played with the notion, in moments of idle speculation, but increasingly it began to play with him. He was becoming possessed. He began thinking about where such a museum could be placed. There were already twenty museums in downtown Copenhagen—historical, geological, military, civic, and so forth. Jensen noticed that people seldom visited those museums during the work week, and that on weekends they did everything possible to get out of town altogether. Private cars were becoming more popular, and Danes loved to take single-day excursions, to places like "Hamlet's castle," in Helsingør. Jensen began to think of his dream museum as the terminus of such an excursion. He had in the meantime moved out of town and up the coast about twenty miles. A single man once again, following the dissolution of his first marriage, he was now living in a comfortable house on the outskirts of Humlebaek, a quiet little town not far from the summer haunts of his childhood. And he began poking about. At one point, for instance, he visited the novelist Isak Dinesen (he was her publisher), who lived nearby on a small, wooded estate, and tried to interest her with visions of a museum of modern art. "Oh, is there a modern art?" she asked, and he dropped the subject.

"One afternoon in 1955," Jensen recalls, "my dog and I were taking a stroll about a mile up the coast, when we came upon an old, deserted estate. The entrance was boarded up, the villa itself was fairly run down, and the grounds had become fantastically overgrown. My dog

M.D.
Dana Fradon

"In a nutshell, Mr. Gormley, the old infrastructure ain't what it used to be."

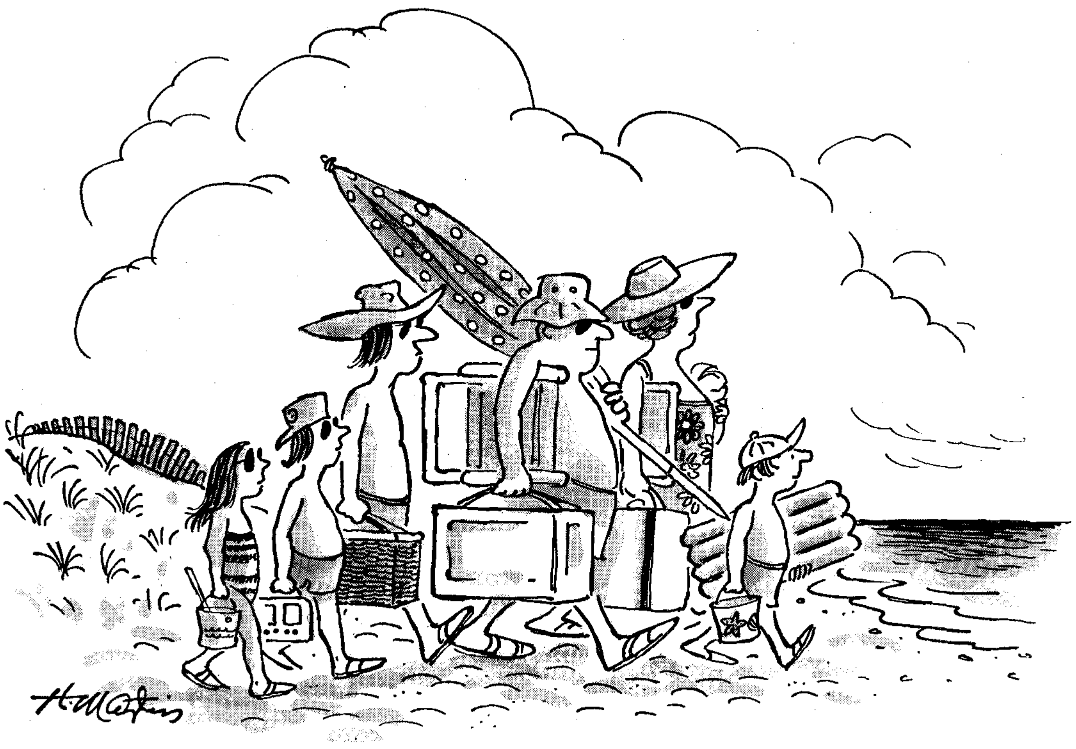
and I jumped the fence and began exploring. It was like a poetical, enchanted wilderness. I lost my heart at once."

Jensen and his dog had ventured into Louisiana. Since Alexander Brun's day, the estate had fallen into dereliction, especially during the stewardship of its most recent owner, a dentist who had at one point, for the equivalent of five dollars, bought himself the title Esquire. The dentist-squire had now been dead for several months, and the estate was in slow probate when Jensen and his dog vaulted the fence. "In some ways, it was even more beautiful than it is today," Jensen told me one afternoon as we walked through the grounds. "The tennis lawn had become a jungle. There were broken-down hothouses, splintered stables. The walls around the rose garden—over there, where we now have the cafeteria—were crumbling, and the garden itself had become a thicket. It was a tremendous, wonderful mess, and I knew I had to have it." Easier said than done. When Jensen called at the Humlebaek town hall the next morning, it turned out that Louisiana had been spoken for, by the town of Humlebaek itself. "And they had already drawn up elaborate plans for the estate," Jensen says. "They had in mind three principal uses—as a senior citizens' home, a graveyard, and a sewerage plant: a macabre combination that I somehow couldn't envision."

During the next several months, Jensen worked feverishly to transplant the three proposed projects to other sites. The pensioners' home was fairly easy, the sewerage plant a bit trickier, and the graveyard positively fiendish. "I had so many teas and cakes with the pastor of the neighboring church and his committee, trying to persuade them to expand their little graveyard in some other direction, that at last I was almost a candidate for the cemetery myself." But by year's end the encumbrances were cleared away, and he was able to buy Louisiana, for approximately thirty-five thousand dollars. At that point, Jensen was overextended. His money was tied up in the cheese business and the publishing house; the purchase of the estate had been something of a stretch. So he cleaned out the main building, installed a number of modern Danish paintings, some Greek and pre-Columbian bric-a-brac, a few chairs and benches, and hid the key under the doormat—and for a while the Louisiana existed as a word-of-mouth museum. If you happened to hear about it, you were welcome to go out there and let yourself in. There were occasional concerts—evenings of Carl Nielsen chamber music and the like. But Jensen had no real vision of what he wanted to do with Louisiana, and that was just as well, since he didn't have the funds, anyway.

Then, one day in 1956, some American executives from the Kraft Foods Company came to town with a proposal, which was very much like an ultimatum. For almost a decade, Jensen had been selling about twenty-five per cent of his cheese to Kraft. According to Jensen, the executives now offered to buy him out completely; they tendered a good price and suggested to him that if he failed to accept they would not only withdraw their quarter of his business but could make it very difficult for him to find buyers for any of the rest of his cheese. Jensen considered the offer for about two seconds and then accepted. Within a few weeks, his holdings were reduced to approximately a million dollars in cash; controlling interest in a publishing house; title to a dilapidated nineteenth-century estate; and full ownership of a company that produced powdered milk—the one element of his dairy business for which Kraft had no use. He pooled a part of his holdings in a nonprofit Louisiana Foundation; from that point forward, all interest and all profits would go to the museum. "People sometimes imagine Knud to be a phenomenally wealthy patron," one of his friends observed recently. "They figure he'd have to be in a class with the Rockefellers or Norton Simon to pull off the kind of thing Louisiana has become. Well, he's not. He probably could have been, if he'd taken that money in 1956 and begun speculating with it—he's got a good business head. But he didn't. Instead, he poured it into the foundation. And now, although he lives a comfortable life, he in no way commands the kind of fortune that his accomplishments would lead you to expect."

"That milk-powder company!" Jensen exclaimed one day. "It turned out to be a gold mine. I had a feeling it might, which is why I kept it, but I had no idea. For years, Louisiana was kept afloat on a sea—or, rather, dunes—of powdered milk. Our manager there proved an extremely gifted leader. Basically, he was running an exporting business. But recently the farmers began to get tired of dealing through a middleman. 'Why should we be subsidizing an art museum,' they wondered. And they had a valid



The Millmank Family's Annual March to the Sea

point. I'm surprised they didn't make it earlier. So, anyway, last year we sold it to them, and now Louisiana runs largely on whatever interest we can extract from the proceeds of that sale."

"I'M not sure whether the Kraft deal had come through yet," Vilhelm Wohlert, a thin, somewhat tense, and yet genial architect of sixty or so told me one afternoon, in his Copenhagen office. "I just remember the phone call, and then Knud arriving, in his chauffeur-driven Mercedes. He jumped out of the car, wonderfully enthusiastic, transferred to my little *deux-chevaux*, and proceeded to talk all through the drive out. In the rearview mirror I could see his chauffeur in the Mercedes trailing us the whole way. When we arrived at the estate, Knud showed me around the grounds—it was really a jungle—and I suggested that it might be a good idea to bring Jørgen along on the project."

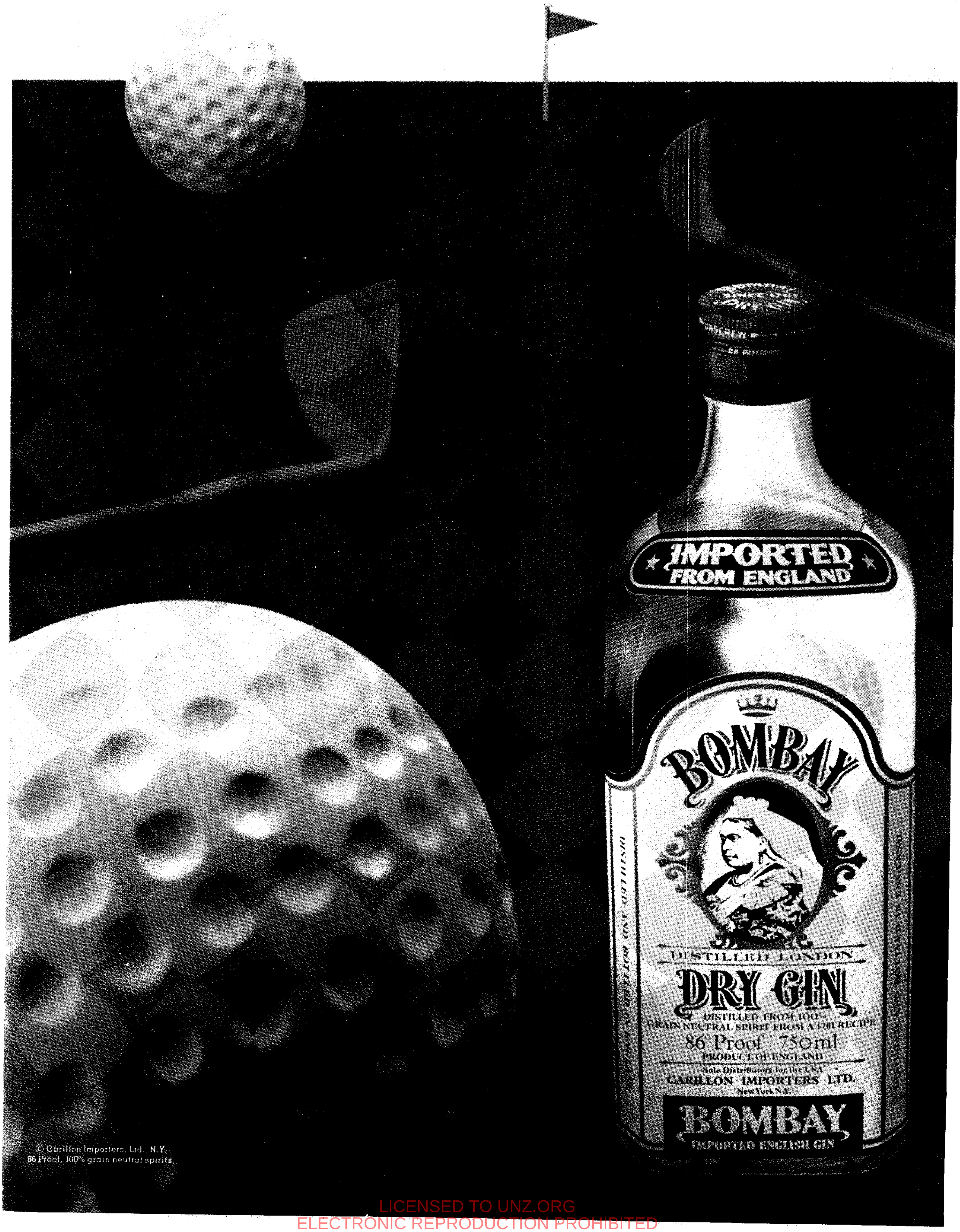
"*Ja*," said Jørgen Bo, Wohlert's plump, jolly, and extremely expansive colleague. "And I remember your first call. 'Listen, Jørgen,' you said. 'Don't get excited. This is going to be a small, humble job. We're just going to remodel a few stables.' "

Soon thereafter, Jensen's ambitions began to soar. He spent many hours with the young architects, talking about museums and congeniality. At one point, he invited the two of them to spend a few weeks with him on an architectural excursion through Italy and Switzerland. Upon their return, he put them up in Louisiana's manor house and had them live there for a month. Every few days, he'd come out and join them for a tramp through the underbrush. "I remember a line from a Danish hymn I used to recite as we forged our way through that wilderness," Jensen said one day. " '*Oh, vidundertro du slår over dybet din gyngende bro*'—'O miracle faith, you throw over the abyss your shaky bridge.' After the Kraft sale, when I had some funds to spend, our shaky bridge began to seem a bit more stable. It was now possible to think in terms of some sort of expansion of the manor house. I generally left it up to the two of them to come up with a plan. I had only three conditions. First, the old house had to be preserved as the entrance. No matter how elaborate the museum might become in later years, I knew I'd always want the visitors to arrive through that modest, nonthreatening nineteenth-century entrance hall, to feel as if they were perhaps just coming to visit a stodgy, comfortable, slightly eccentric country uncle. Second, I wanted one room—where the Giacomettis are now—to open out onto that view, about two hundred metres to the north of the manor, overlooking our lush inland lake. Third, about another hundred metres farther on, in the rose garden—on the bluff overlooking the strait and, in the distance, Sweden—I wanted to have the cafeteria and its terrace. The problem was that we didn't have enough money to go all the way down with buildings. We were going to have to have long glass corridors connecting the various exhibition spaces, and I was afraid that these might get boring. 'No,' I remember them assuring me. 'The corridors will establish the character of the whole place.' There was one other principle I tried to emphasize, and that was that there always be a way out. Have you noticed how in museums that feel like labyrinths part of your mind is always stuck on hypothesizing a means of escape? This can be very distracting, and a terribly fatiguing claustrophobia can set in. At Louisiana, I felt that escape should always be just a few walls away. Also, the views of the woods and the lawn seeping in all the time allowed for that perpetual play of art and nature which has become one of our hallmarks. One specific side benefit that has in the meantime resulted has to do with the more adventuresome avant-garde work we subsequently came to show—things we never imagined we'd be exhibiting when we began. I don't like to overpower the visitors, and some of the recent art can get quite fierce. Thus, it's good that we're always offering an out, some safe place to turn the eyes, like a familiar tree, a stretch of lawn, children playing outside—some safe haven from the wild beasts. The point is that you don't want to leave people alone with the beasts."

Once Wohlert and Bo had drawn up their initial plan, the three men spent a weekend charting the whole project with string stretched across the land. Jensen offered some revisions (ironically, one of his main changes was to add a few extra zigzags along one stretch of glass corridor in order to save a tree, a particularly glorious nine-trunked beech), but he generally deferred to his architects. "I left the

Imported Bombay. Uniquely distilled. The extraordinarily dry and distinctive British gin. Join the club.

Play to win.


IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOMBAY
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRIT FROM A 1761 RECIPE
86° Proof 750ml
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
Sole Distributors for the USA
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD.
New York N.Y.
BOMBAY
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND

© Carillon Importers, Ltd. N.Y.
86 Proof. 100% grain neutral spirits.

The loudest noise in a new Rolls-Royce is the beating of your heart.

A Silver Spirit glides in silence.

The clock is electronic. The powerful V-8 engine is a whisper. Vibrations and road noises are imperceptible. And the road might as well be sky.

It is not your imagination. It is everything that Rolls-Royce Motors has learned in 75 years of building cars by hand and building them to last. The result is breathtaking.

The aerodynamic shape tames the sharpest corners and the stiffest crosswinds.

The powered rack-and-pinion steering gives you a new sense of command.

The independent front and rear suspensions hold the road, level the car and cushion the ride at every bump, dip and turn.

The unique Rolls-Royce twin-level automatic air-conditioning maintains whatever temperatures you set for heads and toes, no matter how the weather may change.

And technology is only half the triumph of this masterpiece, for every detail is the work of supreme craftsmen.

Run your hands over the rich Connolly hides and the deep-pile Wilton carpets.

Remind your eyes that the veneer of the instrument panel is hand-rubbed burr walnut and that nothing else can match it—not even another Silver Spirit.

And remind your accountant that a Rolls-Royce is a priceless asset.

More than half the cars in Rolls-Royce history are still on the road. Many of them are worth more than they were years ago. And if you have dreamed of owning a Rolls™ someday, the day is today and the car is a Silver Spirit.

This is a car of cars.

For the Rolls-Royce Authorized Dealership nearest you, contact
Rolls-Royce Motors Inc., Lyndhurst, New Jersey 07071. (201) 460-7800.
The names "Rolls-Royce" and "Silver Spirit" and the mascot, badge and radiator grille are
registered trademarks, as are the Bentley name, mascot and badge.

© Rolls-Royce Motors Inc. 1982

ROLLS
ROYCE

A Rolls-Royce is a Rolls-Royce.

last word to them,” Jensen explains. “I realized that just as I have my ethics they have theirs. Anyway, there were seldom disagreements.”

Disagreements weren’t the problem, according to Wohlert and Bo. It was just that the goals of the project kept ballooning as they went along. “For long periods, our principal function seemed to consist of informing Jensen about the *physical* limitations on his inspiration,” Bo recalls. “Human limitations—problems of finance, zoning laws, relations with neighbors, and so forth—he could invariably surmount. We occasionally had to deliver the bad news on things like gravity.” The final plan reflected Wohlert’s then recent exposure to the California style (he had been studying in Berkeley for several years), filtered through a Danish love of natural materials. The walls were white-painted brick, the floors red tile, and the ceilings natural pine. The external woodwork was teak with beams of laminated pine. In general, the dimensions derived from the masonry; that is, the various dimensions of rooms and corridors tended to echo the proportions of the individual bricks in their walls. The buildings were long and low-slung, and they tended to recede into the natural profusion that surrounded them. As the years passed, there were to be several additions, but the architecture’s understated transparency—its quiet, clean, self-effacing purity—persisted. And recently, when Jensen began planning a vast new south wing, it was Wohlert and Bo who received his call.

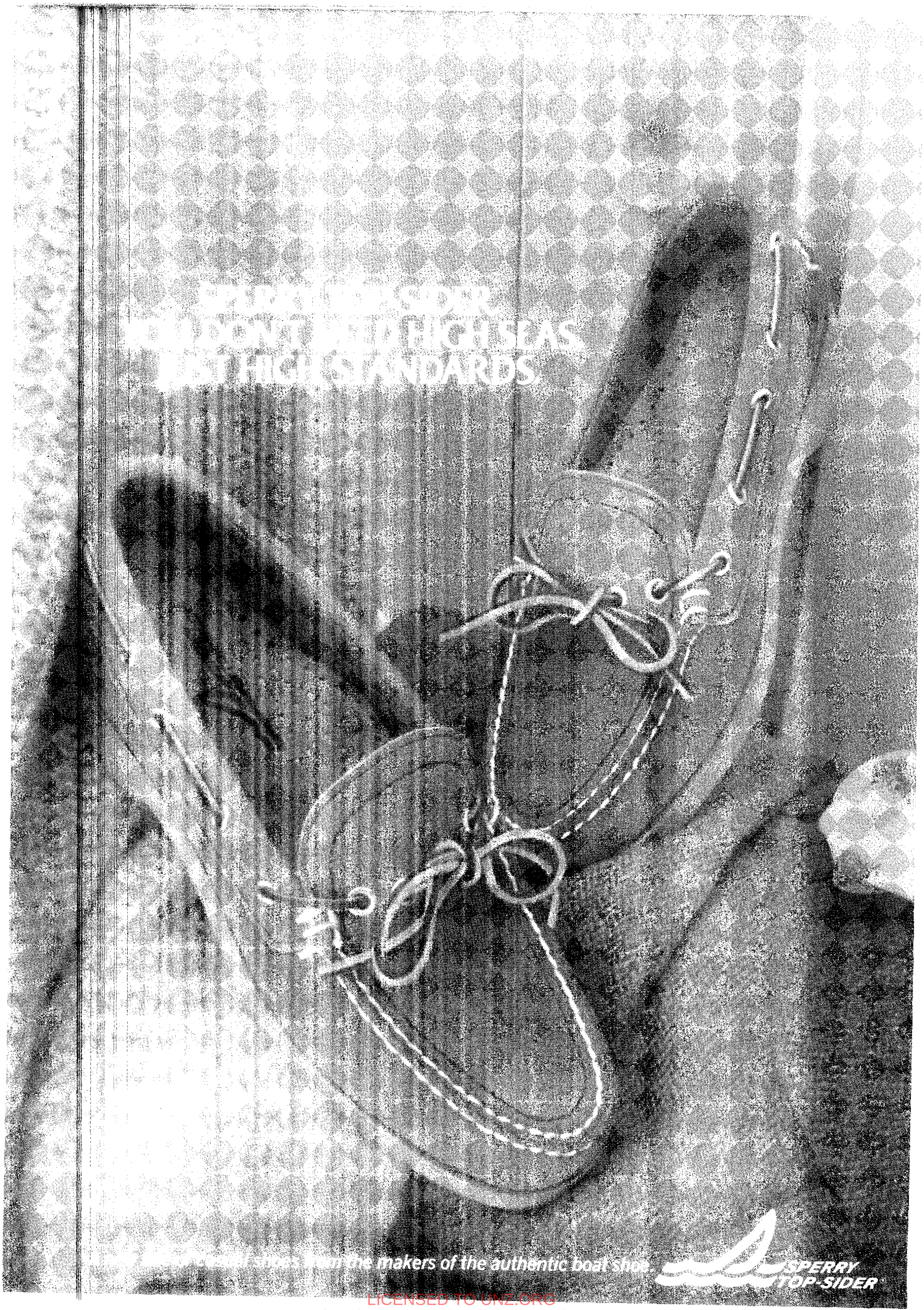
“I REMEMBER one Sunday morning about two months before the opening,” Jensen remarked one day. “As usual, the workers, who had spent the whole week mixing cement and planing wood, were there again—this time for picnics with their families. I was walking along one of the glass corridors when I got this sudden feeling: Damn it, this thing is going to work.”

Louisiana wasn’t the only thing that was beginning to work for Jensen. While the estate was being converted, he had resumed his courtship of Vivi Arndal, herself now divorced and bringing up a young daughter, Sanne, and this time when he offered marriage she accepted. She and Sanne soon joined Jensen at his Humlebaek home—which Wohlert and Bo were commissioned to enlarge. She must have had some sense of what she was letting herself in for, but over dinner at the house, where they still live, she denies it. “If it weren’t for Vivi, I’d have been dead a long time ago,” Jensen confides to me when she is out of the room. “I’d have spent forty-eight hours a day over at Louisiana. But she insists I come home occasionally for dinner. She’s adamant on the subject of weekends. She drags me away for summer vacations, and I begin to enjoy them, the minute I get out of Louisiana’s magnetic field. We’re even talking about my taking a year-long sabbatical next year—maybe going to the Faroe Islands.” (That will be the day, Mrs. Jensen telegraphs with her eyes as she returns: He says that *every* year.)

Once the buildings at Louisiana were completed, in 1957, the question became how to stock them. During the next few years, Jensen’s ambitions were fairly modest and somewhat provincial. He focussed on contemporary Danish artists and designers. At the time, Danish art seemed to be coursing along two tracks—the elegant, sleek, constructivist modernism that Americans associate with classic Danish design, on the one hand, and, on the other, the rambunctious, explosive, self-consciously primitivist Expressionism of the artists who came to be known as the COBRA group. (The acronym derives from Copenhagen-Brussels-Amsterdam, the cities with which the group’s members are associated.) Neither school was receiving much exposure in conservative, staid Denmark prior to the opening of Louisiana, and Jensen, in the early days, felt that his museum could help. He was, in any case, hesitant about competing with the big boys in the field of international contemporary art; he didn’t feel he knew his stuff, and anyway the prices were probably too high.

It was a hesitancy that evaporated in 1959, and Jensen credits Arnold Bode with bringing about his change of attitude. Bode had been a promising young painter in Weimar Germany in the twenties—one of the type whose work was denounced as decadent by Hitler and his cronies. He had lain low, managing to be a Good Soldier Schweik throughout the Second World War. At the end of the war, he emerged in Kassel as a professor of art. During the next decade, Bode became obsessed by the idea that Germany, once the seedbed of modernism, had simply missed fifteen years of its most significant flowering. By 1954, he was able to secure the summer use of three castles in the environs of Kassel as the staging area for an exhibition he called “Documenta.” Its subtitle was “The Classics: An Update.” Jensen missed it, but in 1959 he ventured south for its sequel, “Documenta II.” “You cannot imagine how naïve I was,” Jensen said one evening as he recalled those days over schnapps at his home. “I arrived in Kassel like a country hick, like someone who comes

MEN’S HAIR STYLING
COME IN AND LET US GIVE YOU THAT “TEAM PLAYER” LOOK


SPERRY TOP-SIDER.
YOU DON'T NEED HIGH SEAS.
JUST HIGH STANDARDS.
[illegible] casual shoes from the makers of the authentic boat shoe.
SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

YOU'RE THE MOST IMPORTAN

Every GM car and truck is designed with your safety in mind.

Safety is a goal from the first sketches of a new car, through design models and prototypes, up to final production—and even beyond. Hundreds of our best engineers, test drivers, and mechanics are working full-time to help protect the driver and passengers.

GM cars rated best.

The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety ranked cars according to the frequency with which they are involved in accident-injury claims.

As you can see, most of the best ratings went to GM cars (✓).

We believe these results reflect not only our cars—their quality, size, weight, and design—but how and where they are driven. GM cars and our customers go well together.

A lot is up to you.

No matter how advanced our science and engineering, to a great extent you determine your own safety. Nothing can take the place of driving carefully and using your seat belt. So please do your part and buckle up.

Leadership in safety testing.

Meanwhile, we'll keep on doing our part by continuing to do extensive research on safety; research that includes analysis of actual accidents, as well as efforts to discover even better ways to measure human impact tolerance.

The GM safety team has developed most of the technology for crash testing and research in the industry. That includes an advanced anthropomorphic dummy, called the Hybrid III,

1978-80 models with the best insurance injury claim experience*

(A relative injury claim frequency of 100 is average)

	Make	Body	Size	Relative Frequency
☑	Oldsmobile Custom Cruiser	S.W.	I	58
☑	Oldsmobile Toronado	Spec.	I	58
☑	Buick Estate	S.W.	I	62
☑	Oldsmobile 98	4 Dr.	I	62
☑	Oldsmobile Cutlass	S.W.	C	65
☑	Oldsmobile Omega	4 Dr.	SC	66
☑	Chevrolet Caprice	S.W.	I	67
☑	Pontiac Bonneville	S.W.	I	67
☑	Oldsmobile Delta 88	4 Dr.	I	69
☑	Pontiac Catalina	4 Dr.	I	69
☑	Buick LeSabre	4 Dr.	I	73
☐	Mercury Marquis	4 Dr.	I	74
☑	Buick Century	S.W.	C	76
☑	Chevrolet Malibu	S.W.	C	78
☐	Mercury Zephyr	S.W.	SC	80
☑	Buick Century	4 Dr.	C	83
☑	Chevrolet Citation	4 Dr.	SC	83
☐	Dodge Aspen	4 Dr.	I	84
☐	Plymouth Volare	S.W.	I	87

1978-80 models with the worst insurance injury claim experience*

(A relative injury claim frequency of 100 is average)

	Make	Body	Size	Relative Frequency
☐	Dodge Challenger†	2 Dr.	S	162
☐	Fiat Brava	**	S	156
☐	Toyota Corolla Tercel†	2 Dr.	S	153
☐	Datsun 200SX†	2 Dr.	SS	150
☐	Plymouth Sapporo†	2 Dr.	S	149
☐	Plymouth Arrow†	2 Dr.	SS	148
☐	Dodge Omni	2 Dr.	S	142
☐	Honda Prelude†	2 Dr.	SS	140
☐	Mazda GLC†	**	SS	139
☐	Honda Civic†	2 Dr.	SS	135
☐	Datsun 210†	**	SS	135
☐	Plymouth Champ†	2 Dr.	SS	134
☐	Mazda RX-7†	Sport	SS	132
☐	Mercury Bobcat	2 Dr.	SS	131
☐	Toyota Corolla†	**	SS	130
☐	Ford Mustang	2 Dr.	S	128
☐	Honda Civic†	S.W.	SS	119

†Japanese made.

WE'RE THE B

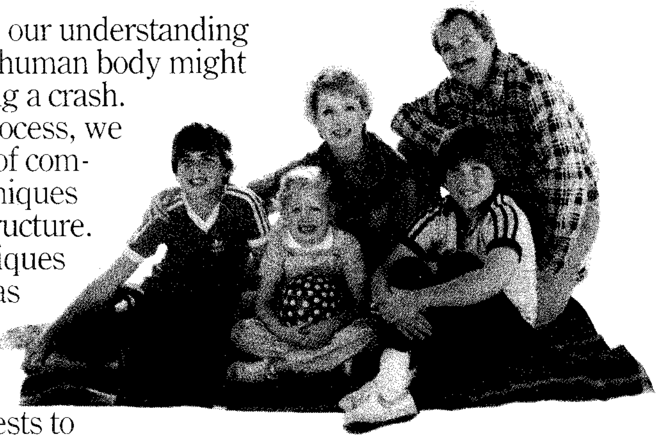
---

*Source: Highway Loss Data Institute. Car Sizes: I=Intermediate, C=Compact, SC=Small Compact, S=Subcompact, SS=Small Subcompact. Body Styles: SW=Station Wagon, Spec.=Specialty.**=Not determined.

AFETY FEATURE IN EVERY CAR.

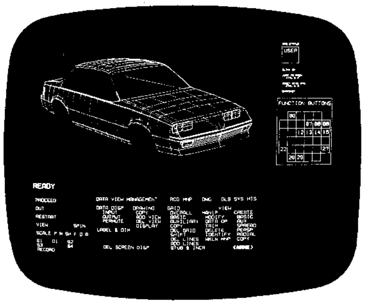
which helps increase our understanding of how much force a human body might be subjected to during a crash.

For the design process, we developed a variety of computer modeling techniques to describe a car's structure. Many of these techniques are as sophisticated as those used in the space program. And we've also developed static crusher tests to determine how different structures respond to stress.



The bottom line: built-in safety.

Over the years, GM's commitment to safety has produced many built-in safeguards including energy-absorbing steering columns and instrument panels, laminated safety-glass windshields, inertial seat back latches, and lap and shoulder belts with comfort and convenience features.



A new kind of excellence.

We believe GM stands for something special in the eyes of the American public.

It stands for excellence. And continuing excellence. So that now, next year and the years after that, we want always to be: the best GM ever.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

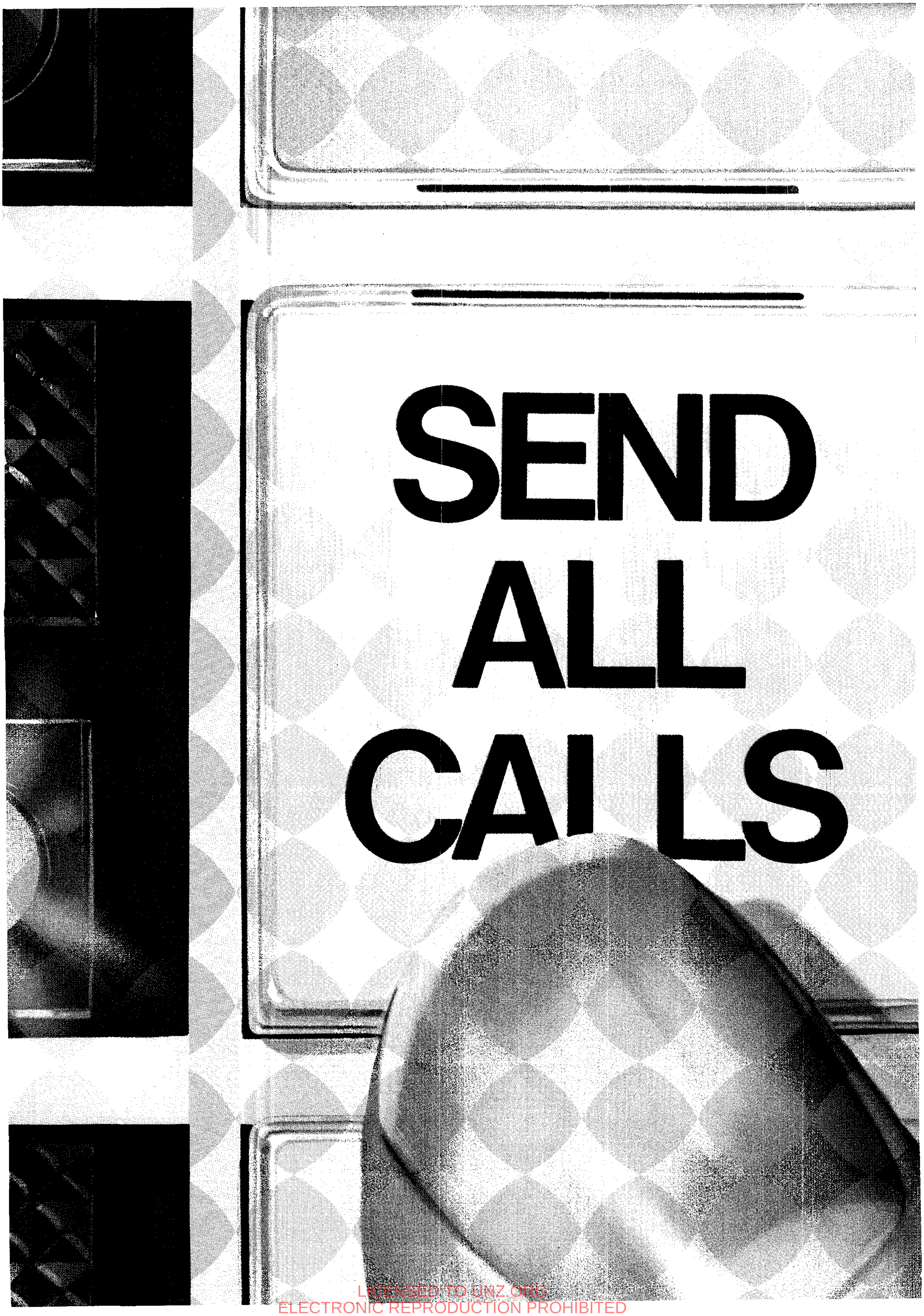
Chevrolet
Pontiac
Oldsmobile
Buick
Cadillac
GMC Truck

Let's get it together...buckle up.

We can't emphasize it enough. Seat belts help prevent serious injuries and seat belts save lives.

ST GM EVER

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


SEND
ALL
CALLS

The Horizon communications system:

Because opportunity rarely rings twice.

A prospective customer calls. Your line is busy. Or you've stepped away for a minute, and the call goes unanswered.

Chances are, you won't get a second chance.

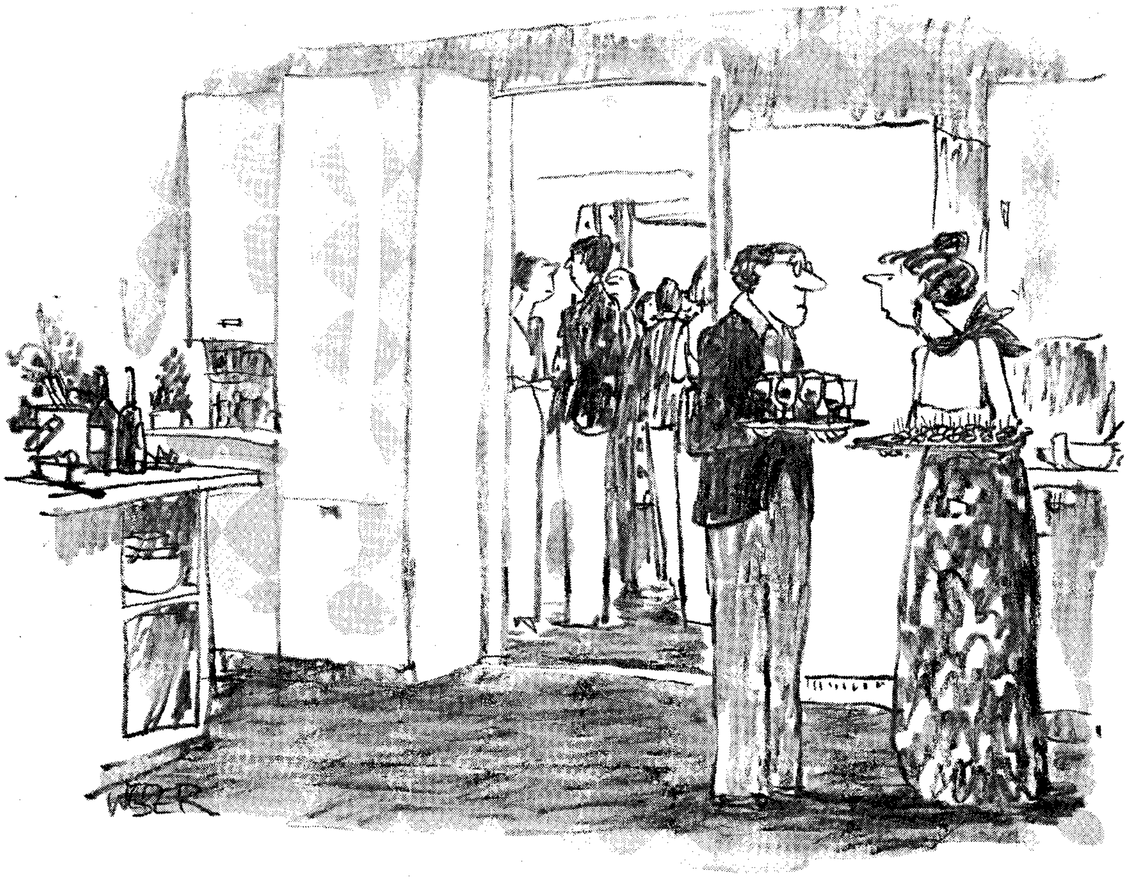
Now with Bell's Horizon® communications system for small businesses, you don't have to worry about lost calls. If you can't get to your phone, the system can switch your calls to someone else's office. Your calls can follow you into a meeting or be sent to a phone with a paging button.

You can also give your customers direct access to your sales and service people. If all their phones are busy, the system will route incoming calls to a pre-recorded announcement, then ring the first line that's free.

The flexibility of the Horizon system puts you in command. It lets you select—and easily change—the individual features your business needs to stay ahead of competition.

Today, no business is too small for The Knowledge Business. Call your Bell Business Service Center. Give opportunity a chance—the first time it rings.

The knowledge business



"Sweetie, am I coming across as genuine?"

• •

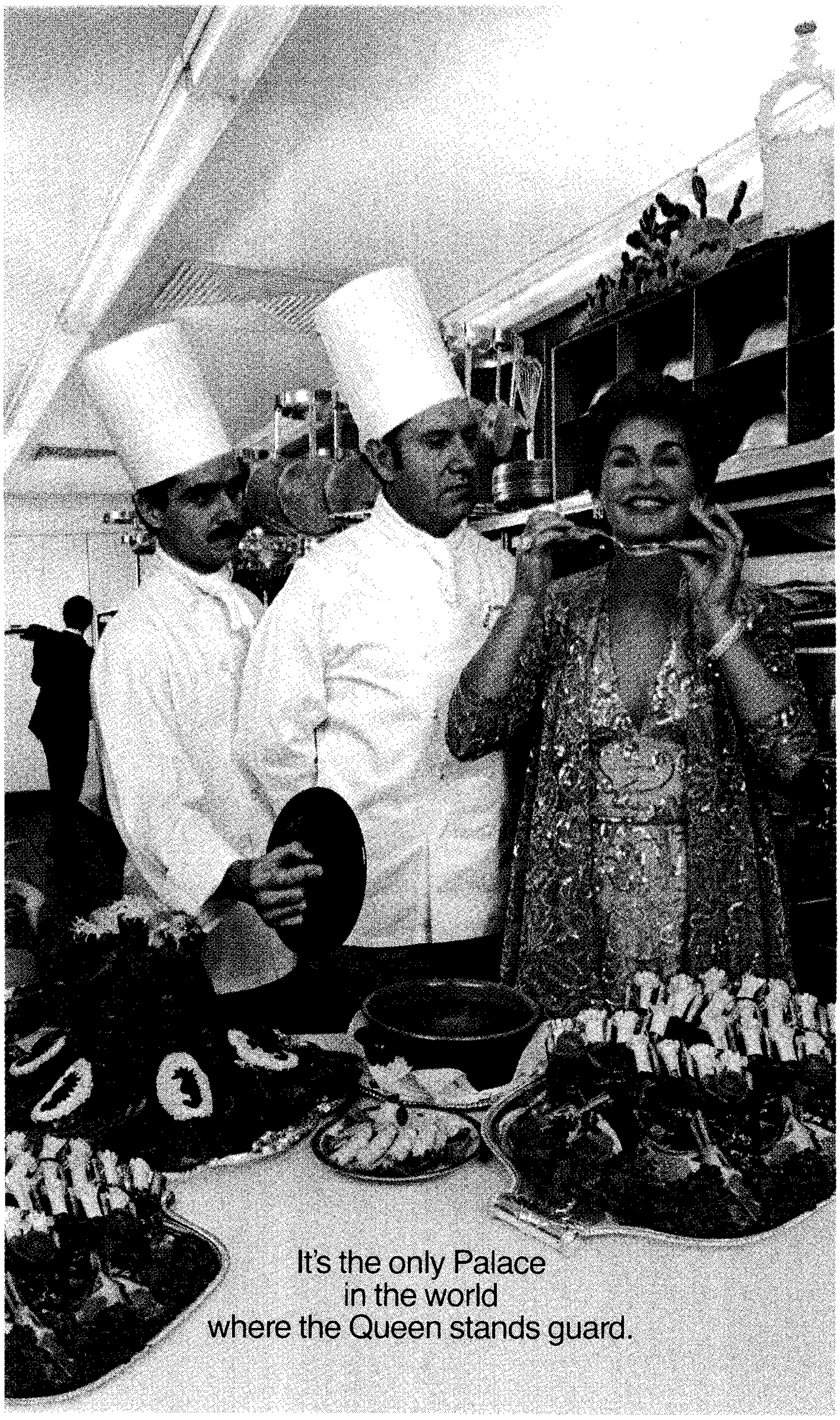
in on the four-o'clock train. Up to that point, I had been completely preoccupied with Danish art. Now, for the first time, I saw Pollock, de Kooning, Bacon, Dubuffet. I caught up with the postwar work of Moore, Calder, Arp. . . . The abundance overwhelmed me. I said, 'Gosh, I have lived in vain.' "

Jensen paused and remained silent for several seconds. "Ach," he finally said, sighing and shaking his head. "I was so stupid. You know, all those things—finding the estate, Kraft stepping in, building the museum—it sounds as if it were all good luck and good intuition. But I made some terrible misjudgments in those years. In 1954, in Stockholm, I'd seen a terrific Cézanne-to-Picasso show. Instead of being inspired, I was cowed. I imagined there was no way I could compete internationally, so when Louisiana started I confined myself within parochial horizons. And yet I could have started international collecting right from the start. In 1956, a Max Ernst sold for the equivalent of a good Danish painting, a Léger went for maybe twice that, a Picasso three times. By 1960, though, prices had begun to jump right out of my range; in many cases it was too late. When I think of all the things I could have done and didn't, I could tear out all my hairs and run around screaming." Jensen bounded out of his chair at the sheer thought of it, his hands tugging at fistfuls of white hair, his feet pounding a dance of retrospective frustration—and then, just as suddenly, he stopped, lowered his hands, sighed again, and chuckled quietly. "Ah, well," he concluded, "I suppose all collectors face this sorrow. And, you know, there's a danger of inverted hubris in all this: 'By my incredible intelligence and sensitivity, I should have been able to achieve more.' It's our vanity, finally, that condemns us."

Returning to his chair and smoothing back his ruffled mane, Jensen resumed his tale. "At any rate, standing there in Kassel, I knew I had to make a fresh start," he said. "It couldn't be too sudden—I didn't want to hurt the feelings of my Danish artists—but it was going to have to be complete. That very first day, I rushed up to Bode's office and pleaded with his secretary to let me see him. Finally, she got up, walked over to his door, leaned in, and said, 'Professor Bode, there's a man out here just as crazy as you are. Do you want to see him?' I stormed into his office and cried, 'Let me do something immediately! Otherwise, I explode!' And he was very generous. Over the next few days, we chose a hundred and fifty of the best works in 'Documenta II' for showing at Louisiana later that fall. It was the beginning of a great friendship."

Besides Bode, Jensen cites two other museum men as early mentors. Willem Sandberg was the influential, hugely inventive director of Amsterdam's Stedelijk Museum. "He was a visionary practitioner," Jensen explains. "An eighteenth-century Voltairian who was still very much in the present. An encyclopedic humanist with roots in Freud and the Bauhaus, and at the same time with a deep sense of the emotional and the mystical. The first time I visited the Stedelijk—this, again, was *after* the Louisiana had opened—Sandberg had organized a big comparative exhibition of modern and primitive art. It was my old Lausanne University theme. But Sandberg was launching something like fifty shows a year; there were often two or three openings on the same day. He was the Alfred Barr of Europe—very much a father figure to all of us. It's strange—I am as old now as he was then, but I could never imagine myself his equal." Jensen's other mentor was Pontus Hulten, the young and brashly innovative director of Stockholm's Moderna Museet, who went on to become the founding director of the Centre Pompidou in Paris, and who is now in Los Angeles preparing for the opening—scheduled in 1985—of the Museum of Contemporary Art, of which he will be director. In 1958, Hulten, then a young art historian, had been tapped by the Swedish government to organize a gallery for modern works after a wealthy benefactress willed a vast sum—anything!—to get "those horrible modern things" out of the National Museum. Starting with this small nest egg of exiles, Hulten, through contacts with enthusiastic young artists, quickly developed a thriving art center in the otherwise implausible north. "Sandberg was particularly good with the classics of the modern movement, and Pontus with the cutting edge, the newest trends," Jensen recalls. "They were both extremely helpful in allowing me to borrow their shows. In 1960, we had a show called 'The Moderna Museet Visits Louisiana,' which drew from Pontus's permanent collection, and we followed that in 1961 with a similar survey of Sandberg's Stedelijk holdings."

By 1961, Jensen had turned the corner in his development of Louisiana into an international institution. There was a regular traffic in contemporary shows between Amsterdam, Stockholm, and Humlebaek, and Jensen, whom museum people had started out by dismissing as "Cheese Jensen," had now graduated to being known as "one of those three wild men of the north." The transition was not universally applauded by Jensen's neighbors and countrymen. In the summer of 1961, Louisiana played host to Hulten's razzle-dazzle extravaganza "Movement in Art," which included works by Marcel Duchamp, Richard Stankiewicz, and Alexander Calder. As an adjunct to the show's opening, Jensen invited Jean Tinguely, the notorious and celebrated Swiss kinetic assemblagist, to come up and fashion one of his self-destroying sculptural contraptions on the manor lawn. "Tinguely arrived," Jensen recalled, "and he immediately informed me he'd need two thousand francs for fireworks. This made me a bit nervous, since only a year earlier his 'Homage to New York' had almost succeeded in burning down the Museum of Modern Art. I suggested that maybe we should have the fireworks master from Tivoli come and supervise, but Tinguely assured me that no, there would be no problem—the rockets, which would be controlled by an electrical impulse at his command, would be aimed at the ground, not at the sky. He was calling the piece 'Sketch for the End of the World,' so I was wary, but I went along. Finally, the night of the opening, the sprawling junk sculpture was in place. It actually consisted of three separate structures between twelve and fifteen feet high, made out of baling wire, wheel sprockets, bicycle chains, a perambulator, a rocking horse, a sewing machine—*everything*—and near the top was a cage with a pigeon inside. This was 'the peace dove,' and



Lobster en Bellevue, Essence of Truffles
en Terrine, and Crown Roast of Lamb – the specialties of the day.
And Leona Helmsley, proprietress of The Helmsley Palace Hotel, samples the
fare to see that each morsel reflects the culinary genius of our Master Chef.
What better way to feed her royal family. You. Her guests.

It's The Helmsley Palace

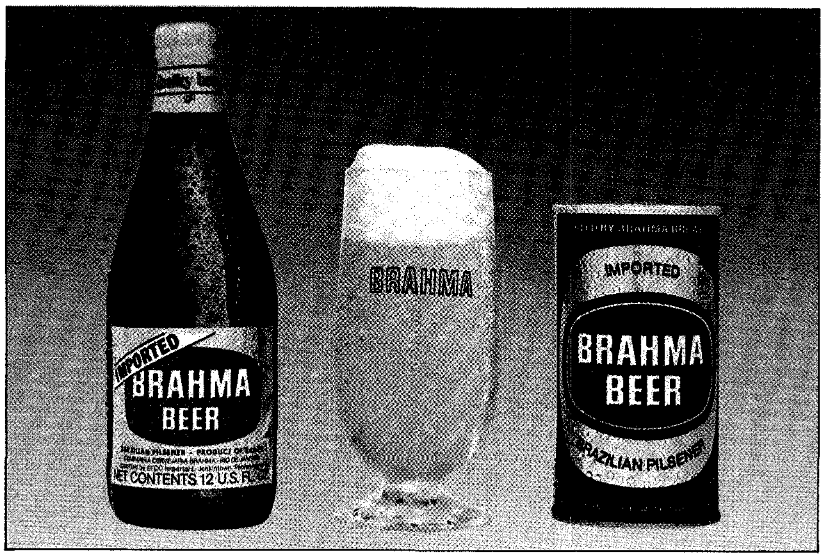
455 Madison Avenue (at 50th Street), New York, NY 10022.
For reservations call Toll-free: 800/221-4982.
In New York, 212/888-1624. TELEX: 640-543. Or call your travel agent.

The Leading Hotels of the World®

it was supposed to be released just before all the excitement. Well, Tinguely was famous as a big *farceur*, so there was a large, festive crowd, somewhere between one and two thousand people, including all sorts of press and dignitaries. Soon after twilight, Tinguely started the whole thing up from his switchboard behind a tree. The wheels began whirring, the engine chugging, metal clanging, the rocking horse rocking, a foghorn tooting, smoke and noise, and then, suddenly, there was a big *Bang!* and the rockets started shooting out. It turns out that they went neither into the ground nor into the sky but, rather, straight at the audience. The laughter went from carefree to somewhat nervous to downright terrified and hysterical. The press photographers became war correspondents. Rockets went spraying into the old house. One sputtered straight at the Prime Minister's chest. I was running around mobilizing doctors, attending to people's small wounds, assuring everyone that Louisiana would pay for the burned clothes, and so forth. Nobody was seriously hurt or damaged. But when I looked back at the steaming debris on the lawn I realized that the cage had failed to open. The photographers were swarming around the ruins, snapping pictures. Later that evening, back at the party at my house, the phone kept ringing, with newspeople demanding to know, 'What's all this we hear about murdered birds?' "

By now, Jensen was rocking back and forth, savoring the memory with delight. "Well, naturally," he continued, "the next morning there were banner headlines: 'MACABRE OPENING OF SHOW: ANIMAL SACRIFICED AT LOUISIANA.' People called our equivalent of the A.S.P.C.A., they called the police, and by midmorning the police were calling on me—I remember how they looked to me through my vague hangover—and demanding 'the corpus delicti.' Well, I told them I had no idea where it was, but our maid then informed me that it was in the kitchen. Tinguely, it turns out, had brought it home the night before and given it to her, saying, 'Here, take this. Knud can have it fried or boiled in the morning.' It became a huge scandal. The police brought in a veterinary professor from the university to conduct an autopsy—I remember one sentence from his report: 'This bird was killed while alive.' How else could it have been killed? There was a trial, although by then Tinguely had already left; *in ab-*

Taste the real taste of beer.



Brahma Beer

Ask for it! There's nothing like it! Brahma is Pilsener beer, brewed in Brazil, land of the tropical thirsts.

Let Latin America's No. 1 seller satisfy you perfectly, too! Great with meals. Brahma's made for you!

Imported by:
EFCO Importers
Benjamin Fox Pavilion - suite 723 A
P.O. Box 741, Jenkintown
Pennsylvania 19046
or TEL 215-885-8597

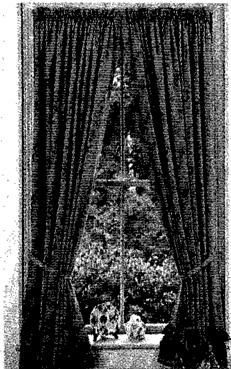
BRAHMA
Quality Products

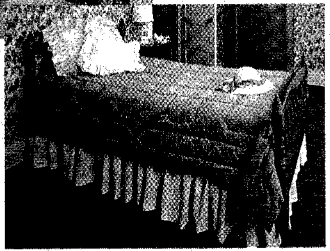
Country Curtains®

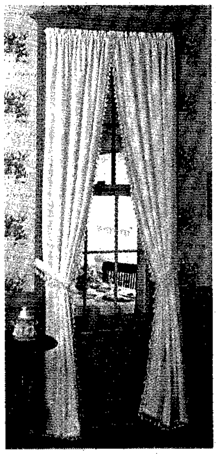
Country Curtains are a tradition . . . years of old-fashioned quality and conscientious service from Nantucket to Nob Hill. CORDUROY . . . warm and wonderful . . . classic, tailored pinwale corduroy in colonial blue, bright red, natural or deep brown. A great energy saver! 84″ wide per pair. 45″ or 54″ long, $33 pr; 63″ or 72″ long; $41.50 pr; 81″ or 90″ long; $49 pr. Plump polyester filled comforter. Twin, $78 ea; Double, $85 ea; Queen, $95 ea. Dust ruffle prices in free catalog.

Send for free catalog

CITY CURTAIN . . . inspired by the stately houses on Boston's Beacon Hill. The pearly white or ecru fabric, a silky blend by Waverly, is edged with an exquisite 2¼″ tassel fringe. 90″ wide per pair. 54″ long, $35 pr; 63″ or 72″ long, $40 pr; 81″ or 90″ long, $46 pr; 102″ or 108″ long, $55 pr. Tiebacks, $8.00 pr. Matching bedspread.







COUNTRY CURTAINS
Dept. NY8, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

Name
Address
City
State Zip

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG

Check, money order, Mastercard or Visa. Mass. res. add 5% sales tax. Postage/handling: orders under $25 add $2.00, over $25 add $3.00. Phone: 413-298-3921. Satisfaction guaranteed.

sentia he was meted out a fifty-dollar symbolic fine. But you should have seen all the discussion this led to—the editorials pro and con. Things weren't helped any when Nam June Paik, the Korean-born avant-garde artist, did a performance the following weekend in which he took a bath in an oil drum, destroyed a piano, threw eggs at the walls, and went around with a scissors cutting off the critics' ties. The next morning, we opened our papers to the banner 'YET MORE INSANITY AT LOUISIANA!' Ah, yes," Jensen said, calming himself. "Those were the days of our heroic youth."

Jensen's mood turned suddenly serious. "It was all so hypocritical," he said. "Thousands of pigeons are killed each year to beautify our parks and no one complains. People who wouldn't mind if human beings were being intentionally tortured were scandalized at the thought of an animal's being accidentally killed. I gradually realized that much more was at stake—that a lot of this was angry resentment against modern art. So around this time I decided to organize a series of seminars entitled What Is Modernism?"

BY the mid-sixties, Jensen had begun collecting in earnest: to his excellent holdings in such modern northern European and Scandinavian masters as Pierre Alechinsky, Asger Jorn, Henry Heerup, Karel Appel, Robert Jacobsen, Carl-Henning Pedersen, and Richard Mortensen he was now adding works by Yves Klein, Victor Vasarely, Arman, César Baldaccini, Lucio Fontana, Naum Gabo, Josef Albers, Max Bill, Jean Dubuffet, Antonio Tàpies, Morris Louis, Sam Francis, Ellsworth Kelly, Kenneth Noland, Jim Dine, Roy Lichtenstein, Frank Stella, and Andy Warhol. He was dogged all the while, however, by the worry that the art he was collecting—some of the finest pieces from the forefront of contemporary artistic practice—was fundamentally misunderstood by a large fraction of its potential audience. "I remember a passage in a book by one of your American writers—I think it was Kurt Vonnegut," Jensen remarked one day. "A character suggests that modern art is a conspiracy between rich people and artists to make ordinary people feel stupid. And I've often been concerned about this kind of misperception. There was a gap, especially in the fifties and sixties, between what artists were doing and what many people were prepared to appreciate. This gap led to frustration, which, in turn, produced anger or insecurity—neither of which was a terribly good mood from which to open oneself to new experience."

During the early sixties, Jensen wrote extensively on what he called "the developing crisis of leisure time." In those heady days, there was a general expectation, especially in Scandinavia, that the forty-hour work week would soon dwindle further, that automation would free workers from mind-dulling drudgery, that society was on the verge of extending a basic level of material sufficiency and security to all its members. "It seemed as if we were at the dawn of a new age, the era of leisure," Jensen told me. "People were beginning to have a lot of free time, and corporations were moving quickly to colonize that leisure through the various structures of popular culture, such as television, spectator sports, vacation packages—all the standardized ways in which people could be turned into consumers of fun. At that time, I wrote a book called 'Slaraffenland Eller Utopia'—'Lotusland or Utopia'—and those appeared to be the options. It seemed vital that some alternative to the mass standardization of human possibility be provided—that material sufficiency not lead to spiritual anemia. This is where art seemed so important, and especially the work of contemporary artists who were wrestling directly with the challenge of individual, as opposed to standardized, expression."

Jensen paused, smiled, and then continued. "I think people in positions like mine—people who try to mediate between art and society—need a lot of self-irony, modesty, and ambivalence. Also, a certain skepticism as to whether art can make anything happen, and just how much a person can get out of art. I mean, there are a lot of truly happy people who have virtually no exposure to art, and, conversely, some fairly evil specimens who are tremendously sophisticated in artistic matters. Still, having said that, I think art can be a vital tool in one's life. You don't have to conceive of art in Olympian terms to see how it helps people to learn to think for themselves, to sharpen their own perceptual capacities and heighten their sense of self, while at the same time allowing an immediate sense of other people's unique, subjective experience. Art thus has an important role to play in staving off the standardization of society. But it can achieve that promise only if we find some way of overcoming that initial frustration—the anger and insecurity—that tends to alienate many potential viewers from modern works." This became Jensen's consuming passion at Louisiana—to create a milieu in which art and people could meet and mingle. His attitude was neither missionary nor pedagogical. He preferred a sort of relaxed persuasiveness—a mild offer tendered quietly and almost tangentially. Although part of the problem was unquestionably the strangeness of a lot of contemporary art, Jensen increasingly came to feel that a major cause of the frustration arose from the very institution of the museum. "You have to realize that museums are a relatively recent aberration in the history of art," he pointed out. "This segregation of art from the world of everyday life has impoverished both. It used to be that a religious person, for example, would enter a cathedral, just as he did on Sundays, and the light might be streaming through the window in a particular fashion or falling upon a statue of the Virgin in a new way—the hue from the window intensifying the deep blue color of the Virgin's garment—or there might be snow on the shoulder of one of the Prophets outside, and our friend would say, '*Tiens*. Look at that. I never noticed that before.' Art existed in town squares, in the marketplace, in theatres, and in homes—you came upon it in the middle of your day, at the corner of your eye. Now Rembrandt's 'The Night Watch' is enshrined behind thick glass in a dark, cold room in a large, cold museum. They make you stand there, almost pulling you by the hair: 'Look, damn it, you idiot, this is the greatest work of art in the world, appreciate it!' The trouble with many museums is that they impose this kind of demand for aesthetic worship."

For Jensen, at Louisiana, the challenge became the search for a way to return art—"difficult" modern art, especially—to the everyday lifeworld of its potential viewers. As the years passed, he added a movie theatre, a concert hall, a stage for experimental drama. He offered Louisiana as a site for conferences, symposia, and political rallies. There were poets' days and anti-nuclear expositions. The idea behind all the sideshows was that people might meet the art on their way to something else. In addition, Jensen and his associates soon started interspersing their calendar of modern shows with significant archeological and anthropological exhibitions. For some reason, people who couldn't care less about Malevich or Surrealism swarmed to look at gold from Peru, funeral masks from Egypt, and stone zodiacs from Mesopotamia.

"It's quite extraordinary—there's an apparently insatiable appetite for the antique and the exotic," Hans Erik Wallin, the former advertising man, who now supervises, among other things, Louisiana's archeological spectaculars, remarked to me. (Of the four principal administrators who currently guide Louisiana, not one has any academic credentials in art history or arts administration. To the uncomfortable bewilderment of many traditional museum people, Louisiana seems to swim along just fine under the guidance of a former cheese exporter, a former Ford dealer, a retired advertising executive, and a professional painter—"the boys," as Jensen fondly refers to the museum's leadership.) "Our two biggest shows ever, in terms of attendance, were exhibits of Pompeii in the year 79 A.D. and, just recently, the Chinese bronzes and artifacts from the burial site of the First Emperor of Qin—the one who had himself buried with an army of life-size terra-cotta warriors and horses," Wallin went on. "A museum man once said, 'For success, you need gold or, if not gold, corpses.' Well, there must be something to what he said, because with those two shows people just couldn't get enough."

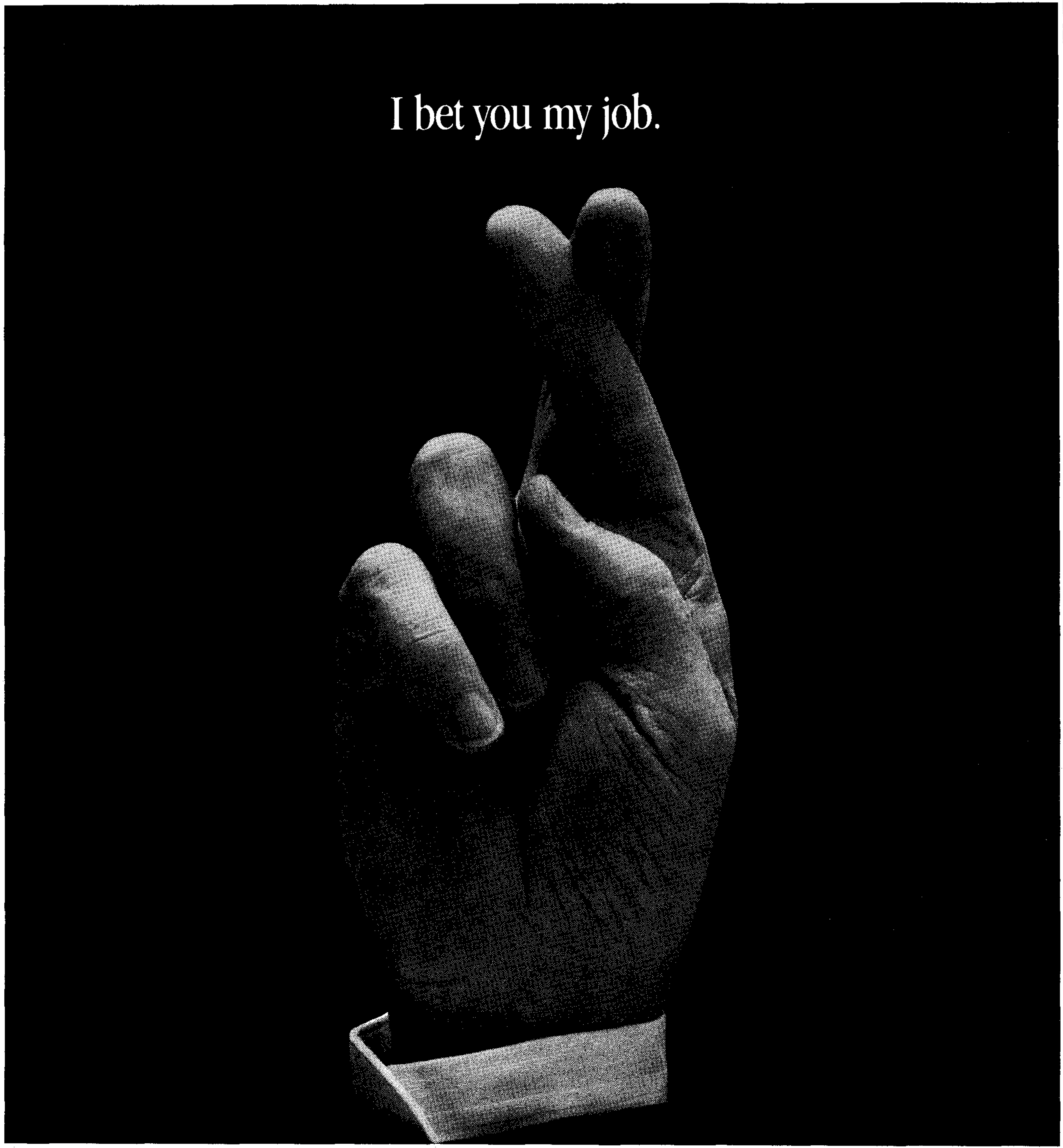
The Chinese exhibition proved particularly challenging. Wallin not only had to make several junkets to Peking but was required to entertain a delegation of Chinese officials at Louisiana. "They were, to say the least, bewildered by many of the things they saw here," he recalled. "At one point, as we rounded a bend, I was struck dumb with horror: there before us loomed our large Andy Warhol portrait of a blue Mao with red lipstick. There was a tense moment of silence—I could feel the prospects for a show slipping right through my fingers—and then the leader of the delegation, arching his eyebrows, muttered something to the effect that the late chairman himself had said: 'Let a hundred flowers blossom.' " Wallin concluded, "These archeological shows are very effective. People come for the jewels and coffins, but they end up passing the modern stuff on their way to the pastries."

"Of every thousand persons who come for the archeological extravaganzas," Jensen later agreed, "nine hundred and ninety-nine may pass right by the modern things, but the curiosity of one may be piqued, and maybe the next week he comes to look again. That is our greatest satisfaction. Of course, I don't want to leave an impression that we coerce people here under false pretenses. As you know from my somewhat naïve thesis in Lausanne many years ago, I have always felt how deeply we are indebted to these faraway cultures and how important they have been in the development of our whole modern sensitivity. Alfred Barr's Museum of Modern Art made exhibitions of African and Pacific art and so did Willem Sandberg's Stedelijk, and, as for Louisiana, we would never assemble a show that was not in some way related to the art of this century. During the past twenty-four years, we have had about a dozen shows of this kind, always trying to emphasize the connection *between*, for example, the pre-Columbians and Moore, the Egyptians and Giacometti, Pacific art and the COBRA artists, and so forth. The only exception may have been the Pompeii exhibition, but even that show implied a kind of self-identification emanating an atmosphere of catastrophe—a civilization extinguished in two days and later forgotten—which makes us understand the Pompeians. And even there the 'calcis'—the casts of dying human beings—have inspired artists like Giacometti, César, Richier, and others, which is why we showed works of these artists at the end of that exhibition."

One of Jensen's favorite exhibitions in this context was also one of the earliest—a presentation, in 1963, of the Mexican government's vast European travelling exhibition. "The exhibition was so big we had to show it in two stages," Jensen recalls. "It arrived at the Humlebaek station in a special train—six or seven cars filled with two thousand pieces, ranging from huge, several-ton Olmec heads and little red clay pre-Columbian pots and figurines to works by such modern masters as José Orozco and David Siqueiros. The nine hundred pre-Columbian pieces in particular were tremendously fragile. I remember the last day, as we wrapped the show ever so carefully under the anxious gaze of four officials from the Mexican Cultural Ministry—it was like holding your breath for a whole day, totally nerve-racking. Finally, we delivered the last case to the train—not a single item had even been scratched—and I turned to the four Mexicans and said, 'Come with me.' We got into my car, drove to Copenhagen, parked outside Tivoli, marched in, and proceeded to a little booth where for a couple of kroner—the equivalent of a quarter—you can throw three hard balls at several piles of ceramic plates. I put down a wad of bills, and for the next hour or so we went berserk—reduced the place to a shambles. There wasn't a saucer left whole. It was tremendously gratifying."

Tivoli is generally considered the top children's amusement park in Denmark. There are times, however, especially during the summer, when Louisiana has much the same atmosphere. Again, it's part of Jensen's attempt to make his museum a milieu for living as well as viewing. "Sometimes it seems that children are the world's greatest oppressed minority," Jensen commented one afternoon as we stood at his office window watching a group of kids scaling the Moore. "Children are usually bored at museums, and I feel pity for them: they're nice and polite to us and say they like it. But I don't think you can expect kids to really enjoy art at a museum until they're in their early teens; it's a taste that comes late, so that finding some way to involve them when they're younger can be a challenge. Some museums respond by setting aside a room for finger painting and clay modelling. But that's merely the kind of thing they get at school. Here at Louisiana we've tried to enlist artists in the invention of high-calibre practical and aesthetic objects and environments that are capable of exciting and involving the children. Unfortunately, because of some trouble we've been having with the neighbors, we've had to temporarily close off our largest children's area, but let me show it to you anyway."

As we left Jensen's office and descended to the vestibule, we could see a long line of people in the courtyard waiting to get into the museum. It was the last weekend of a phenomenally successful Picasso retrospective. (Indeed, by the end of the weekend the Picasso show proved to have been the most highly attended exhibition in Louisiana's history, surpassing both Pompeii and the Chinese bronzes. Char-



I bet you my job.

A dangerous game.

But like it or not, you put your future on the line every time you make an important business decision.

You cannot eliminate risk altogether, of course. But you can improve your chances of success. Not by trusting to luck. But by making it your business to keep informed, so you can base your judgments on reliable information, objective interpretation and analysis.

That's why over six million business decision makers follow the on-going coverage provided by the 156 full-time worldwide business journalists who bring their expertise to Business Week.

Every week, Business Week editorial departments such as Corporate Strategies, Money and Banking, Information Processing, Marketing, and Technology offer you solid information to help you make responsible decisions.

Business Week offers you an award-winning combination of superior reporting and wide-ranging editorial focus not found anywhere else. Not in Forbes. Not in Fortune. Not in The Wall Street Journal.

Business Week. It leaves you both hands free to do your job.

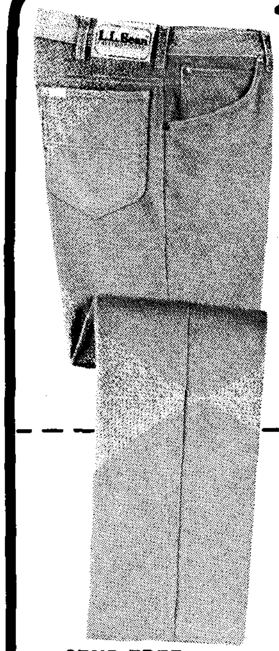
Sources: MRI (S'81) + Pub.Est. (Int'l ed.)
©1981 McGraw-Hill, Inc.

BusinessWeek
The world's leading business magazine.

ter buses streamed in from as far away as Helsinki and Oslo. During the two months of the show, its entry receipts exceeded the museum's budgeted expectation for the entire year. The bookshop dispensed over three hundred and sixty thousand postcards, the cafeteria almost a ton and a half of shrimp.) We moved quickly through the throng, past the exhibition halls, and along the connecting glass corridors. From inside its buildings, Louisiana feels something like a watercourse, a series of lazy pools connected by cascading streams and narrows, debouching, finally, at the cafeteria's terrace, onto a view of the strait. Just past the Giacometti room and before the cafeteria, we veered out of the main stream. Jensen unlocked a side door, and we were quickly pushing through the underbrush on the far side of the museum. As we emerged into a clearing, we came upon four trespassing teen-agers. Jensen shooed them away, and they scampered off into the forest. "I don't blame them," Jensen said, laughing. "If I were their age, I'd be down here, too."

In 1978, Jensen had decided to expand his usual practice of inviting one artist each summer to work with the children of Humlebaek on a group installation. Instead, he made the children's projects the center of the Louisiana's entire summer program. Dozens of artists and theatrical groups were invited to contribute pieces around the theme "Children Are a People." (The phrase is a line from a Swedish song, which concludes, "They live in another country.") Most of the action took place near the lushly overgrown, shallow lake to the north of and just below the Giacometti room. A platform was erected on the far side of the lake, and a Huckleberry Finn-type raft made continual crossings to it, powered by a taut rope anchored to both shores and pulled by the children themselves. On the raft's side were strapped life preservers bearing the legend "Who Needs the Atlantic?" On the terrace above, where the three Max Ernst "Muppet Show" pieces dawdled, with their silly grins, one artist contrived a makeshift funicular: a pair of children would climb aboard a narrow seat, get strapped in, and then fly about two hundred metres swooshingly across the lake and down to the platform at the other side. One artist bought an old schooner, sliced it in half across the middle, and mounted the two ends deck to deck, prow and stern to the sky,

L.L.Bean®



Stretch Corduroy Jeans
(For Men and Women)
$27.00

Exceptionally comfortable three season jeans for outdoor sports or casual wear. Made of 81% cotton, 14% polyester, 5% Lycra® spandex. This 10½ oz. midwale corduroy fabric stretches vertically as you move then returns to its original shape. Five pocket jean styling. Bar tacking at stress points. Zippered fly front. Two colors: Silver Gray. Taupe. Men's even waist sizes: 30 to 44 plus 31 and 33. Inseams: 30", 32", 34". Women's sizes: 6 to 18. Inseam: 34".

Please Ship Postage Paid 100% Guarantee
____#2835W Men's Taupe Jeans @ $27.00
Size________Inseam________
____#2834W Men's Silver Gray Jeans @ $27.00
Size________Inseam________
____#4546W Women's Jeans @ $27.00
Size________Color________

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express
Card #________________Exp. Date________
Name________________________
Address________________________
City____________State______Zip________
L. L. Bean, Inc., 849 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

Which of these languages would you like to speak?

Mark the one you want to speak in 2 or 3 months' time

American English ☐
Arabic ☐
Chinese ☐
Danish ☐
Dutch ☐
French ☐
German ☐
Greek (Modern) ☐
Hebrew (Modern) ☐
Irish ☐
Italian ☐
Japanese ☐
Norwegian ☐
Polish ☐
Portuguese ☐
Russian ☐
Spanish ☐
Swedish ☐

A Linguaphone Course makes you feel at home in almost any country. You'll never miss the meaning of conversations or be at a loss for words.

- World famous over 4 million Linguaphone students in 88 countries speak a second language FLUENTLY.
- Proven learning success. You LISTEN to real conversations on cassettes...UNDERSTAND what you hear by following illustrated textbooks... HOLD CONVERSATIONS with the speakers.
- Linguaphone Institute established nearly 60 years, a Division of Westinghouse Learning
- You learn faster and at less cost
- Comprehensive - Basic and Intermediate instruction ALL IN ONE COURSE.
- You develop an authentic accent.
- Money-Back Guarantee. Linguaphone Courses are unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for four weeks. If you're not completely satisfied, return it for a full refund. There's no risk and no obligation, so order today!

Linguaphone The Language Masters

NO RISK GUARANTEE — 28 DAY FREE TRIAL

F.N.I., Inc. Dept. 108 313 Nolana Avenue McAllen, Texas 78501 (512) 687-4273

Please send me the complete course (comprehensive – basic and intermediate). 30 lessons on cassettes and three books. $125.00 postpaid.

☐ Check enclosed. Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard
Acct. # ____________ Expires ________
Name (please print) ________________
Street ________________
City __________ State ______ Zip ______
Signature ________________

along the shore, where they became a striking clubhouse. There was a thrillingly steep, bumpy slide, and all kinds of tree houses and hammocks. One artist contrived a soft, red, womblike room, and another made a shallow straw bowl with an enormous wooden spoon; small children seemed to love to climb into the hollow of the spoon and sit. Suspended above the ground there were narrow platforms on which children could stretch out and flap large goose wings hinged to the structures. In another corner of the woods lay a moss-covered Volkswagen Beetle.

The show's success was tremendous, but so was the opposition it aroused from the neighboring church. Jensen walked me around the now silent lake, parted some branches, and showed me the site of the difficulty. On the other side of a chain-link fence dividing the museum's grounds from those of the church lies a section of the church's graveyard. "They were very upset, because they claimed the noise of our children having all this fun was, in their words, 'disturbing the sleep of the dead,' " Jensen explained. "There was a big polemic. One man even filed a petition with the ministry of church affairs to have his wife unearthed and her casket moved so 'she could get some peace.' I don't know. If I'd been in her position, I tend to think I would have enjoyed the company. But it presented us with a big problem, and we didn't know quite what to do. My friend the artist Pierre Alechinsky heard about the controversy and cabled me, 'Don't give in unless you hear from the dead themselves, preferably in writing.' Well, we didn't hear from the dead, but I decided that for the present, anyway, for the sake of peace among the living, it was probably better to close off the area." As we walked back toward the museum, however, climbing alongside the tumbling slide, Jensen paused, a gleam in his eye, and said, "Don't you think it would be great to invite Niki de Saint-Phalle and Jean Tinguely up here to make a huge serpent with this slide as its open mouth? The serpent's body could coil around underneath the Giacometti room, and the children, digested, could come out eventually over there on the other side. I'm going to have to ask them."

IF Jensen's previous record with artists is any indication, Tinguely and Saint-Phalle will very likely be delighted to coöperate. Archeological shows and children's summers may explain some of Louisiana's popularity among its public, but it takes the contagious enthusiasm that Jensen brings to his relationships with artists to account for the remarkable quality of his museum's holdings in modern art. Jensen is not nearly as wealthy as many museum patrons in the United States and in Europe, yet his collection ranks among the most distinctive and distinguished in Europe. "He came to my studio several months ago with the intention of buying one painting," the noted Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman told me recently. "But he was so lively, so interested, so delightfully involved that being with him was like being near a fire of enthusiasm. He is a man of love. He radiates passion about art. I got so caught up that I found myself lowering prices, giving him other pieces outright. He ended up leaving with four works!"

Pierre Alechinsky, the Belgian-born master, who has donated an extraordinary canvas entitled "Le Doute" to Louisiana, describes Jensen as "*un conservateur de foudre*," a lightning-like curator. Morris Louis's widow, Marcella Brenner, was instrumental in seeing to it that Jensen was able to secure three—the magic three—large paintings by her late husband. Henry Moore and Alexander Calder, Naum Gabo and Sam Francis—the list seems endless—have all responded to Jensen's charm. He has countless stories of his relationships with artists. Perhaps the story of his friendship with Giacometti can suggest their tenor. "In 1965, the year before his death, Giacometti was having a retrospective at the Tate Gallery, in London," Jensen told me. "I wrote to him out of nowhere and asked him whether he would allow the show to travel to Louisiana—several letters, actually, but no reply. Finally, on the eve of the Tate show's opening, I flew down to London to see him. I found him in the galleries, applying finishing touches to some of the sculptures; in fact, he was daubing some of the bronzes with little flecks of colored paint. I went up to him and introduced myself. 'Ah, yes,' he said. 'You are the Dane. Absolutely out of the question.' He looked at my face and I must have looked crestfallen, because he said, 'Oh dear, let's go to the cafeteria and at least have some tea.' Well, this tea lasted three hours. We began telling very black-humored stories—especially about cannibalism. For some reason, Giacometti was fascinated by cannibalism. He felt that Holy Communion was a cannibalistic rite. A Tate man who had joined us felt that human flesh would not be so tasty, except maybe plump little children. I told a story I'd recently read about a fine Berlin burgher who killed his wife and then canned her mortal remains, which he took to eating at his leisure. After a few weeks, he was arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to prison, but they never located the body. In prison, he complained to the guard about the food and asked him, wouldn't he please go to his house and bring back some of the cans he had stored in the cupboard there? We were all laughing and having a very good time. All of a sudden, Alberto tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Of course you shall have the show. No problem.'

"Later that year, I invited him to come up and see our installation of the show. He didn't travel much and he had a fear of flying. He once took a five-day boat trip to spend five days in New York City, and then took five days sailing back. He had intended to place three figures in the Chase Manhattan Plaza, but when he saw the scale of Manhattan he felt he couldn't compete. We've since acquired those three pieces—the standing woman, the walking man, and the large head—and they're in our special Giacometti room, with the lake as backdrop. I like to think he'd be pleased. Anyway, he came up by train. We, of course, invited him to stay in the converted boathouse down by the shore where we always put up our visiting artists. But he declined. He preferred to stay in a hotel in the harbor district of Copenhagen, where he could stay up late and trade stories with the sailors. When he came out to Louisiana, we were very proud. The show consisted of over one hundred and seventy-five pieces—it was quite remarkable. We'd taken a great deal of care in installing them, and we were eager to get his response. Well, he went up to the first piece and stared at it fixedly for some moments, then shook his head and muttered, '*Ah, c'est terrible, c'est moche.*' He went on to the next one—same thing. Every few pieces, he'd grumble, '*Affreux, c'est bête.*' It was quite shocking to see how depressed and disgusted he was by everything he'd ever done. I remember thinking, Why does he become so masochistic? But it continued from one room to the next—terrible curses, and not a word about the installation or anything. Eventually, we came back round to the beginning, and it was as if he went through a catharsis. Suddenly, he smiled and brightened. He launched out again, going from room to room, praising the installation and the lighting, commenting on the fine choice of groupings and the beauty of the site. It was an unbelievable transformation.

"A few months later, I had occasion to visit him in his tiny workshop in Montparnasse. He lived the life of a bohemian, yet he was tremendously disciplined. It was said that he kept his money in a little box under his bed. In the evening, he took me on a walk and told me stories. Eventually, we ended up at La Coupole, the huge restaurant, which must have been one of his favorites—the waiters called him Monsieur Alberto. At another table were seated Sartre and Beauvoir; I didn't try to engage them in any conversation—I didn't want to bother them, although I am their publisher here in Denmark. Alberto, meanwhile, continued to hold me spellbound with his stories. He told me about one time when Stravinsky called and asked whether it would be all right if he dropped by for a visit. Giacometti had said, 'Of course,' although he'd never really had any relations with the man and couldn't imagine what he wanted. Presently, there was a knock on the door, and it was Stravinsky's chauffeur, saying that the Maestro was outside, waiting for him in his limousine. Giacometti emerged from his studio and was expansively greeted by Stravinsky, all this being captured for posterity on film by two busy cameramen. Apparently, they were making a documentary about Stravinsky, and he thought it would be impressive to be seen with Giacometti.

"Later that evening—it must have been getting on to two or three, and the tired waiters were nodding sleepily but indulgently in the corner—Alberto told me about a time some years earlier when he'd been commissioned to draw a portrait of Matisse as a study for a commemorative medallion. Matisse was old and virtually paralyzed, but very patient and supportive. At one point, he asked to see the drawings. Giacometti, handing them over, sighed and said, 'It's very difficult to draw.' 'Yes,' Alberto said Matisse replied. 'Yes, it's the most difficult of all.' Two of the finest draftsmen of our century talking to each other like that! Imagine!

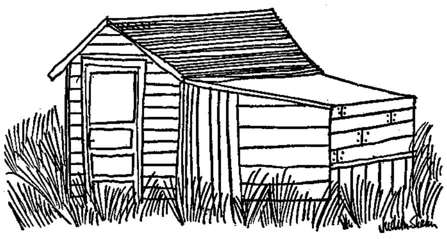
"Alberto was tremendously generous. Later during that trip, I mentioned that it was a great dream of ours to be able someday to buy a particular group of his figures, but that we didn't yet have enough money. 'How much do you have?' he asked. I told him. 'Oh, that's enough,' he said." Jensen paused for a moment, then added, "And within two months he was dead. That was the last time I saw him. He died early. He was not at all a man who had finished telling the world what he thought of it."

ONE day, I asked Hans Erik Wallin, Jensen's associate, what he thought Louisiana would be like in twenty years.

"Oh," he assured me, "Knud will still be running it, and no doubt as he's running it today—with more energy than any of the rest of us. He's like Titian, who ran his studio until he was almost ninety. If it hadn't been for the plague, he'd still be with us, and, knowing how Knud relates to artists, he'd probably be right here."

"I don't care about my obituary," Jensen said one afternoon. "I'm just interested in having a good time while I'm here. Everything I've done, I've done for fun, for my own satisfaction. Anyway, you can't enjoy good notices when you're in your urn." After a moment's consideration, he went on, "Besides, I couldn't help myself. Peter Brook, the great stage director, once said something to the effect that 'there is no deep, inevitable need for theatre on the part of society. If theatre completely disappeared, it would take weeks for most people to notice. No, theatre exists because there are a number of individual people who could not survive without making theatre.' I think it's the same with museums and museum people."

MY visit was coming to a close, and Jensen was in uncharacteristically low spirits. He'd spent the morning in a meeting with the board of the Louisiana Foundation. During the last several years, Louisiana has finally been receiving support from the Danish state and from greater Copenhagen, as well as from some important groups, including the New Carlsberg Foundation, the philanthropic trust that owns the beer company, and the Augustinus Foundation, which distributes grants on behalf of the family of Peter Augustinus, a Danish philanthropist. This meeting of the board had been called to consider plans for 1982, a year that would see the opening, in September, of the huge new south wing as a site for perpetual display of Louisiana's permanent collection—a wing that was entirely financed by the Augustinus Foundation. "Oh," Jensen remarked, with a sigh, "sometimes it takes herculean strength to maintain the optimism of my board. The next year will be crucially important. The opening of the new wing will be a major test; the eyes of the museum world will be upon us. We're just a small museum in a small country in an increasingly competitive art world. In the last ten years, at least a dozen new contemporary museums have opened up in the United States, a similar number in Japan and West Germany—and that's not even counting the big boys—all of us competing for the same limited pool of masterworks. It's very difficult, but you've got to take risks; we especially have to make a stretch right now—to risk a major gesture. The board is being very careful, which is good—I am reminded of a Danish proverb, 'Ideas need wings, but they must have feet to walk on'—but it is also somewhat exhausting. You see, I am also reminded of a story about our Danish Prince Christian Frederik. In 1814, after Denmark had ended up on the wrong side in one of the Napoleonic Wars and had gone bankrupt, Christian Frederik's advisers came to him with a proposal to close the Royal Academy of Fine Arts as an austerity measure. He refused to do so. 'Poor and miserable we certainly are,' he declared. 'Now, let's get silly, too, so that we can just be done altogether with this business of being a state.' And that academy is there to this day." After a moment's reflection, Jensen continued, "Actually, now that I think of it, my board isn't at all like the prince's advisers. I mean, look, here in this time of economic crisis, we are going ahead with a building program that will double our size, and the board has been extremely coöperative. Sometimes I just get anxious."



In the hall a few minutes later, I passed Børge Hansen, the former Ford dealer who has been Louisiana's business manager since the early seventies.

("I told Knud I didn't know a thing about art. 'I'll stick to the figures and leave the art to you,' I said, and that's how it's been. I go around tending to all the practical matters Knud leaves in his wake.") I asked Hansen about the meeting. "Oh, it went fine," he assured me. "Knud's a little frustrated, but he's always frustrated after these meetings. Face it: Knud is always going to be at least two steps ahead of the rest of us."

"I have a veritable portfolio of snapshots of Knud taken from behind as he's racing off somewhere," said Sanne Bertram, Jensen's stepdaughter, the next day, as she drove me out to the airport. Miss Bertram is in her early thirties and the two are quite fond of each other. In addition to being an accomplished photographer, she is completing graduate studies in Spanish. "I remember one time in particular," she continued. "Knud and Vivi and I were on our way to see Alexander Calder, at his home in Saché, France. This was to be the culmination of two years of extremely delicate preparations—contacts, correspondence, courtship, tentative queries, and so forth. We'd flown into Paris, and everything was going to hinge on a series of very tight connections—taxi and train. We were desperately late, and the taxi had got caught in a traffic jam. Knud was pleading with the driver to please, please, hurry. The passenger compartment was stinking up with the smell of this large, smoked Danish salmon that Knud was bringing, along with a bottle of homemade schnapps, as a love offering. Finally, we reached the station just as the train was scheduled to leave. I have this vivid, vivid memory of Knud racing up ahead, careering through the crowd, the salmon flopping under one arm, the schnapps splashing beneath the other, Vivi and I in hot pursuit. It was so tense, so nearly tragic, and yet simultaneously so hilarious. And the wonderful thing is how Knud realized this, too. How, once we'd made it onto the train—it was pulling out just as we boarded—and into our little compartment, he started laughing uproariously, as if to say, 'How silly! It doesn't matter. What do I care?' When, of course, he cared immensely."

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

•

RTE. 47 RESIDENTS OPPOSE WORK
—*Northampton (Mass.) Daily Hampshire Gazette.*

They're not alone.

Christian
Dior
Sportswear
in
merino
extrafine
wool
100% PURE WOOL
Anglo Fabrics
AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

JAZZ

Ornette

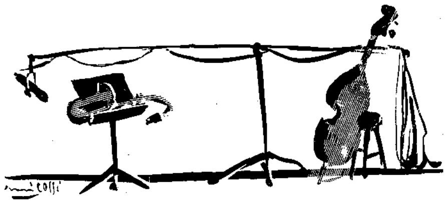
FEW twentieth-century innovators have got in their own way as often as Ornette Coleman, the composer, saxophonist, trumpeter, and violinist. When Coleman opened with his quartet—Don Cherry on pocket trumpet, Coleman on plastic alto saxophone, Charlie Haden on bass, Billy Higgins on drums—at the original Five Spot, on Cooper Square, in the fall of 1959, he became an immediate sensation, and he split the hip New York musical community in two. His detractors (John Hammond, Miles Davis, Charles Mingus) said he was a charlatan and a bore, and his admirers (Gunther Schuller, Martin Williams, Leonard Bernstein) said he was a genius who would forever alter improvisatory music. But by 1962 Coleman, who had come from almost complete obscurity in California, had dropped out of sight, and he has reappeared only rarely. He has worked only about ten times in New York night clubs since then, and he has given roughly the same number of concerts. His recording career has been equally fitful. He issued nothing between 1961 and 1965, and very little between 1969 and 1975; only a handful of records have appeared since. He is a stubborn and brilliant visionary and a man of great integrity, and, paradoxically, these attributes have hobbled him. He quickly decided that many New York club owners and recording executives were greedy, shortsighted, racist, and tin-eared, and that they were not willing to pay him what he had been led to believe he was worth. (He once said, "Being poor is not because money doesn't exist and being rich doesn't mean you know everything. But in America art has more to do with the reproductions and selling than with the art itself. That's one reason why musicians are crazy and painters are crazy when it comes to what they think they're worth.") Coleman countered this seeming mean-mindedness by asking for phenomenal sums for night-club dates and recording sessions, and when he was turned down he shrugged and went underground. Coleman talks and writes the way he plays. He uses straightforward English words, but he arranges them in unique, sometimes incomprehensible ways. He has invented his own R. P. Blackmur language, and it is abstract, aphoristic, poetic, philosophical, comic, and nonsensical. Coleman recently gave an interview to the jazz critic Leonard Feather, and in it he said:

> In America you can know exactly who you would like to pattern yourself after and what you'd like to do, but the moment you find something you can do that outdates that—or even to make it better, so to speak—it's no longer the same idea anymore, it's a different thing. And every person that challenges the heart of modern expression is going to come up with that problem. I guess it must be a healthy problem. It could be even more healthy if a solution could be made where every person could express his consciousness to its fullest without outdating the particular information he's gotten to do that—or to enhance it. The world would be ten times more productive.

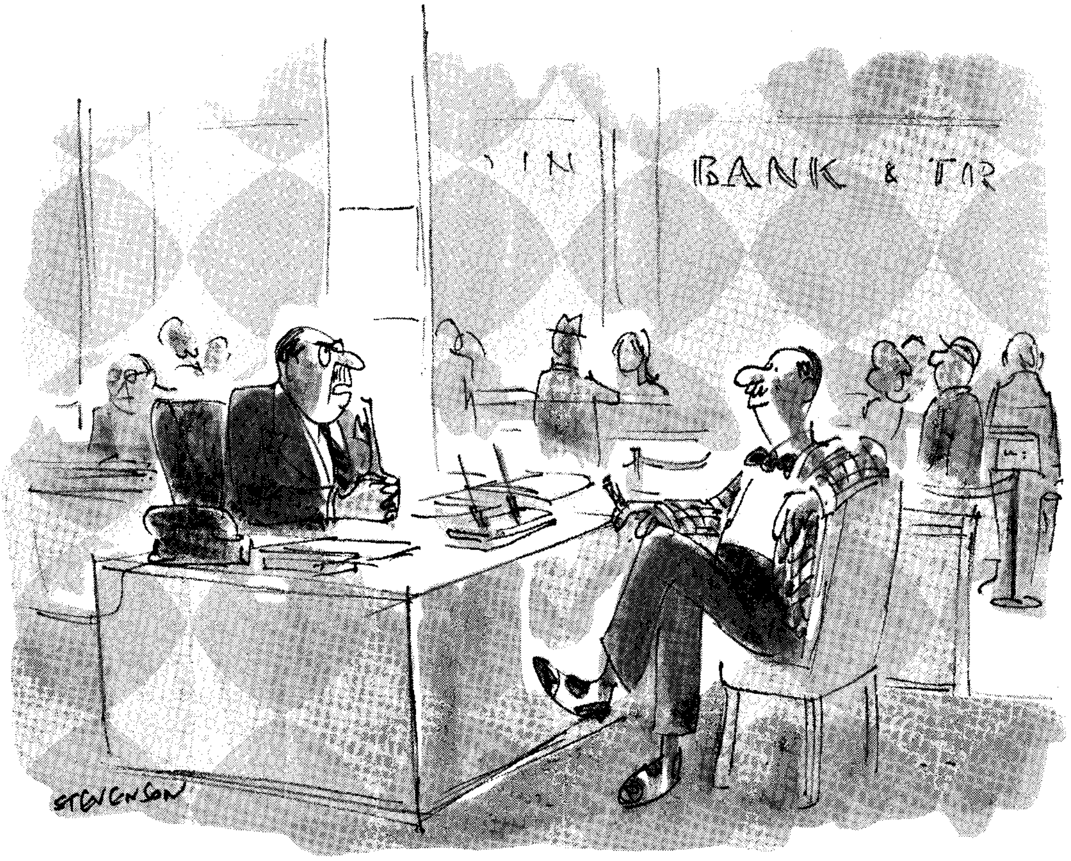
Four years ago, he wrote these liner notes for his "Body Meta" album:

What you should never know is to never find out you shouldn't.
If you can read or write and you don't write or read why?
What face would you like for a race other than your own we all don't care if its on money when their is no food home job and no one cares.
Systems are number by system to provide us a chance to change them during one's own life time.
Death wealth knowledge poverty are all you got to change not the people.
No army wears a different uniform.
A woman loves from within and without news, heard, printed, she is called mother.
The most emotional separation is done by the mating of the genders.
Fear of fears in the ears eyes lies dead in the head from unknown strangers.
Their are endless ways to take but their is only one way to give and that is in person.
The pop. of the earth will never be at the same place at the same time so what do we mean when we say the end of the world?
Body Meta.

Coleman talks about his life more clearly than he talks about his philosophy or his music. (He has written an unpublished book of musical theory, of which his friend John Snyder, who is a lawyer, record producer, and former trumpet player, has said, "I've worked on the manuscript for hours, for days, with Ornette, but it just doesn't read. The pages won't follow.") He doesn't like to dwell on his early days. He was raised in poverty, and his iconoclasm, which crystallized in his teens, brought him abuse and pain. He has said of those days, "I was born March 9, 1930, in Fort Worth, Texas, which is about thirty miles from Dallas. I grew up with my mother, Rosa, who died in 1976, and my sister Truvenza, who lives in Fort Worth and is a singer. My other sister was killed in an automobile accident when she was seventeen. My father's name was Randolph. He died when I was seven. I remember sitting on his lap. He was tall and very dark. I've heard since that he could sing and that he played baseball. Also that he was a construction worker and a cook. My father and mother were both born on December 25th, and I think they were from Hearne, Texas. My mother was tall and dark and very strict. She was religious-like, and she didn't smoke or drink or go to night clubs or movies. She only heard me play once—in a concert in 1966—and whenever I went home there would be the records of mine I had sent her, unopened. She'd say, 'Your records are here.' I think she did something like selling Avon products, because I recall my sister taking me to a black woman's house in the ghetto. She had a school in her house, and I played with blocks. I was about two, and it cost twenty-five cents a day. But often we didn't have any money, and I'd go without food.



"I went to two different schools—both black, and both very good and strict. A teacher spanked me once because I told her she was wrong. But I was right, and I believe that to this day. I learned quickly in school that all you had to know was the answers. I also learned that once you found out what you should know you didn't have to be there every day. I had to walk about three miles over a lot of train tracks to my first school, and I'd get tired, and some days I'd never make it. When my mother found out, she near beat me to death. I used to dream of being an adult. I'd see myself as an adult, but I could never see *what* I would be. In high school, I played football, and I liked running. I got my collarbone broke playing football, and it took a long time to heal. When I was in the eleventh grade, my mother bought me an alto saxophone with money I had saved. I taught myself to read, and joined a church band of twenty or twenty-five people. We went to different churches in Texas, and played for conventions. It was a marching band, an 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' band. The only other music I knew about was rhythm and blues. So I was amazed when I heard Lester Young at a jam session in Fort Worth. They were playing show tunes, and they all had this 'bridge' in the middle, which the blues didn't have. So I set out to learn popular songs. But to make a living you had to play rhythm and blues. I got a tenor saxophone and played R. & B., doing all that leaning backward and jumping on tabletops, and that sort of showmanship. I had my own band when I was seventeen. I copied things off the radio, off records. I learned the white repertory, the Mexican repertory, the black repertory. White people liked 'Star Dust,' black people liked 'Flyin' Home.' I would buy sheet music and teach songs to the band. We learned things like Pete Johnson's recording of '627 Stomp.' The alto solo on that first made me want to play the saxophone. One of the people in my band was an alto player named Ben Martin. I liked him better than Charlie Parker. He could play very, very beautiful. He made me cry like a baby, he was so beautiful. He was a cross between Jimmy Dorsey and Charlie Parker.



"If you wish to open an account, sir, by all means do so, and let those of us in management concern ourselves with whether or not this institution might—as you put it—'fold.'"

"I graduated from high school in the late forties, and I got offers for scholarships to black colleges. I went to one meeting at Samuel Huston College, in Austin, but they were too snobby for me, even though I'd heard they had a very good band. I was already supporting my mother and sister, making a hundred dollars a week. Then a minstrel show, 'Silas Green from New Orleans,' came through Fort Worth, and I auditioned and got a job. I told my mother I was going to Dallas. We ended up in Natchez, where I got fired. Then I went to New Orleans and on to Baton Rouge. I guess I looked like a Christ-saves person. I was a vegetarian and religious, and I had a beard and long hair. By this time, I was with a rhythm-and-blues band, and when we finished a dance in Baton Rouge a man told me someone wanted to see me outside. I went out, and there were all these guys. I guess they didn't like my clothes or my hair. One kicked me in the stomach and one in the back. They kicked me and beat me, and took my tenor and threw it as far as they could. I blacked out, and when I came to I went to the police, and the policeman said, 'Nigger, if you don't get outa here, we're going to finish you off.' I went back to New Orleans, where my friend Melvin Lastie loaned me an alto saxophone that belonged to his brother, and I went home and started playing the alto again."

When he was nineteen, Coleman went to Los Angeles with Pee Wee Crayton's rhythm-and-blues band, and he stayed for most of the next ten years. His unique playing, already formed, alienated club owners and other musicians, and he found little work. He even had trouble sitting in. The tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon ordered him off the bandstand, and when he attempted to play with the Clifford Brown–Max Roach band the rhythm section packed up. (He never got a chance to play with Charlie Parker, but he heard him at the Tiffany Club in Los Angeles, and decided that he sounded better on records than in the flesh.) Eventually, Coleman found musicians who could hear what he was doing, and many of them are still part of his life—Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, Billy Higgins, the trumpeter Bobby Bradford, and the drummer Ed Blackwell. In 1958, the late Lester Koenig, who owned Contemporary Records, recorded Coleman, and not long after that John Lewis, the leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet, heard Coleman play in San Francisco. Lewis was enormously impressed, and told Nesuhi Ertegun, of Atlantic Records, about him. Ertegun recorded Coleman in California, and was largely responsible for Coleman's début at the Five Spot. But weak glue held all this together. Coleman kept himself alive in Los Angeles by working as a babysitter, a porter, an elevator operator, and a stock clerk. He gave blood at four dollars a pint, and sometimes he survived on canned goods sent by his mother. Other times, he roamed the streets and had nothing to eat. He wore his hair in a croqui-

HOW DOES OUR GARDEN GO?

© 1982

Without a care! Easy to pack, easy to wash, it's from Travel-Lite by Boutique in a polyester posy print on white. P-S-M-L sizes. Zip-front float $49. Long easy-fit gown $34. By mail please include correct tax. $2.50 handling outside NY delivery area.

Elizabeth Arden
THE SALON
691 Fifth Ave., NY 10022 ■ (212) 407-7990
Elizabeth Arden • American Express • Visa • Diners Club
MasterCard • Please include charge number

gnole, and he dressed in homemade clothes. He told Leonard Feather, "I'd go out to the San Fernando Valley and sit in with, say, Gerry Mulligan. I was staying in Watts then, and I'd have to hitchhike home. And, every time, the cops would stop me, make me assemble my horn and play it to prove it was mine. Only because I'd be coming out of territory where they wouldn't expect a black person to be." Coleman was married in 1954 and had a son, Denardo, who is a drummer. He is also, Coleman says, the best thing that happened to him in California.

Coleman is a compact, medium-sized man with a strong, gentle, handsome face. His smile is lopsided and boyish. He wears his hair in a short Afro, and various beards and mustaches periodically advance and retreat. He has the even, enclosed air of someone at peace with himself and with the world, whether he can control it or not. His voice is quiet and in the middle range, and he talks in a muffled, hesitant way. His hands are stubby and his feet are small. His friend John Snyder has studied him closely. "Ornette has a total range of face," he has said. "Sometimes the wrinkles fall off, and his face becomes tight, like a kid's. Sometimes he's all wrinkles, and he makes you feel beat, he makes you feel the worst you've ever felt. He's a magnificent dresser. When he performs, he wears specially made silk suits, but he doesn't like people looking at him. If I were to tell him that one reason people do look at him is his clothes, he'd start wearing black. Ornette is sharp in other ways. A lot of people are marble-eyed—they don't see anything. Ornette looks right inside your head. He has told me things about myself that I simply could not buy but that later turned out to be absolutely true. He is also the most generous person I've ever met. He may not say sorry or thank you, but he'll give you anything. He'll pick up a derelict, take him home, clean him up, and feed him—and not get upset when the guy walks off with something. His generosity makes *you* generous. If he called today and asked would I peddle his new tape for half a million dollars, I'd do it. And he inspires you. I've sat down and written poems after being with Ornette. You can hear Ornette's goodness in his music, and he is unfailingly kind the way he goes about it. I was a trumpeter for many years, and once he wrote out a little melodic line for me that I just couldn't get. So he played it and told me to play it with him, and I did, and it was like he was literally pulling that line out of me. His new group, Prime Time, is made up of a Buddhist, a Muslim, a punk-rocker, and his son, Denardo. He has lived with them, spent years teaching them. He's had trouble with all of them, but he's stuck by them, and now they can do anything he wants.

"Ornette's music, which is supposed to be so free, is closely organized, but his personal life, which should be organized, is chaotic. He doesn't sleep much—maybe four or five hours at a time—and his hours are anything that comes. He doesn't seem to mind where he lives. He's had cold-water flats all over the Bowery. He lived in the Century Paramount Hotel, in midtown, for half a year. He lived in a room in my office a year. I had told him he needed a place to conduct business in, and I put shelves and a desk in a back room, and next I knew he was living there. I'd take him to look at apartments, but he was never interested. He wanted a building. He had two floors that he bought in the late sixties in a loft building on Prince Street, but the rest of the tenants finally forced him out. He had turned the bottom floor into a combination night club, recording studio, rehearsal hall, and meeting place for sympathetic musicians. Some pretty loud music was played there at all hours, and Ornette simply did not understand when his neighbors got sore. To this day, he blames their evicting him on racism.

"There is a myth about how Ornette has never made any money—that he starves. Well, sometimes he *doesn't* have any money and *is* hungry, but he's made considerable sums, usually from recording contracts. He always asks top dollar. He figures that when he plays he gives a hundred per cent and the record company should give a hundred per cent, and he's absolutely right. Once, in Paris, he was invited to accompany a French ballad singer on a recording, and he said, 'O.K., but you'll have to pay me.' They asked how much. 'Ten thousand dollars,' Ornette said. Well, they

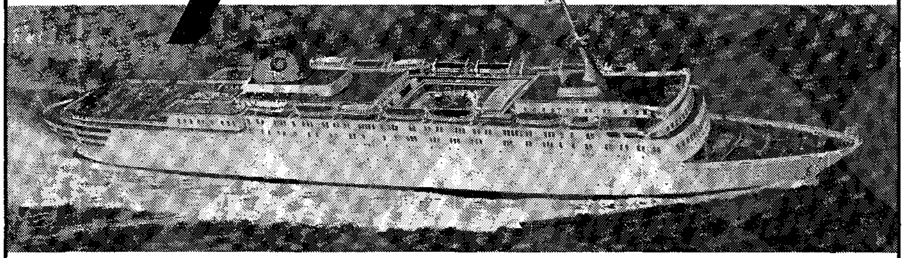
Sabra Segal

paid him, by God! Sometimes the sums he asks for enrage people. When I was handling his affairs, we dickered with one of the major labels. Ornette wanted three hundred thousand dollars. His reasoning was that there were at least a hundred countries in the world and each one would buy three thousand records—as easy as that. This gent from the record company called me up after we had given them the price, and he said some pretty horrible things. Of course, the joke is that Ornette has given away most of the money he's made."

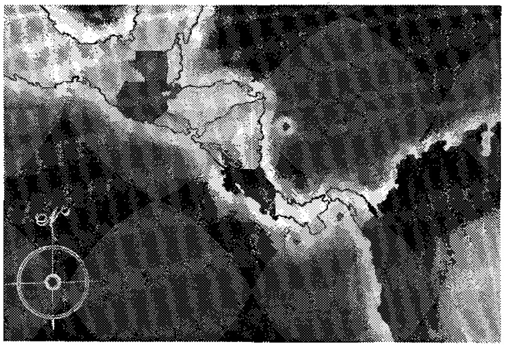
COLEMAN'S music involves the melodies he writes, the instrumentation he sets them in, and his own playing. His melodies are in odd lengths and shapes, and are distinguished for their lyrical beauty, which is often dirgelike, and for their sheer graceful irregularity. Clear in all he writes is the influence of Thelonious Monk, who admired Duke Ellington. Coleman generally works with a group made up of trumpet, bass, drums, and his alto saxophone. Sometimes he substitutes a tenor saxophone for the trumpet, and sometimes he plays with just bass and drums. He has also worked with (and written for) a string quartet, a woodwind quintet, and a symphony orchestra. In the mid-seventies, he began experimenting with Prime Time, a totally original fusion group made up of two guitarists, a Fender bassist, and one or two drummers. Coleman's playing springs from Charlie Parker. (He has taught himself to play highly creditable trumpet and somewhat jarring left-handed violin.) His light, voicelike tone and timbre are similar to Parker's, and so are his fleecy runs and sudden rhythmic stops and starts. But Coleman uses almost no vibrato, and his melodic concept is far freer than Parker's. When he improvises, he dances around outside the harmonic and rhythmic cage that Parker eventually locked himself into. He has cast aside chords and keys and harmony and conventional tonality. His solos slide from key to key, and he uses non-tempered notes. ("The tempered sound and the non-tempered sound are going to join together someday," he has said, "and it's going to be beautiful.") His time changes continually—from a four-four beat to double time to an irregular legato to a floating, disembodied time. At first hearing, Coleman's music sounds obscure and perverse, as if he were deliberately

Next Winter's
Most Exciting Cruises

The All-New
M/V ATLANTIC
33,800 tons



Meets
THE PACIFIC



17-Day Panama Canal Cruises

Sail in wonder through a man-made 50-mile passageway cut thru jungles and mountains, with colossal locks lifting and lowering your ship from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Choose from 2 varied 17-day itineraries that include the Mexican Riviera, South America and exciting Caribbean ports. Or combine both for a 35-day cruise with the ship as your hotel for 2 days and 1 night in Los Angeles.

The new ATLANTIC is outstanding, too. The largest Lido Deck afloat with an outdoor pool and an all-weather Magrodome pool with retractable roof. 23 beautiful public rooms. Fully a third of the accommodations are Cabins Deluxe with sitting room and bedroom. Liberian Registry.

Feb. 12, 1983 - 17 Days - Florida to California
Mar. 2, 1983 - 17 Days - California to Florida
Feb. 12 to Mar. 19, 1983 - 35 Days - Florida to California and return

Florida departure from Fort Lauderdale/Port Everglades
California departure from Los Angeles

And You Fly Free Both Ways Too!

HOME LINES

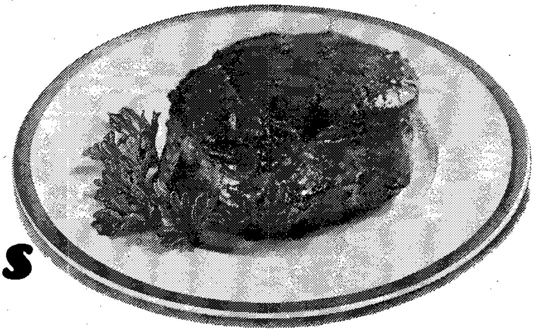
Book Through Your Travel Agent

Home Lines Cruises Inc. One World Trade Center. Suite 3969. N.Y. 10048
Please send your free Panama Canal Cruise Brochure
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________
My Travel Agent is ____________

Unrivalled for Quality Service... Home Lines Famous Italian Personnel N

Omaha Steaks International®

Try a little tenderness



Now there's an easy way to make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness.

Candlelight . . . soft music . . . and . . . magnificient, aged Omaha Steaks. Tender, luscious, corn-fed beef with extraordinary flavor. Perfect.

Experts prepare each filet from the finest tenderloins. Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of the utmost in enjoyment.

Your steaks will arrive frozen in a reusable picnic cooler. We guarantee your complete satisfaction. Order today!

Six 6 oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick (reg. $47.50) $29.50
(plus $3.00 shipping/handling)

Save $18.00! Limit 2 per customer. Valid in 48 states until Sep. 30, 1982.

James Beard, noted food authority, says: "Omaha Steaks are everything I expect a good steak to be."

FREE WITH YOUR ORDER . . . The Omaha Steaks Cookbook, filled with easy-to-follow cooking instruction, helpful storing and serving hints, and recipes by James Beard, World Famous Food Authority. Also, a colorful catalog of gourmet treats with a 10% discount on your first catalog order. **Write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon only.**

Omaha Steaks International®

Use major credit card and

Call Free 1-800-228-9055

In Nebraska phone 0-402-391-3660 collect.

or write to: Dept. 1744, P.O. Box 3300 • Omaha, Nebraska 68103

Community Coffee
Hotel Special Blend
Net Wt. 16oz. (1lb)
Community Coffee
Net Wt. 16oz. (1lb)

SOME COFFEES YOU SAMPLE. OURS, YOU LOVE. That sample costs only $10.50, a remarkable price for a selection of three one-pound packages of one of the world's finest gourmet blends and roasts, Cap Saurage's Community Coffee—a taste that has led three generations of customers to savor and enjoy particularly flavorful lives. We will send you this selection along with our gourmet coffee book, so you may experience the finest Brazilian Santos, Colombian Medellin-Armenia and Mexican Altura coffees: an introduction to the pleasures of different roasts from a subtle light medium to the peak flavor in our dark roasted coffees.

Call Toll Free 800-535-9901 (with your Visa or Master Card number ready) or send $10.50 with your name and address to Community Coffee Company, P.O. Box 3778, Dept. NY13, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70821-3778. Specify choice of whole bean, regular or filter grind.

Community Coffee
BRAND ®

playing flat, in the wrong key, and out of time. But after a while the listener enters his world and dons his logic. Coleman does not improvise on a theme or a set of chords. Instead, he will start from a series of notes, a scale, a rhythmic cluster, an area of pitch, a mood. He seems sometimes to improvise on himself. Coleman's solos at their best are multilayered and hypnotic. They move melodically with such freedom and originality and surprise that they form an independent music. It is also close to a vocal music, for he tries—with a variety of instrumental cries and mutters and moans and whispers—to approximate the human voice. He has shaped the so-called free-jazz movement almost single-handed, but none of its members, whether they admit it or not, approach his high seriousness or his lyricism.

Coleman talks about his music in coherent bursts or in quasi aphorisms that keep spilling over into philosophy. When he first came to New York, he said this about his playing: "My melodic approach is based on phrasing, and my phrasing is an extension of how I hear the intervals and pitch of the tunes I play. There is no end to pitch. You can play flat in tune and sharp in tune. It's a question of vibration. My phrasing is spontaneous, not a style. A style happens when your phrasing hardens. Jazz music is the only music in which the same note can be played night after night but differently each time. It's the hidden things, the subconscious that lies in the body and lets you know: you feel this, you play this." He has also said, " 'Improvising' is an outdated word. I try and play a musical idea that is not being influenced by any previous thing I have played before. You don't have to learn to spell to talk. The theme you play at the start of a number is the territory, and what comes after, which may have very little to do with it, is the adventure. What goes on in my head when I improvise is like human auras. Ideas flow through me the way a child grows. I play the same logic fast or slow. I don't think about feeling, seeing, or thinking. I try to have the player and the listener have the same *sound* experience. I'm not thinking about mood or emotion. Emotion should come *into* you instead of going out. All those things are built into your human fibre. When I first picked up the alto saxophone, I played it the way I thought adults must play it. What I played was not something anybody had heard before, yet it was valid. I'm still doing that. Only, I've had to package it."

John Snyder has said of Coleman's playing, "Ornette would rather compose than perform. He doesn't like performing, but when he does perform he is deadly serious. He doesn't want to just make motions. He doesn't want distractions. He doesn't cover himself with a shell. He's like a sponge. He's quick to pick up the feelings of the musicians around him and to use what he is offered. He talks a lot about 'unisons.' He doesn't mean the unison of two musicians playing the same note at the same time. His unison is any group of notes that suddenly come together and have a purity of sound—a clarity, almost a ringing. He also uses the word 'harmolodic,' which he coined and which is a contraction of the words 'harmony,' 'movement,' and 'melodic.' It's his theory of music, and it has nothing to do with what they teach you in music school. I studied theory, and Ornette's is the opposite of everything they teach you. It's the sound in the instrument. It's the structure he's built around his feelings. You cannot play anything you want with Ornette. It takes the same work—more work, if anything—as playing bebop. You cannot hide in Ornette's music. You have to know his structure. It can be a scale or three notes or a little movement. It can be a tonality, a melody, a feeling, a rhythm. This structure will allow you to play, to reveal yourself on your instrument. I've come to think that about the only way to learn how to play Ornette's music is to study with him every day for seven years. Once learned, his music would free a lot of people. It lets a musician take what he is and make music with it. You go where the improvisation is. It's already there, and you explore it. The prime motivation in Ornette's music is to reach people—even though everything in it seems to indicate the opposite."

—Whitney Balliett

• •

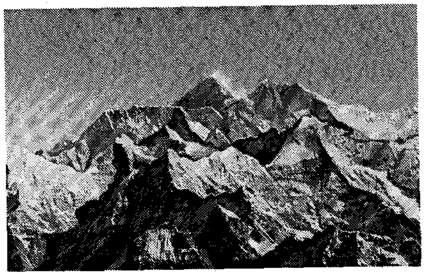
BY-BLOWS

They wake like opening sea anemones,
although none turns into a flower—
wake with their dew, a salt clamminess
on gritty skin, under the pier.
Above them, boards thump, panels unlock,
food machines cough. The gaunt morning moon
(why should they look?) turns blue in the jowl.
From the surf I would watch them climb
the nubbled walk to the library park—
watch the sun accept if not bless them
as they rose, hung over on cough syrup
or pop wine—where bladed cacti filled
with sprinkler water, and certain benches
were somewhat safe. Told to move on,
there was the library, the nook tables
and pillowing books, and after a decent interval
the discreet voice that spoke.

What did my father tell me? About that one
who whirled to face a soaped window
as we passed on the bare avenue?
They blow into town, beg money, blow out again.
But you can imagine the rest of it.
They taste sand every morning, wake
in flannel grayed with their sweat,
touch the tide's cold hem, and smell the sunrise.
Planting their fingertips, they can tell
a story as roundabout as any medieval allegory,
with their damp gunpowder stubble,
their drain-waste of hair,
their air of illegitimate princes
double-crossed by sires and stars.
What we see looking at them is what they see
looking away—the otherness of the moon,
which we feel no urge to correct.

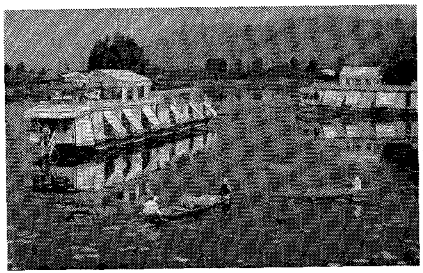
—Mark Jarman

INDIA.
EXPECT THE
UNEXPECTED.



Climb to the top of the world.

Our people are most interesting and most friendly.



Your hotel could be a lovely houseboat.

"Suppose a thousand suns should rise together into the sky: such is the glory of the shape of the infinite."

Bhagavad-Gita

What you expect in India will astonish you. What you have not expected could be a turning point in your life.

Perhaps it will be the massive Konarak Temple, dedicated to the Sun God.

Or the majestic Himalayas.

It might be something as simple as the smiling eyes of our people.

Our fascinating cuisine.

Or that we have the most marvelous places for you to stay.

In India you will find a different world. An unexpected world. See your travel agent.

UNBELIEVABLE
INDIA

NYR-8-30
Please send me information on
Unbelievable India.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City, State, Zip ____________________

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10112 (212) 586-4901
3550 WILSHIRE BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CA. 90010 (213) 380-8855
523 37TH AVE., SAN FRANCISCO, CA. (415) 386-8284
230 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, IL. 60601 (312) 236-6899
POST BOX 342 T.D. CENTRE, TORONTO, CANADA (416) 362-3188
MIAMI, FLA. (305) 944-7039; DALLAS, TEXAS (214) 234-2233

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ISLANDS OF DISENCHANTMENT—I

This big old bus is hot,
My two front tires are shot,
Everybody's bugging me to make a
stop at the flow-hole. . . .
Their bags all weigh a ton,
I'm busting my buns while they're
having all the fun,
But I'm the man that keeps things going.
Yes, I'm the man that keeps on showing
That the spirit of aloha is alive and well,
real swell.
I'm a puka-shell tour guide, driving into
the sunset with people I don't even know.
I'm a puka-shell tour guide, busing camera-
toting tourists to the latest Polynesian show
And places I don't want to go.

MORE than mockery lies behind the verses of Rap Reiplinger, Honolulu's most popular night-club comic. In the tradition of Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce, he matches broad social satire with wit, but when he sings his songs there is a haunting note that is more fundamental than funny. The sardonically sad tunes ring true; one can see him playing out his tour-guide role, sitting alone in the empty bus at dusk holding a dead microphone or a few loose puka shells—small round shells with natural holes in the center which make it possible to string them together—after the passengers disembark.

The bitterness comes out just as sharply from other sources. "ANOTHER CRAPPY DAY IN PARADISE," reads a bright-red sticker pasted on the dashboard of a Samoa-born driver's taxi.

"Is it really that bad?" I ask him.

He turns his head and grins balefully. He is a huge man, like most Samoans, and practically fills the front of the cab. "A friend put it there," he says noncommittally. Minutes later, at the next red light, as tourists, dressed in multicolored shirts and shorts, amble across the intersection, he adds, "Yeah, some days are. Maybe most days."

"How long have you been here?"

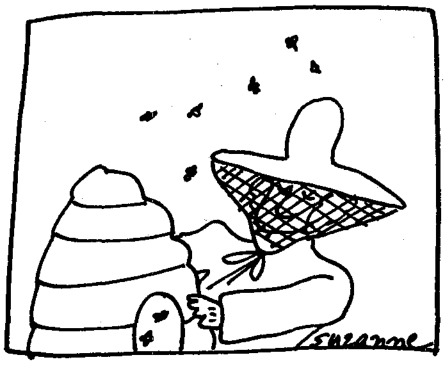
"Five years."

"Do you like it?"

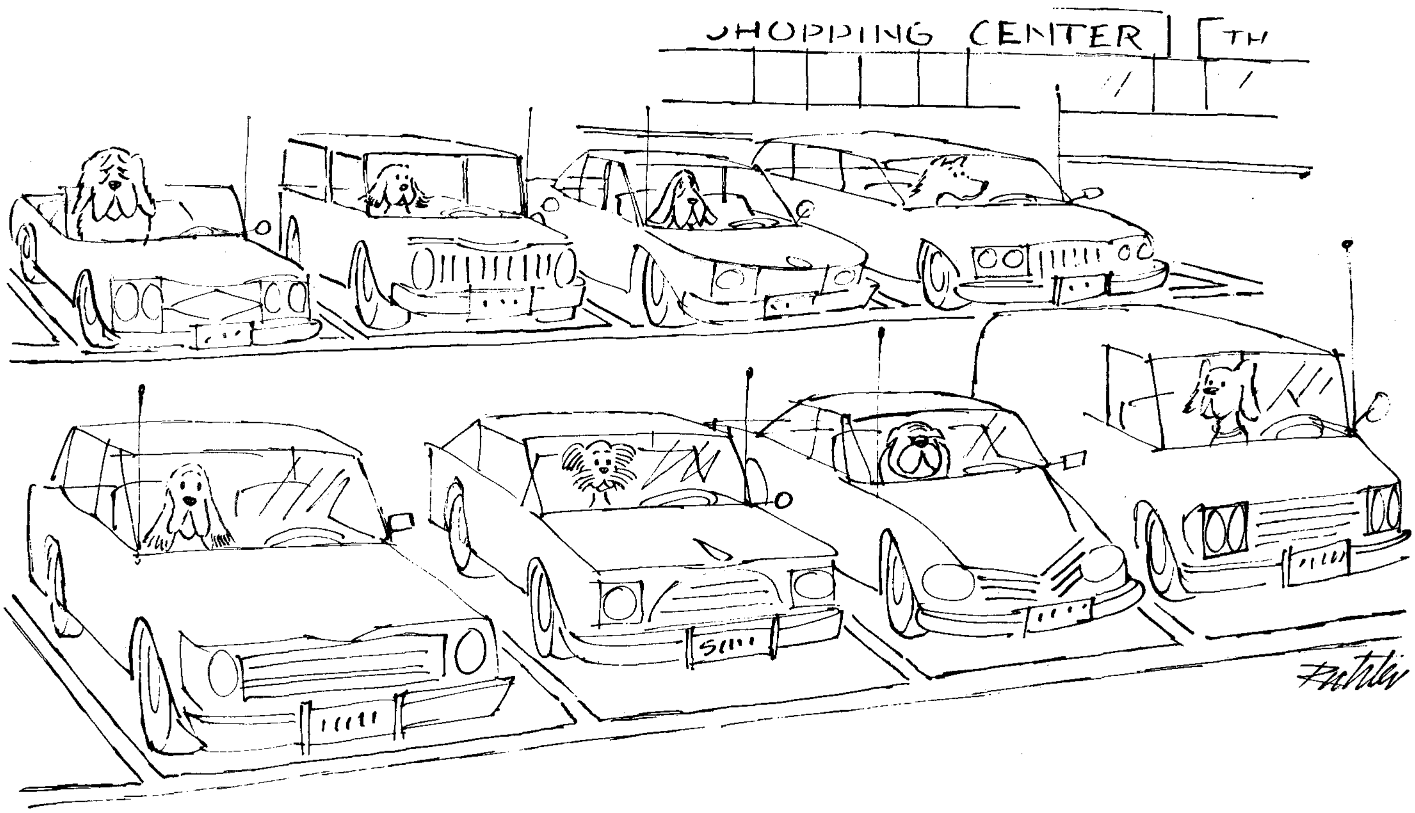
The broad back shrugs. "I come and I go," he says. "When I get fed up here, I go back to Samoa, and when I get fed up there I come back here. I don't know which is worse."

When I return to my room, on the twenty-fourth floor of the Hyatt Regency Hotel, the vermillion sun is about to drop off the horizon beyond Waikiki. The air-conditioning is on high. Untouched *pupu* (hors d'oeuvres), decorated with orchids, stare reproachfully from beneath an oval glass cover. I slide open the lanai doors and look down at the still half-filled beach. There has been a lot of wind lately, and so much loose sand has blown away that the whole beach looks like a cement slab—a sidewalk along which barefoot couples wander, holding hands and dipping their feet in the blue-green water. The last of the native all-day surfers continue to ride their slim boards, their mobile wooden security blankets, over the indolent waves. The brown beachfront slab blends into the colored-concrete vertical piles of some of the fifty-odd hotels crowded onto the seven-tenths of a square mile that is the Waikiki area. To my left, if I stretch my neck, I can just see the promontory of Diamond Head poking up like a dunce cap. Off to the right, partly visible between the buildings, Pearl Harbor lies beneath a low hazy shroud.

"When I went to Kam School, there was nothing here above five stories," Haunani-Kay Trask says. Haunani, an alumna of Kamehameha, one of Hawaii's three top private schools, is a pretty part-Hawaiian woman in her early thirties who is an assistant professor of American studies at the University of Hawaii, and she is an ardent and articulate Hawaiian nationalist. "Now look at it. By the time I graduated, the Ilikai Hotel had been built. That was thirty stories high. We used to ride in the glass elevator, and we thought it would shatter. Boy, if we had known what was coming!" Though Haunani has Caucasian ancestors, she doesn't think much of the haoles—the Hawaiian word for all Caucasians, but usually designating Americans. "Part of me hates the haoles with a passion, part of me doesn't care," she says. "They're just stupid, and I want them to stay away. All these Americans coming over here and talking about culture. High rises, fancy clothes, high-heeled shoes, and freeways—that's what United States culture stands for. It's grotesque. They have no feeling for the fragility of life. Or flora and fauna. I don't feel like killing them—I just want them to leave us alone. Tourism, development, nuclear waste—that's the haole culture. I think I hate America. My parents were colonized; now I'm schizophrenic. All of us are in that position."



TWENTY-THREE years after Hawaii achieved statehood, the political logic and the economic and social benefits of becoming the fiftieth of the United States of America are regarded with growing skepticism by many of its nine hundred and eighty thousand citizens. The vaunted Hawaiian climate is as glorious as ever, and the flowers and vegetation are still indecently lush and refulgent, but the social climate and the economic health of this Pacific-island state are suffering from what eventually besets all paradisiacal communities whose welfare and prosperity depend primarily on tourism. There are never enough tourists, and there are also too many, for the dollars they leave do not compensate for the damage and depredations they wreak on a soft, amorphous society that is struggling to establish or recapture its identity. Hawaii is the only state in the union whose outlook—and whose ancestry—is more Asian than European. That in itself should, or could, be a unique contribution to a nation compounded of generations of immigrants, but the reality doesn't altogether fit the theory. The state's racial tensions and high rate of crime offer fresh proof that not all melting pots melt their components easily, and demonstrate that simple sociological concepts like "cultural pluralism" cannot be so readily applied to a fragmented and intensely competitive group of people operating on the principle of the survival of the fittest. The "fittest" in this case are the Caucasians (slightly more than twenty-six per cent of the population), the Japanese (slightly more than twenty-three per cent), and the Chinese (five per cent), while the "least fit"—that is, those who occupy the lower rungs of the economic ladder—are those of



• •

Hawaiian descent (nineteen per cent, with less than one per cent pure Hawaiian), the Filipinos (eleven per cent), and lesser percentages of blacks and ethnic Koreans, Puerto Ricans, and Samoans. As the ladder has become steeper and shakier, those at the bottom—particularly the traditionally easygoing citizens with Hawaiian blood in their veins, for whom further intermarriage (probably the ultimate historic solution) has not yet provided a way to climb up—have become embittered and prone to violence. Following the long-delayed creation by Congress, two years ago, of a Native Hawaiians Study Commission—whose nine members, including three islanders, were appointed by President Reagan—and the establishment, as a result of a 1978 state constitutional convention, of a new state-run Office of Hawaiian Affairs, both the federal government and the state government have become increasingly aware of the need to satisfy the economic and cultural demands of the descendants of aboriginal inhabitants. As in the case of American Indians and Alaskan Eskimos, the idea of offering the native Hawaiians some kind of compensation for past seizures of land and for other historical deprivations is at least being discussed. But the subtle challenge of resurrecting national pride and affording the native Hawaiians an opportunity to play more important roles in a fractured environment that they instinctively resent and have trouble adjusting to is difficult to meet. Despite the income they produce, the twin bugaboos of tourism and development, and all the profligate promotional trappings that come with them, are precisely what most of these Hawaiians regard as the source of their trouble—as the main reason for the demise of their old Polynesian values and way of life, which date back to their ancestors' migration here, from the Marquesas Islands, sometime between the fourth and the eighth century, and later from Tahiti and other Society Islands. The famous "aloha spirit," implying kindness, harmony, pleasantness, humility, and patience—and, in general, giving and sharing—has been commercialized, like everything else here. As the word "aloha" is used by Hawaiians nowadays to greet visitors at the airport while real or plastic leis are strung around the necks of the newcomers, it has a cynical ring. When the visitors leave, it is to the echo of "Aloha!"s even more hollow and dispirited.

Beyond the frustrations and an inchoate yearning for an irrecoverable past that was bound up with nature—for land to be used only for hunting wild pigs and planting crops, and water only for catching fish—is a rising anger that has lately been given expression by a small but vocal minority of militant Hawaiians like Haunani-Kay Trask. Over the past decade, and especially over the past few years, this minority has campaigned and demonstrated against some of the more egregious development schemes for the eight major Hawaiian islands. During my most recent visit to Hawaii, several of these contests either were in the process of being resolved in the courts or had led the state and county governments to order tougher zoning regulations and take other administrative measures against building plans that were threatening to force poor and lower-middle-class people from their homes to make way for more and more hotels and condominiums. If the militants are still losing more battles than they win, they have succeeded in arousing public opinion against overdevelopment, and even some of the leading developers, among them American and Japanese construction firms, are having second thoughts about the wisdom and profitability of moving ahead so fast with some of their more extravagant schemes. Although it is late in the game to do much about overbuilt and overcrowded Waikiki, a new mayor of Honolulu, Eileen Anderson, who came into office in January, 1981, has taken steps, in conjunction with other city officials and various civic-minded groups and the state legislature, to institute some physical improvements and to clean up

N-M
CHRISTMAS
BOOK
1982
A very well kept secret

The N-M 1982 Christmas Book: The rarest delights of hidden and faraway worlds, searched out and readied for Christmas. There's something for everyone. Reserve your copy now for early October delivery. Send name, address and $3.00 to Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 20, P.O. Box 2968, Dallas, Texas 75221 or apply for a N-M credit card by calling 800-527-5800, (in Texas, 800-492-5510 or in Dallas, 823-7939). We'll charge the $3.00 to your new account.

Neiman-Marcus

Classic Charm

Basin Harbor is a resort
you simply cannot find anywhere else.
Enjoy golf, tennis, sailing, swimming.
Cottages and main lodge offer
unique country charm.
Basin Harbor, Box 8A, Vergennes,
Vermont 05491 or call 802-475-2311.

BASIN HARBOR

A classic resort
on Lake Champlain
Vermont

AN ALLIANCE OF VARIED
COLORS & PRINTS

ALLIANCE EDITIONS
NORTH ADAMS MASSACHUSETTS
01247

the area by cracking down on sidewalk peddlers and on an estimated three hundred prostitutes who roam the streets after dusk and have been responsible for robberies and for peddling drugs as well as sex. The activists have also concentrated on reviving the islanders' interest in historic and cultural attributes of Hawaii, such as the artifacts and archeological sites—tools, shrines, and dwellings—that have been discovered over the past few years on the small island of Kahoolawe, which lies just southwest of the central island of Maui and has long been used as a bombing site and training ground by the Navy and the Marines. By raising the issue in the courts, the new nationalists have forced the Navy to compromise and restrict its activities, and Kahoolawe has recently been listed in the National Register of Historic Places.

THE growing cultural awareness and the continuing campaigns to restrict building and to afford deprived areas better educational and recreational facilities, together with more job opportunities, have given Hawaii a new focus, as something more than a sunny, happy playground for visitors. There is greater interest in what the islands were like before they were discovered, in 1778, by the British explorer Captain James Cook. (He named them the Sandwich Islands, in honor of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, who was the First Lord of the British Admiralty.) The discovery led to their gradual economic domination by the haoles; to the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy, in 1893; to annexation by the United States, five years later; to territorial status, two years after that; and, of course, in 1959, to the mixed blessings of statehood. The battle to make Hawaii a state was a long one, for statehood was opposed strenuously by influential people both on the mainland and in Hawaii itself. A number of prominent senators and representatives in Congress, many of them Southerners, were against the idea on racial grounds, and others repeatedly maintained that the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, which by the forties dominated the powerful Hawaiian labor movement, was controlled by Communists. After Pearl Harbor and the Second World War, even though soldiers of Japanese ancestry from Hawaii had distinguished themselves in the fighting in Europe and as interpreters in the Pacific war, the prospect

Jeeves
Your personal clothes care service.

Hand Finished Dry Cleaning,
Leather, Suede and Fur
Service.

Hand Laundering of
Shirts and Fine Linens.
Alterations, Cold Storage,
Collections, Deliveries.
Nation wide postal service

Send for a brochure

NEW YORK LONDON

JEEVES ®

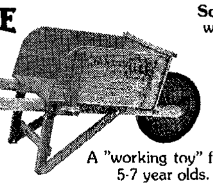
Jeeves of Belgravia
770 Madison Ave (66th St)
New York, NY 10021
(212) 570-9130

® Jeeves Logotype is a trade mark
© 1974 Jeeves International Limited

PALM SPRINGS
Perfect Interlude
PRIVATE POOL VILLAS

Daily • Weekly • Season
LA MANCHA private club and villas
Call for Reservations **(714) 323-1773**
Outside California - **(800) 854-1298**

JANESVILLE
No. 2
WHEELBARROW


Solid Oak with Birch handles. 10" Ball bearing wheel. 14" x 14" box with 7" sides

$50.
+ $8.00 UPS

A "working toy" for 5-7 year olds.

Visa, MC, or Check
Wisconsin Wagon Co. 10 S. Locust St., Janesville, WI. 53545

The Queen Anne Inn
in Chatham on Cape Cod
Fine dining and accommodations in a Victorian setting. All rooms with private bath. Golf, other activities and transfers from Hyannis or Boston gladly arranged. **70 Queen Anne Rd. Chatham, MA 02633 (617) 945-0394**

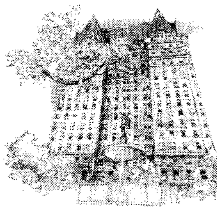
of having a Japanese—or, for that matter, a Chinese or a native Hawaiian—sit in the Senate or the House raised hackles on the necks of unreconstructed conservatives. Senator J. Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, for instance, thundered that American society was "the exemplification of the maximum development of the Western civilization, culture, and heritage" and that, admirable as Eastern culture might be, Rudyard Kipling had been right when he wrote "the immortal words, 'East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.' " In 1948, in 1950, and again in 1954, the obstructionists in the Senate managed to sidetrack statehood bills that had been passed in the House. In Hawaii, despite the rising sentiment in favor of statehood, it was fought by an odd mixture of *kamaaina* (in island parlance, old inhabitants)—who were mostly haole Americans who had been born in the islands or had lived on them for a long time and who wanted to maintain the special privileges of wealth and status they or their families had gained before and after the territorial arrangement—and native Hawaiians or part-Hawaiians who looked upon incorporation into the union as the final stage of subjugation, despoiling them of the last vestiges of their shattered heritage. But the majority elements in Hawaii, particularly the Japanese, were strongly in favor of statehood, and so were such influential groups as the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, the territorial legislature—Republican-controlled until 1954—and most of the political leaders who had served as territorial governors or congressional delegates. A strong pressure group, the Hawaii Statehood Commission, was formed by the territorial legislature in 1947, and it campaigned vigorously both in Washington and in the islands. Among other things, it cited the fact that ever since the early fifties Hawaiians had paid larger annual federal taxes than the people of nine of the forty-eight mainland states and were receiving little in return in the way of federal services or grants for improvement. Moreover, by 1950, Hawaii, with a population of about half a million, was larger than four states of the union, and larger than any state at the time of its admission except Oklahoma; in addition, nine of every ten people living in Hawaii were American citizens, practically all of them having been born either on the mainland or in the territory after annexa-

IMPROVE YOUR GOLF GAME ON 52ND ST.

With a pair of golf shoes made by Foot-Joy. From the Foot-Joy Shop.
Choose from 148 different styles of golf shoes. In the widest range of sizes and widths you've ever seen.

Which will help you improve your stance. Which will improve your swing. Which will no doubt improve your game.
Right here on 52nd Street.

The Foot-Joy Shop
FINE GOLF, DRESS AND SPORT SHOES. 7 EAST 52ND ST., N.Y.C.



Don't merely visit New York's landmarks this summer.
Stay in one.

75th Anniversary Package. 20% Reduction on all Rooms.
It's The Plaza's 75th anniversary, and we're celebrating with a special 20% reduction on all rooms from singles to suites. Our anniversary package is available from June 28 to September 6, 1982. And there's no more beautiful time to pay us a visit. We're recognized internationally as one of the world's great hotels, with cuisine to match in five renowned restaurants. And we're located in the center of everything that makes New York one of the world's great cities. Join us now in our landmark year. We promise you a landmark holiday.
No charge for children 18 and under staying in medium or deluxe rooms with parents.

Nothing unimportant ever happens at The Plaza.

WESTIN HOTELS
The Plaza

Telephone: (212) 759-3000 For reservations call toll-free: 800-228-3000 or contact your travel agent.
J. Philip Hughes, Managing Director Fifth Avenue and 59th Street, New York, NY 10019

From mid'May until well into August, the nights hardly get dark in Denmark. The better to admire the lovely sights. And year round, among the loveliest sights are the great furs at our salon.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Østergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court

ANTIQUE RINGS
1890 to 1910

Yellow Gold, Emerald and Diamonds, $2500

Yellow Gold, Cushion and Pear Shaped Diamonds, $8500

Yellow Gold, Platinum, Rubies and Diamonds, $3500

Yellow Gold, Platinum, Gray Pearl and Diamonds, $1850

Shown in Actual Size

FIRESTONE
AND PARSON
Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Boston, MA 02117
(617) 266-1858

tion. The issue of statehood for Hawaii was further complicated by the case of Alaska, whose spokesmen argued that, unlike Hawaii, Alaska was at least on the North American continent. Ultimately, John Burns, who in 1958 was the Hawaiian congressional delegate—and who later became Hawaii's first elected Democratic governor—came out in favor of the admission of Alaska first, as the forty-ninth state; the House passed the Alaska statehood bill in May, 1958. Burns was criticized in the islands for this tactic, but he was proved right less than a year later: In March, 1959, the opposition to Hawaii's statehood melted, and on successive days the Senate and the House voted in favor of its admission. In a plebiscite held in June, the people of Hawaii supported statehood by a majority of seventeen to one, and on August 21st President Eisenhower issued the proclamation of admission—the final constitutional step. Honolulu went wild in celebration. Perhaps the most telling and touching comment, however, was one that was also ironic and foreboding: The historian Gavan Daws reports in his excellent book about Hawaii, "Shoal of Time," that he found a man sitting at a bar, "the perfect image of the local boy, a blend of any number of racial strains," who "looking at himself in a wall mirror . . . said with some satisfaction: 'Now we are all haoles.' "

HAOLES most Hawaiians are not, even though many have some haole blood, and Hawaii today remains remote from the rest of the United States—not only because it is separated from the mainland by more than two thousand miles. It still has a foreign feel, primarily an Asian feel, and in some ways—especially in tourism and racial blending—it resembles the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong.

Hawaii itself might have become a colony of the British Crown if the Americans had not moved more adroitly than the British right at the start. The Americans also outmaneuvered the French, the Russians, and the Spanish, all of whom were interested in the islands in the early days. In the winter of 1794, sixteen years after Captain Cook's first trip—and fifteen years after he was beaten and stabbed to death on his second one, during a brief fight on Kona beach, on the biggest island, Hawaii—Captain George Vancouver, who had been with Cook on that fateful second trip, persuaded the legendary King Kamehameha I, who was uniting the islands with the help of European arms he had traded for, to cede the island of Hawaii to Great Britain. Vancouver promised Kamehameha that it would be protected from "foreign enemies" and that the native religion, customs, and government would be left alone. The British government, however, never acknowledged that agreement, although, according to the historians Ralph S. Kuykendall and A. Grove Day, Vancouver's activities "led to a tradition of English supremacy in the islands for some years." In the first years of the nineteenth century, the Russians made several efforts to establish trading posts—and one adventurer tried to claim a part of the islands as Russian territory—but by that time the predominant trading interest of the Americans and the British was reflected in the first Hawaiian flag, flown over the fort in Honolulu in 1816, which combined the Union Jack with red, white, and blue stripes. During those early years, American fur traders en route to Asia stopped off in Hawaii for sandalwood, which until 1830, when the supply was virtually exhausted, they bought for the China market in return for all sorts of Western goods coveted by Kamehameha and his chiefs—pins and nails and any kind of ironware, to begin with, and then fancier things. American whalers started coming to the islands in 1819, and they contributed to the growing two-way trade, which in time began to assume a more sophisticated nature. The Hawaiians, though, invariably got the worst of the bargain, trading huge amounts of island goods for silks, liquors, and tableware, and several hundred thousand dollars' worth of sandalwood for unseaworthy sailing ships. Later, when the sandalwood ran out, they began practically giving away their land. Kamehameha died in 1819, and his twenty-two-year-old son, Liholiho, then shared the rule with Kamehameha's favorite queen, Kaahumanu, who served as *kuhina-nui*, or Prime Minister. Liholiho, who was pro-British, died of measles on a trip to London in July, 1824. In any case, by that time the real American haolification was well under way: four years earlier, in March, 1820, the first Calvinist missionaries arrived from Boston on the

It seems that the success of BMW in America has served as an inspiration to carmakers everywhere.

This explains why so many of them are introducing what Motor Trend magazine calls "cookie-cutter copies of the (BMW) 320i."

Which is ironic. Because the car that launched the fad is the complete antithesis of one.

"THE QUINTESSENTIAL SPORTS SEDAN."

The 320i was inspired not by any suddenly trendy sedan but by a heritage spanning 6 decades.

A heritage that's resulted in 31 world and European racing titles and performance cars like the 320i.

Which is why the 320i's fuel-injected engine is so responsive up through the gears, yet still able to run all day at cruising speeds if asked.

Its fully independent suspension explains why BMW owners seek out winding roads. Where its steering provides the delightful sensation of precisely guiding, rather than aiming, the car through its paces.

And its mileage figures, in a car with such performance credentials, read like misprints: an EPA-estimated $\boxed{25}$ mpg, 36 mpg highway.*

Yet none of these attributes makes a BMW 320i.

All of them do—these and thousands of other engineering details crafted meticulously into a car that inches toward completion considerably slower than conventional cars.

The slow pace is understandable. BMW engineers aren't stamping out "cookie-cutter copies." They are building "the quintessential sports sedan" (Car and Driver).

PERFORMANCE SUPERIOR BY SECONDS. AND YEARS.

The 320i also excels where performance is measured not with stopwatches but calendars.

It is covered not only by a 3-year/36,000-mile limited warranty, but a 6-year limited warranty against rust perforation.†

And over the past 3 years, the average 320i built during that time easily outdistanced its rivals in resale value, retaining an astonishing 96.9% of its original price.††

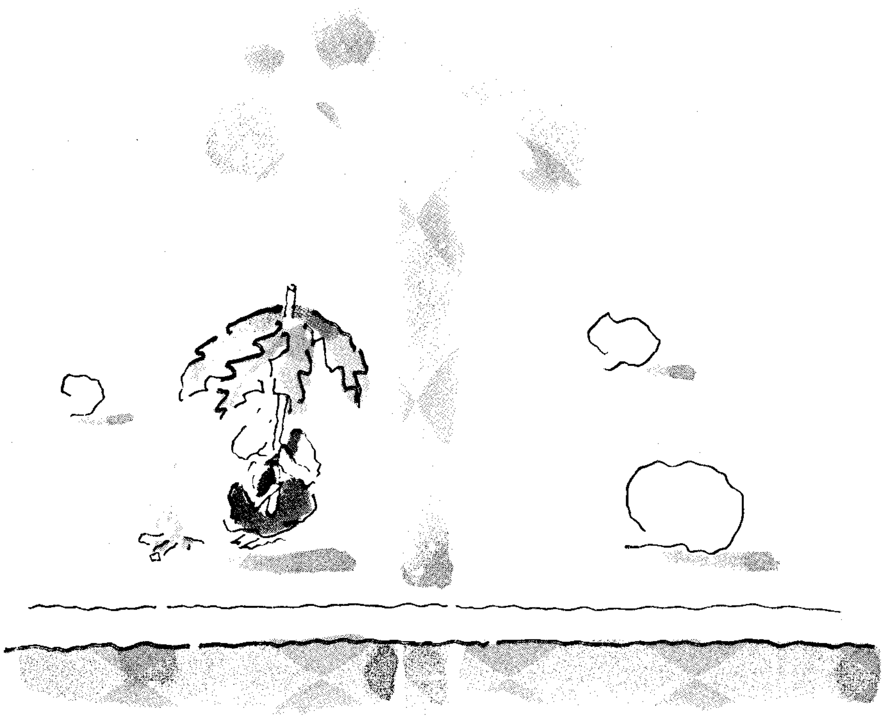
If neither the short- nor long-term prospects of your car look this promising, your BMW dealer can help on both counts. We invite you to visit him for a test drive.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

BMW, MUNICH, GERMANY.

*Fuel efficiency figures are for comparison only. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on speed, weather and trip length; actual highway mileage will most likely be lower. †See your BMW dealer for complete details. ††*Average retail selling price based on January 1982 NADA Used-Car Guide. Your selling price may vary, depending on the condition of your car and whether you sell it privately or to a dealer.* © 1982 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered trademarks of Bayerische Motoren Werke, A.G.

BEFORE MAN MADE FIRE, THE EARTH MADE PERRIER.

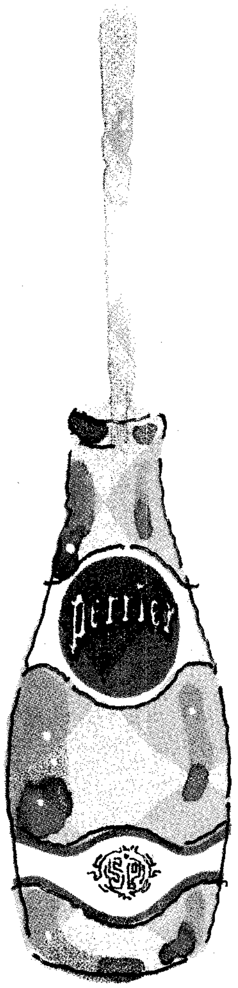


When the earth was still a fairly young planet, and getting itself into shape, there was born a marvelously clear and sparkling spring, a spring we now call Perrier.®

And it was good.

Because before men learned how to flick their flints and make a warming bonfire, they had to learn how to quench their thirst. Of course, they couldn't all afford to be choosy. So it was a very lucky few who lived in the vicinity of Perrier. A high rent district, n'est-ce pas?

Today, anyone almost anywhere in the world can enjoy the primeval purity of Perrier. Earth's first soft drink.



Now although civilization has brought us such refinements as sugar, caffeine, artificial sweeteners, artificial coloring, and calorie counts, there is none of that in Perrier. You can even drink it on a salt-free diet.

Because though man makes love, makes war, makes fire – only the earth can make Perrier.

Perrier.
Earth's First Soft Drink.™

© 1982 Great Waters of France, Inc.

brig Thaddeus, after a difficult five-month voyage. Unknowingly, they had come at the right moment: just after the long-sacred system of *kapu*, or taboos, had been broken by Liholiho, who, at the urging of Kaahumanu, had agreed to allow men and women to eat together, for the first time—a violation of one of the most stringent *kapu*. Although many natives opposed the breakdown of the old religion, this act was followed by the desecration of *heiau*, or sacred Hawaiian places of worship. The fundamentalists from Massachusetts quickly set to work to fill the void.

THE takeover of Hawaii, which culminated in statehood, and created the conditions for today's uneasy tourism, racial tension, crime, and social dislocation—a combination that could result in a political explosion—is a complicated story of guile and greed which does not fit any standard colonial or imperialist model. It does, of course, have some things in common with other historical cases, in that much of what happened was the product of both accident and design, and of adventurism, opportunism, and classic economic expansion and consolidation. One thing that makes the Hawaiian story different is that Hawaii, an isolated place, was, at the outset, so ravaged by diseases brought by the Europeans that it was depopulated; it was then repopulated and rebuilt by a mixture of Asian immigrant workers under the direction of haoles—mostly American sugar entrepreneurs, who played one racial group off against another and finally resorted to annexation as the best, and perhaps the only, way to maintain their uncertain economic hold. But if it had not been for the Second World War—the attack on Pearl Harbor and the spread of the war from Europe to the Pacific—Hawaii might never have become so deeply integrated with the economic and political mainstream of the country and might never have become a state. It might have evolved instead from something like a trust territory into an independent or quasi-independent entity, and might by now be looking more eastward than westward and playing a leader's role among the Pacific islands, since so many of its people have more in common with these islanders than with the inhabitants of mainland America.

The near-demise of the Polynesian Hawaiians as a race began with the arrival of Captain Cook. In the forty-odd years between the time of his visits, when there were some three hundred thousand Hawaiians, and the appearance of the missionaries, nearly half the population died, as a result of inter-island wars, famine, and primarily imported diseases, among them syphilis, gonorrhea, cholera, and pneumonia. Lawrence Fuchs, an American ethnic historian who has written extensively about Hawaii, has commented, "Even without the missionaries, it is unthinkable that Hawaiian culture and people could have withstood the sudden impact of Western civilization." Nine missionary doctors who arrived in 1820 noted the Hawaiians' astonishing susceptibility to disease. Lack of proper nutrition had something to do with the spread of illnesses and epidemics: so many people had been set to work cutting and carrying sandalwood that not enough were available for planting and harvesting. By 1866, following outbreaks of measles and smallpox, the population had declined to less than sixty thousand. The missionaries are credited with introducing a simple twelve-letter alphabet of the Hawaiian language, establishing a printing press for the production of Bibles and textbooks, opening schools, raising the literacy rate to eighty per cent in twenty-five years, and, of course, continuing to spread Christianity, on what soon amounted to an assembly-line basis—twenty thousand Hawaiians were admitted to the church between 1839 and 1841 alone. But, as Fuchs has noted, "by speeding the process of social change, they contributed to the psychological demoralization of the Hawaiians." The native language, dance, and art were degraded. The missionaries regarded the traditional hula, far more subtle than the modern tourist variation, as vulgar and sexual, and they looked askance at the Hawaiians' sexual habits in general, which were generous and outgoing, in keeping with the native character, and of which passing sailors of all nationalities took full advantage. Unsurprisingly, by the middle of the century drunkenness had become widespread as the Hawaiians took refuge in alcohol and other aids to withdrawal and retreat.

Beyond their pious endeavors, the missionaries exerted an important influence on both the economic and the

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Old-Fashioned Comfort—
Our All Cotton
Flannel Robe $37

A robe to match the friendly comfort of your favourite slippers—soft, washable all cotton flannel tartan plaid tailored on our classic shawl collar model. Fully cut, with 3 patch pockets and self belt. Easily packed for travel. In plaids of predominantly blue, red or green. S, M, L, XL.

☐ *Please send catalogue.*

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robt Kirk, Ltd. A1H302
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Robe (79644A): Size____Col.____Qty.____
☐ Check ☐ Master Card ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #________ Expir.______
Add $2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name________________
Address________________
________________ Zip______

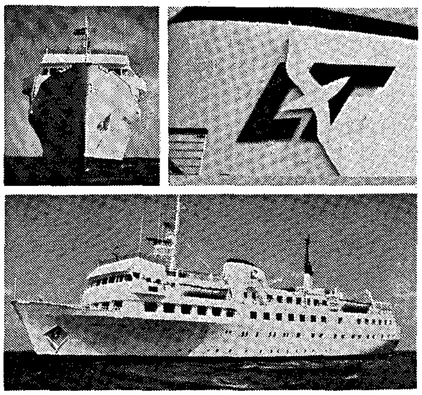
E.W. COOKE III 1979

enduring beauty

The Lone Cypress towers over the rugged Monterey coastline, symbolizing the beauty of Pebble Beach's 17 Mile Drive and Carmel Bay. It's yours to discover when your travels bring you to the edge of the magnificent Pacific. For visitor information write
P.O. Box 1770 N2, Monterey 93940.

The Monterey Peninsula, California

political development of Hawaii. They believed that, aside from persuading the rulers and chiefs to issue edicts against gambling, vice, and other forms of immoral conduct, they could best help the Hawaiians by turning them into wage laborers and law-abiding citizens. In July, 1838, the Reverend William Richards was hired by King Kamehameha III, who ruled from 1825 to 1854, as "Chaplain, Teacher, and Translator," and Richards immediately started a series of lectures, eagerly attended by many of the chiefs, that soon led to constitutional innovations. A declaration of rights and laws that was issued in 1839, and came to be known as the Hawaiian Magna Carta, acknowledged that "every man and every chief" had the right to "life, limb, liberty, the labor of his hands and productions of his mind." These rights and others were further defined a year later in the islands' first constitution, which was signed by the King and approved by a newly empowered council of chiefs, and which created a "representative body" of legislators elected by the people, thus giving the common man a share of political power for the first time. The 1840 constitution momentarily sustained the Hawaiians in their attempts to maintain their independence against the encroachments of foreigners—notably American, French, and British capitalists, envoys, and heads of naval expeditions who sought to obtain control over the islands by force or by acquiring property rights. The competition among these interests was frequently fierce, and was marked by threats and considerable chicanery; for five months in 1843 the islands actually did come under the British flag, as a result of the designs of an overambitious consul and a British naval commander, but the British government disavowed the cession, just as it had Captain Vancouver's earlier agreement. While this attempted annexation was taking place, the Reverend Mr. Richards, as the personal envoy of King Kamehameha III, was visiting Washington, London, and Paris in an effort to obtain recognition of Hawaii's independence. Ironically, it was by threatening to turn the islands over to the British that Richards persuaded Secretary of State Daniel Webster of their importance to the United States. Webster thereupon got President John Tyler to express a "paramount interest" in them and to condemn any attempt by any other country to tamper with their



EGYPT, THE RED SEA & SINAI WITH M.S. LINDBLAD POLARIS

LT

We offer many exciting land-cruise combinations into historic, biblical areas of the Mideast. Come sail the ultra modern M.S. Lindblad Polaris (Swedish registry) on the Red Sea to explore its many historic points of interest. Go ashore to witness magnificent flora and fauna of the Sinai peninsula. See historic St. Catherine's Monastery. Snorkel and swim in clear blue waters of the Red Sea. Travel the Nile to explore its treasures. Visit the Holy Land or Ethiopia. We have extraordinary programs to fit your wishes. Write for Sinai & The Red Sea brochure.

SALEN LINDBLAD
CRUISING, INC.
133 East 55th St., New York, NY 10022
Tel: (212) 751-2300 Telex: 423661

Monster
For
Sale
or
Rent
!

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

SNIPS, SNAILS, PUPPY DOG TAILS

and a warm-up suit that announces to the world that he or she's "available". By the time you analyze your offers—they'll be off to college. The warm hooded sweatshirt has a padded dinosaur spine and a bell on its tail. Adjustable drawstring at the neck, sweater-ribbing at the wrists, waist, also the ankles of the elastic-waisted pants. And with Hallowe'en ahead—it makes a wonderful "trick-or-treat-er". Washable, plush backed acrylic/cotton. Monster green or impish red. Sizes 12 mos., 18 mos. $20.00. Sizes 2, 3 or 4 years. $22.00. Sizes 5 or 6. $24.00.

Add $1.75 per set shipping. In N.Y. State add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, Diners Club, Visa/BankAmericard, MasterCard

"UPSTAIRS"
the Brownstone Boutique,
1 East 43rd Street,
Dept. N2,
New York, N.Y. 10175

In Washington, D.C., our "Upstairs" Boutique is at 1835 "K" St., NW

Write for our
FREE FALL
BROCHURE

or call 'Round-the-Clock Toll-Free 800-221-2468
In N. Y. State, call Toll-Free 1-800-442-8422
In New York City call 883-1990

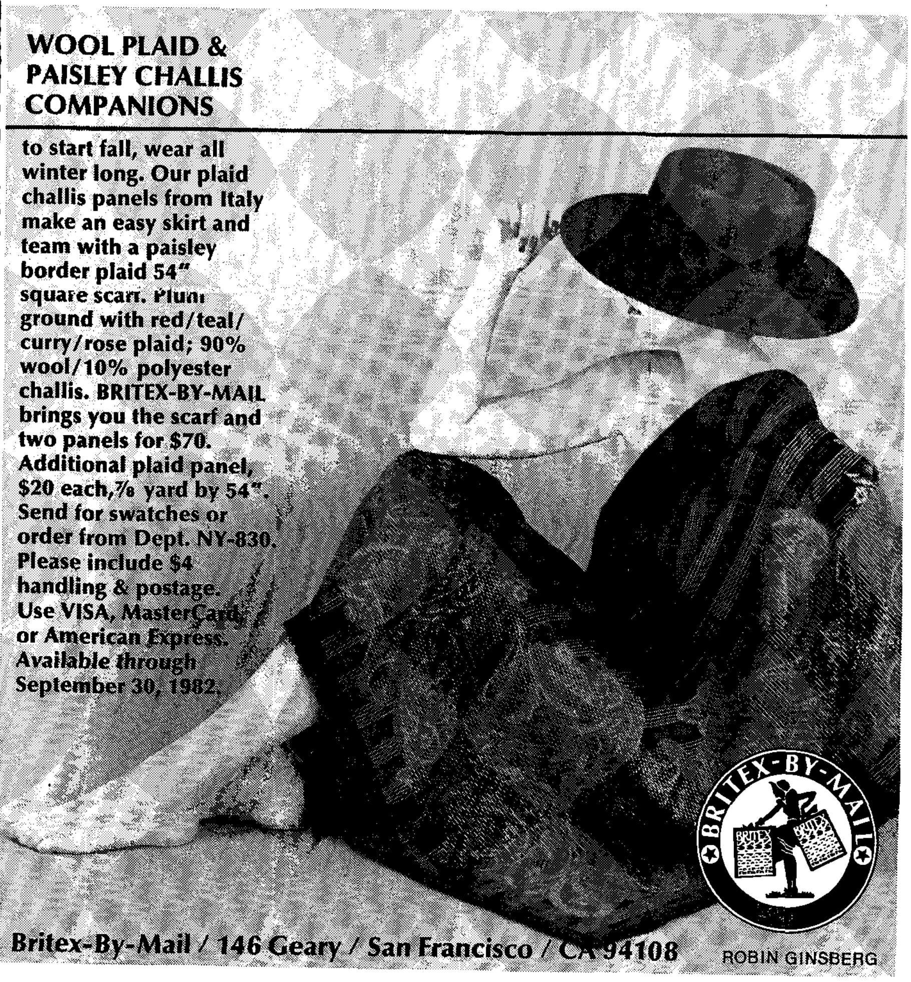
freedom. Tyler's declaration, which amounted to an extension of the Monroe Doctrine to the Pacific Ocean, set the stage for annexation.

At about the same time, David Malo, one of Hawaii's foremost early native scholars, wrote, “The white man's ships have arrived with clever men from the big countries. They know our people are few in number and our country is small; they will devour us.” Malo, who was also one of the earliest nationalists, was admonished from time to time by the legislature for his anti-haole activities, but neither he nor some who spoke more openly of insurrection were able to stem the tide of haole influence, which the King and his government appeared to welcome. In 1844, there were fourteen white men working for the government; seven years later the total had grown to forty-eight, including twenty-five Americans, twenty-one British, a Frenchman, and a German. Evil, said Malo, was ready to “come in and bite us.” The foreigners “wrapped themselves in a foreign flag and claimed immunity,” Gavan Daws observed. “Consuls and commissioners pushed Hawaiian officials aside roughly, and legal cases in endless procession—property disputes, business failures, sailor riots, rapes, newspaper wars—made their way to the diplomatic level.” Land issues, which remain critical today, became increasingly bitter. Richards and other missionaries were the first to encourage the commercial production of sugar, which grew wild in the islands and was in demand on the West Coast of America—particularly in the eighteen-forties and fifties, following the arrival of settlers in the Oregon Territory and California and the discovery of gold in the latter place. But where the missionaries sought to regulate the use of land by persuading the government to grant long-term leases in orderly fashion and to sell some lots in fee simple, foreign speculators—Americans among them—were more interested in grabbing outright as much uncultivated land as they could and setting up joint-stock companies for capital exploitation. The missionaries felt betrayed. “We all rejoiced to have pious, principled men come here as merchants,” the wife of one of the missionaries commented. “But O! their example has been infinitely worse than the infidel, because they have disgraced our cause.” Later, the more restrained Kuykendall wrote, “For-

VISIT
CHINA
WITH
LINDBLAD
TRAVEL

China is refreshing. The country has a wonderful spirit, people are smiling, accommodating and anxious to show their land. It is an interesting place for a holiday, a place where there's so much to see. Explore its rivers and canals, its archaeological sites, restored temples, monasteries, palaces and gardens. Lindblad Travel offers a great variety of tours to fit your time and budget. Come and enjoy a country so rich in tradition, yet so refreshingly new. See your Travel Agent or ask for our new informative China brochure B.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
P.O. Box 912 Westport, CT 06881
Telex: 643443 Tel: 203-226-4189



WOOL PLAID & PAISLEY CHALLIS COMPANIONS

to start fall, wear all winter long. Our plaid challis panels from Italy make an easy skirt and team with a paisley border plaid 54" square scarf. Plum ground with red/teal/curry/rose plaid; 90% wool/10% polyester challis. BRITEX-BY-MAIL brings you the scarf and two panels for $70. Additional plaid panel, $20 each,⅞ yard by 54". Send for swatches or order from Dept. NY-830. Please include $4 handling & postage. Use VISA, MasterCard, or American Express. Available through September 30, 1982.

BRITEX-BY-MAIL

Britex-By-Mail / 146 Geary / San Francisco / CA 94108

ROBIN GINSBERG

At Last A Teakettle That Lasts. Top Quality Stainless Steel

There’s no teakettle that lasts so long and is so practical (and never imparts taste to the water) as our top quality 18/8 stainless steel. The classic shape and large spout for control pouring are special features. The folding hand bail has a heatproof handle for good grip and safety. Four sizes: 1½ qt. $21.50; 2½ qt $28.00; 3½ qt. $32.00; 8 qt. $52.50 *postpaid.*

Yours for the asking: 96-page catalog of more than 400 useful quality items.

4% Sales Tax on Items Shipped to Vermont

MAIL ORDERS TO The Vermont Country Store
Box 352-H, WESTON, Vermont 05161
OR PHONE 802-824-6932 using *Visa* or *MC*

THE VERMONT Country Store®
STORES AT
Route 100 in Village of WESTON VERMONT
Route 103 2 mi. West of Exit 6, I-91. ROCKINGHAM VERMONT

Belgian Shoes

THE LUI for Him® 155⁰⁰

BROCHURE AVAILABLE
Belgian Shoes,
60 East 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

Once-In-A-Lifetime Island Vacation
40-50% DISCOUNTS THRU DEC.15th
Spend a week, month or the season in a fine home or condominium, some with boat dockage, on the loveliest islands on Florida’s Gulf Coast — Sanibel and Captiva. Ask about our new Captiva Island Gulf and Bayfront vacation villas. For free brochure, availabilities, and rates; write or call:
Island Accommodations
Priscilla Murphy REALTY, INCORPORATED
P.O. Box 57 - Dept. N Sanibel Island, FL 33957 Call toll free (800) 237-6008
In Florida (813) 472-4113

eigners holding land were, very naturally, anxious to have secure and permanent titles not subject to the uncertainties and limitations of the existing system.”

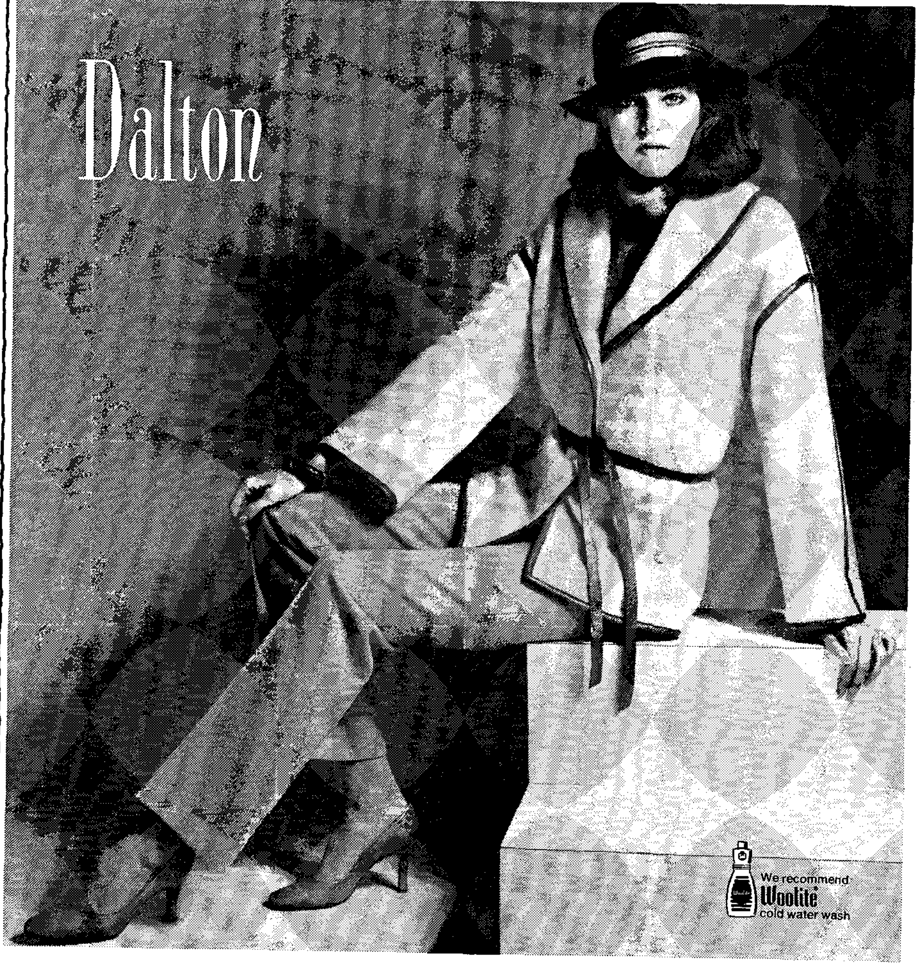
As more and more land came under the control of foreigners, often in return for “service rendered” to the King or as a result of deals made with individual chiefs, conflicts arose over whether such land was considered to belong to the kingdom, to be held under use-rights tenure, or whether it was to be regarded as privately owned. In May, 1845, Dr. Gerrit Judd, an American who had succeeded Richards as chief adviser to the King, recommended that the legislature appoint a commission on land titles. He went on to say, “It is the wish of His Majesty, of the Premier and of the Chiefs, so to improve the tenure and leasing of land as may facilitate its acquisition by the poorer classes, secure a proper reward for their industry, and encourage population by enabling them to provide for and derive profit from their children.” The net result of a series of legislative acts between 1845 and 1848, collectively called the Great Mahele, or great division, and of the Kuleana Act of 1850—*kuleana* vaguely defined anything from one small lot to several lots or several acres—was a contravention of the government’s “wish,” in that Hawaiian commoners ended up with very little. According to Marion Kelly, an anthropologist who is an expert on the complicated distribution and use of land in Hawaii, the most important part of the Great Mahele was the division of land between King Kamehameha III and some two hundred and forty-five Hawaiian chiefs, which took place in the first three months of 1848. Nine hundred and eighty-four thousand acres in the islands—whose total habitable area amounted to some four million acres—were set aside as crown lands, reserved for the King’s use. The chiefs collectively received one million six hundred and nineteen thousand acres. Additional crown properties were designated as government lands, and some of the chiefs chose to pay their required commutation fees, verifying their titles, in the form of land, which was then added to the government lands, for an ultimate total of one million four hundred and ninety-five thousand acres. Under the Kuleana Act, commoners could make claims for title to the lands they cultivated and to their house lots, provided these were not in Honolulu or in either of two other towns. The average *kuleana* award was between two and three acres, and the total eventually granted—to fewer than nine thousand claimants, including some junior chiefs as well as commoners—was only twenty-eight thousand acres. So much and no more for “the poorer classes.” As far as they were concerned, the Great Mahele was a great swindle. The professed objective—cited by William Lee, one of the appointed land-commission members—that the Mahele would be a “silent and bloodless revolution” through which commoners, as tenants and cultivators, would receive a third of the land, or about a million acres, proved to be chimerical. Most of the commoners, who traditionally believed that the land belonged to the gods, and that no human being could own it, never understood the complicated procedure under which they could file claims, and when some did claim title the chiefs who were supposed to protect them and their rights often failed to acknowledge or process the claims. The *konohiki*—chiefs or their agents—were more interested in registering and securing their own land or in making it available to Westerners, who, under another 1850 act, had obtained the legal right to land ownership.

Mrs. Kelly summed up the situation by noting, “The primary reason why Hawaiians ‘lost’ their land is that the large majority of Hawaiian people never received fee simple title deeds to land. It was never made theirs to lose, so they never could have been responsible for having ‘lost’ it. Instead, it was legally ‘stolen’ from them by . . . laws that nullified the traditional land-use rights of the majority of the people, [and] at the same time . . . screened them out of the new land tenure system.” The *makaainana*, or “people who feed themselves,” ended by receiving less than one per cent of the total acreage of the Hawaiian Islands; the other ninety-nine per cent came under the control of the chiefs or of foreigners. “From the evidence available,” Mrs. Kelly wrote, “it is difficult to avoid concluding that the architects of the laws drawn up to transform Hawaiian use rights in the land into private property rights intended that the land would be alienated from Hawaiian control and become a source of wealth for foreigners"—primarily "wealthy and politically powerful corporations."

After the Great Mahele, such foreigners, including a good many second-generation missionaries for whom the Gospel did not exclude greed, began buying large tracts of land, much of which went into sugar production. (As another local chronicler said of the missionaries, "They came to do good, and they did well.") Even in the decade before the Mahele, the production of sugar had increased by a hundred per cent; in fact, planters seeking to secure their land ownership had been among the Mahele's earliest proponents. When the whaling industry collapsed after the discovery of oil in Pennsylvania, and with the breakdown of Southern agriculture in the Civil War, sugar production in the islands soared. In 1860, there were twelve Hawaiian plantations, which produced about a million and a half pounds of sugar for export; by 1866 the number of plantations and mill companies had reached thirty-two, and nearly eighteen million pounds of sugar was exported, the bulk of it to the United States. Even before the Civil War had ended, some four-fifths of Hawaii's mercantile business was in the hands of Americans, and in the years just before and after the war the entrepreneurs who were the precursors of the so-called Big Five companies—the companies that eventually dominated the sugar industry, subsequently went into real estate and other ventures, and ultimately turned themselves into huge multinational concerns—had established themselves in downtown Honolulu. Four of the Big Five—Castle & Cooke, H. Hackfeld & Company (now known as Amfac), C. Brewer & Company, and Theo H. Davies & Company—started out as small stores and became agents or factors for the sugar producers, taking charge of marketing and financing; the fifth, Alexander & Baldwin, began as a plantation on Maui. Banking, construction, and transportation followed close behind sugar. Hawaii began to boom, much as Oregon and California had before the war, and enterprising young men who came to the islands and were entranced by their charm and beauty stayed on to build fortunes. Among them was Charles Reed Bishop, who had stopped off in Honolulu on his way to Oregon. He got a job in the finance department of the kingdom, invested moderately in

Gable gave Lombard Platinum.

Rare. Lustrous white. Strongest. No wonder Clark Gable showed his love with Platinum, the most precious of precious metals. Shouldn't you?
View the Platinum collection at your jeweler's, or write:
Johnson Matthey Inc., Malvern, PA 19355


Dalton
We recommend Woolite cold water wash

PURE COTTON MOLESKIN

MOLESKIN SMOCK

Our classic Welsh Fisherman's Smock is now available in pure cotton moleskin, the luxurious heavyweight napped cotton from Lancashire. Full cut with boat neck and three pockets across the front. 12 oz. Moleskin, *wind resistant, wash and wear.*

Sizes S(32/34"), M(36/38"), L(40/42"), XL(44")
Colors Bone or Navy

No. 2630 Moleskin Smock, Boat Neck $41.50

State size and color

Check, Mastercard or Visa. Add $2.00 for shipping.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send for our unique catalog.
Visit our Seattle store at 1523 N.W. Ballard Way.

David Morgan
Box 70190, Seattle, WA 98107
Telephone (206) 282-3300

Superb Supper
(even on Sunday!)

- After-theatre Supper Buffet from 9:30 p.m., Mon.–Sat.
- Oak Room Supper with **Steve Ross** His Piano, His Songs from 9 p.m., Wed.–Sat.
- Sunday Supper with Steve Ross from 5:30 p.m.

HOTEL **Algonquin**
59 W. 44th St., New York • 840-6800
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:00 p.m.–2 a.m.)
RESERVATIONS: *Robert*

Traditional Sag Harbor

Delightful living in
a waterfront home
Tennis, swimming, adjoining
marina. Great value too.

from $169,900

The Villas at Sag Harbor

By appointment

Phone: (516) 725-4455 or (212) 867-6280
Weekends/Weekdays *Weekdays*

Offering by prospectus only

sugar, and married Bernice Pauahi Paki, a Hawaiian princess, who became the largest landholder in the islands on the basis of her claim as a direct descendant of Kamehameha I. Today, the Bishop Estate still owns nine per cent of Hawaii's real estate. With a fellow-haole, Bishop opened Hawaii's first bank, financing whaling ventures and then sugar plantations, and later he became the kingdom's Minister of Foreign Affairs. In 1865, another man, a sailor named Benjamin Dillingham, missed his ship while recovering from a riding accident and stayed on to marry the daughter of a prominent missionary and to acquire land and enter the construction business, which led to the formation of the Dillingham empire. At present, Dillingham Corporation dominates a large share of building and real estate in the islands.

IN Hawaii today, there is still a small amount of *kuleana* property that has been legally handed down to succeeding generations of native Hawaiians, but not much of it is being cultivated. Most of the Hawaiians who hold title to such land are not willing to devote their time and energy to raising taro—a Polynesian staple mostly consumed as a pasty or soupy mush called poi—or other crops; they seek work elsewhere, mainly in the tourist industry, or work only when they have to. But a few, motivated more by principle than by profit, and dedicated to the land, believe passionately in the *ohana*—a word that means family, or extended family (it derives from the offshoots, or *oha*, of the taro rootstock), and that has become part of the nationalist vocabulary. They continue to farm, either for spare-time enjoyment or to earn a meagre income. I visited one such farmer, Kawehi Ryder, who raises taro on five acres in the Kahaluu Valley, on the windward side of Oahu Island, across from Waikiki. Kawehi, who is twenty-seven years old, is one of six children of a couple who are both part haole. He was born in Honolulu and raised on the eastern side of the island. After attending the University of New Mexico for a year, he obtained a degree in education from the University of Hawaii at Hilo, on the island of Hawaii. His skin is dark, but his features are haole. He looks upon himself as a native Hawaiian, and the Ryder family is a close-knit one, whose members believe firmly in the *ohana* concept and the Hawaiian ethos.

"My father, who is a fisherman, gave me my basic values, and at an early age I had a sense of who I was," Kawehi told me. "When I was in school, I spent a lot of time in the field, doing community research and studying Hawaiian culture. We're one of two families in this area on original *kuleana* land, dating back to the Great Mahele. Our ancestors are buried here. Before I came back to Oahu from the Big Island—Hawaii—a couple of years ago, I worked part time with two old Hawaiians planting taro, and I learned a lot. That's how I discovered what the Hawaiian movement is all about. Now I'm back doing what I should be doing, and one of my two brothers goes out fishing—it's the same idea. The last time this land was cultivated was back in the fifties, by my great-grandaunt's family—it's been idle ever since. One of the state senators was using it as pasture for his rodeo horses and cows. He levelled it off—it used to be all terraced for planting taro. Now I'm trying to renourish it. The first thing I had to do was reterrace it. I got some of my cousins and nephews to help me. We used a buffalo tied to an old plow, until I was able to borrow a tractor. We still have a lot of work to do to get all five acres in shape, but we're already planting taro, both in paddies and in dry fields, and some bananas and ginger and *oun choy*—a Chinese vegetable like watercress. One good acre produces about fifteen thousand pounds of taro, and I can sell it for as much as fifty cents a pound. We could sell some to the poi shops, but they pay less." Kawehi took me around his farm, pulling up the long white taro roots and fondling them tenderly. "Luckily, we have enough water, from a stream and an old irrigation canal up in the hills," he said. "It flows naturally, so it's cool, and it picks up minerals and nutrients as it comes down. If water doesn't flow evenly and is too warm, the taro will rot and crumble. If my ancestors hadn't laid claim to these acres, through the land commission, and promised to support it, it would be going to waste. When the Hawaiians are again spiritually connected with the land, they'll go beyond farming taro, and raise everything they can grow, as their ancestors did, on the traditional basis of sharing and bartering. Now

Judith Shahn

that I've been here a year or so, my dreams coincide with the work I've done yesterday and the work that has to be done tomorrow. Usually I sleep up there in that old wooden house on the bluff." He pointed it out. "I fixed it up—it was originally my great-grandaunt's house. The rest of the time, I go down to the beach, where my family lives."

After I had spent an hour or so with Kawehi on his farm, he invited me to join his family for dinner. With us came his partner, Maulili Dickson—nicknamed Flip—and a family friend known as Auntie Thelma Bugbee, a retired social worker and Hawaiian activist, who qualifies as a *kupuna*, or elder, and is an unofficial scholar of Hawaiian history and lore. Mrs. Bugbee, a thin, intense woman of seventy with a cricketlike air about her, had spent the afternoon sitting in the old wooden house writing a paper about the Kawainui marsh area, in nearby Kailua, where she was living. She was busily engaged in a campaign to preserve the area, which contains a large number of ancient artifacts and archeological sites and is the habitat of some of the few remaining Hawaiian mud hens, regarded as sacred Hawaiian birds—and on the edge of which a private developer wants to put up a housing project.

Some weeks later, she sent me a copy of her paper, which pleaded for the preservation and conservation of Kawainui and set forth some of its history. "Once destroyed, there will be no replacing it," she had written. "Hawaii is too rapidly losing its Hawaiianness—this is a rare commodity . . . there is no other Hawaii, no other Hawaiian roots." In an accompanying letter, she said, "My life is moving too fast in too many directions for my own good comfort. . . . Had my people lived by the fundamentals of what their true and practicing seers taught and believed, they would not have been warring and destroying one another. Nor would our people today be heavily populating our prisons, poorhouses, and welfare rolls if their parents and they had practiced those basic cultural values."

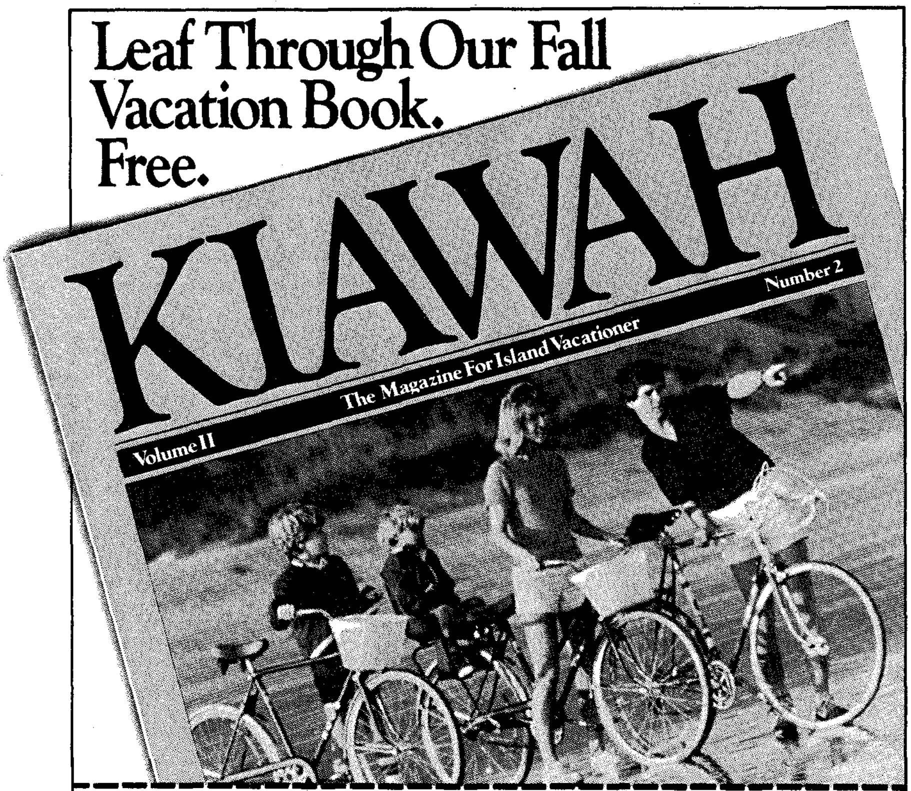
The Ryder house, a roomy two-story structure, which Kawehi told me his father, Frank, and mother, Miriam, had designed themselves, lies directly across from the Kaneohe Marine Corps Air Station on the Mokapu Peninsula, and we sat by a large window and watched the pilots bringing their fighters in shortly before sun-

THE CLASSICS

Sebagos.
The difference
is legendary.

From the world-famous Docksides to our traditional Roamers, superior Maine craftsmanship is the mark of all Sebagos. Results: pure comfort, perfect fit and long wear to be enjoyed by the entire family. Available at fine stores throughout the world, or write to us at Sebago, Dept. 10-82, Westbrook, ME 04092.

SEBAGO



Leaf Through Our Fall
Vacation Book.
Free.

Our free 30-page color book offers a cornucopia of Fall vacation ideas at Kiawah Island, near historic Charleston. Send for yours now and discover our two golf courses (one by Player, one by Nicklaus), our two world class tennis centers, plus our 10 miles of beach, jeep safaris and superb Lowcountry cuisine. For reservations call us, or your travel agent.

Kiawah Island
Dept. VMNE5
P.O. Box 12910
Charleston, S.C. 29412

Name__________
Address__________
City/State/Zip__________

Call TOLL FREE 1-800-845-2471.
In S.C., 1-803-768-2121.

Cotton Flannel Sheets & Natural Fiber Wearables

The Natural Fibers Catalog® now offers the widest and best-ever selection of wonderfully soft and warm things to sleep under or wear, including—

Our famous cotton flannel sheets and pillowcases in 12 solids, a stripe, a print and a check. **Wool and cotton blankets,** luxurious **comforters** filled with down.

In wool, cotton or silk: **long underwear** for men and women, delicate **lingerie from Switzerland and Italy,** beautifully fashioned **tights.** Plus—**sleepwear** of swiss cotton knit or flannel for men and women.

Children love our cloud-soft cotton or wool **long underwear, tights and socks,** cotton and flannel clothing, cotton turtlenecks, sweaters, plus wool hats, mittens and scarfs—and so much more, all of superb quality, all in the full-color pages of Garnet Hill's

The Natural Fibers Catalog®

garnet hill

2328 Main St., Franconia, N.H. 03580

$1 enclosed. Enter my 2-year subscription to The Natural Fibers Catalog® (beginning mid-September). Include flannel swatches with first issue.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________ Zip ______

Visit our shop in Franconia! Open Mon.-Sat.

MINI FOULARD COTTON DRESS

Tiny standup collar, placket opening, deep-set full sleeves. Super side pockets, self sash. Below knee length. Choose wine, blue or brick ground. 100% cotton. Gently machine wash.

Sizes S-M-L $44.95 ppd.
Size XL . . . $47.95 ppd.

J. JILL LTD. Write for color catalog.

Dept. N830
Stockbridge Road
Gt. Barrington, MA 01230

Flowers? Again?
Call Balloon Bouquets instead.
balloon bouquets® **1-800-424-2323**
(In Washington, D.C. 202-785-1290)
"Now being delivered to boardrooms, offices and front doors all over the country."
HOUSE & GARDEN
VISA • MC
AM. EXPRESS
BIRTHDAY • ANNIVERSARY • GET WELL • CONGRATULATIONS

ESTERO ISLAND, FLORIDA. Beachfront apartment in lush tropical setting on Gulf of Mexico. Fully furnished. All resort amenities, including pool, spas, tennis. Available by the week. Call Seawatch-Fort Myers Beach at (813) 463-4469.

set. "The military has too much land," Mrs. Bugbee asserted. "It controlled three hundred and fifty thousand acres during the Second World War, and a lot of that was never returned. Twenty-eight thousand acres is all the Hawaiians got in the Great Mahele. The military doesn't need all that. This whole windward side of the island was the compound of ruling chiefs, and it's full of shrines and burial grounds. That base also has some sites, and I'm going over there and take a look. They may not like it, but let them try and stop me!"

Flip Dickson prepared a seven-course dinner—a laborious process that took two hours and included the careful steaming, skinning, pounding, and straining of taro to make poi—while the rest of us drank beer and listened to Mrs. Bugbee. One by one, the other members of the family arrived home from work. The last to appear was Mrs. Ryder, a vivacious and attractive woman of fifty, who is a secretary for the Hawaiian Homes Commission. The commission was set up in the territorial days of 1920 with the supposed purpose of redistributing about two hundred thousand acres belatedly set aside at that time by Congress for Hawaiians of fifty per cent or more aboriginal blood, and had been ineffective until recent years when improved administration speeded up the distribution process somewhat. "The eighties is the time for the Hawaiians to get their act together," Mrs. Ryder said as we enjoyed the elaborate dinner. "It may be their last chance."

I commented on the closeness of the Ryder family.

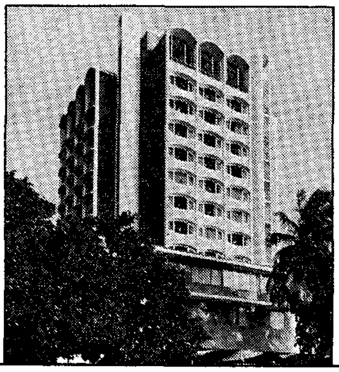
"The *ohana* strength can be a detriment when there's no real cohesion," Mrs. Ryder said, "but in our family it's successful, because we all try to work things out together. Some families just fall apart. So many Hawaiians have lost so much that they're only groping."

IN the latter half of the nineteenth century, sugar was paramount in Hawaii, and politics was heavily involved with it. A protectionist policy of the American government, devised in 1846, chiefly to safeguard the interests of Louisiana sugar producers, placed the Hawaiian planters at a disadvantage by forcing them to pay heavy import duties to enter the West Coast market. Since the time was not quite ripe for annexation—many of the haole merchants already favored it, but the Hawaiian monarchy and practically all Hawaiian citizens were then seeking to avoid it—some alternative had to be found. The answer was a reciprocity treaty, which would allow the duty-free exchange of American and Hawaiian products. Discussions of such a treaty had begun back in 1847, but it was 1875 before an agreement was finally approved by the Senate. By that time, military considerations had arisen. For several years, the Americans had wanted to obtain naval-station rights at Pearl Harbor, but opposition in Hawaii had been strong. The nationalist movement was then gaining momentum. Fistfights between haole and Hawaiian members broke out on the floor of the legislature. During the election campaign of 1868 in the kingdom—when, under a new constitution, voters and candidates had to pass a property test—a document called "The Loyal Hawaiian" warned that votes for pro-American candidates would lead to the demise of the monarchy. Then, when the Pearl Harbor issue came to the fore, the nationalists grew more vociferous. Walter Murray Gibson, a maverick American who opposed the cession of Hawaii, published a bilingual paper, the *Nuhou,* which aroused the Hawaiians further. It contained a chant that read, in part:

> I am a messenger forbidding you
> To give away Puuloa [Pearl Harbor],
> Be not deceived by the merchants,
> They are only enticing you,
> Making fair their faces, they are
>   evil within;
> Truly desiring annexation,
> Greatly desiring their own good;
> They have no thought of good
>   for you. . . .

The situation was aggravated by a brief anti-foreign mutiny among the Royal Household troops, which was settled by King Lunalilo, who had succeeded Kamehameha V. Lunalilo, whose chronic poor health was exacerbated by his fondness for whiskey, was popular with the ordinary Hawaiians, but he was a weak and indecisive leader whose reign was short. In 1874, a new king, Kalakaua, who took over after Lunalilo's death, had to call on two hundred and thirty Marines from American and British warships anchored in the harbor to quell a demonstration against possible cession. The sugar planters, the haole merchants, and those Americans who believed in Manifest Destiny and the importance of Pearl Harbor all drew back, in the belief that if they settled for reciprocity then, the acquisition of the base would soon follow. They were proved right when, in 1887, a renewal of the reciprocity treaty included an amendment that gave the United States "exclusive right to enter the harbor of the Pearl River, in the island of Oahu, and to establish and maintain there a coaling and repair station for the use of vessels of the United States." The Navy lost no time in exercising its privilege.

Although the Hawaiians shared little or none of the profits, the decade following the reciprocity treaty was one of tremendous economic growth in the islands, for the sugar merchants saw their production rise from twenty-six million pounds in 1876 to a hundred and seventy-one million pounds in 1885. For the Hawaiians, those years were politically and morally disastrous. Not only did the events of that period lead to the overthrow of the kingdom in 1893 but, in the twelve years between 1878 and 1890, the Hawaiians dropped from eighty-two per cent of the population to less than fifty per cent. Epidemics of leprosy and smallpox accounted for part of the demographic change, but the main reason was the influx of immigrants from Asia to work on the plantations, replacing Hawaiian laborers, who, in the earlier years, had held most of the jobs, but who never worked assiduously and were content to make enough money to get by and then go fishing. The matter of importing labor had been discussed as early as 1850, when the legislature passed an act titled "For the Government of Masters and Servants." It provided for the importation of immigrant workers under contracts that included strict legal sanctions, and two years later a shipload of Chinese coolies was brought to Honolulu. In 1862, the United States Congress prohibited citizens from using American ships to conduct trade in coolies. But forced coolie labor was one thing and contract labor was something else, and though many people argued that one was as bad as the other, the plantation owners hid whatever moral scruples they had behind the claim that a man who had signed to work under contract, in whatever conditions, was not akin to a slave or a coolie. The Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society, an instrument of the planters, and the Hawaiian Bureau of Immigration cast a wide net to recruit workers, not only in Asia but as far away as Portugal, Spain, Poland, Austria-Hungary, and Germany. Between 1850 and annexation, the planters im-



CONTENTMENT IN CURAÇAO

Imagine. Lazing day-long by a swimming pool in the tropics with the ocean at your feet. At sunset, dining in the Penthouse overlooking the twinkling lights of the harbour. And, after dark, playing all night long in a casino full of grown-up games. It's a dream come true at Canadian Pacific Hotels Curaçao Plaza in Willemstad. Come experience world famous CP Hotels service and find the true meaning of contentment at the Curaçao Plaza.

Toll-Free Reservations: 1-800-828-7447
In New York State: 1-800-462-7472
Or Your Travel Agent

CP Hotels
Canadian Pacific Hotels

The Pfaelzer Collection of Gourmet Gifts & Recipes

Take this colorful "Best Seller" —plus a $5.00 gift certificate!

Discover the rare, the remarkable, the exotic, and the quietly tasteful. Imagine such gifts as meltingly tender Filet Mignon ...Heart of Rib Roasts...hand-forged Dreizack Knives...gourmet Candies... live Ocean Lobsters...smoked Irish Salmon...fine Wisconsin Cheeses...and much more.

Just $2 brings you our Pfaelzer Collection of Gourmet Gifts and Recipes. We'll send along a $5 Gift Certificate good toward any order!

(please print)
Name
Address
City
State
Zip

Mail $2 check to:
"Pfaelzer Brothers"
4501 W. District Blvd.
Chicago, IL 60632

pfaelzer BROTHERS
(312) 927-7100

NY882

OVERWEIGHT?

Watch your shadow disappear on beautiful Hilton Head Island. Join us on this famous resort island for a comprehensive, 26-day weight control program designed to modify a lifetime of habits which contribute to overweight problems.

Controlled dieting, nutritional education and exercise are effectively taught under close professional supervision.

Guests reside in private villas near the ocean.

For further information, call or write today.

The Sea Pines
Behavioral Institute
Dept. NYR, Sea Pines Resort, Hilton Head Island, SC 29928
(803) 671-6181

Soft natural luxury
New Zealand Lambskin Rugs
on floors, furniture and walls.

Perfect Gift

Deep, natural sheepskin softness from the Southland country of New Zealand . . . a luxury unmatched, a warmth which not only feels good, but looks good.

The perfect accent piece . . . on the wall, on the floor near the bed, by the fireplace or as a "snuggler" in your favorite chair. 3 sizes and 6 decorator colors to choose from — from $35.95.

Two 24 hour numbers:
Call Toll Free 1-800-426-4626
or Collect in WA, AK and HI (206) 575-9128

PURE WOOL

VISA/MC Accepted. Request free catalog showing our line of car seat covers and infant care rug.
Shearlings of New Zealand™
P.O. Box 88067, DEPT. NY-8, Seattle, WA 98188

18th CENTURY MANSION IN CORK, SOUTH IRELAND

Woodville, a 1786, two storey Georgian house in 28 acres of oak and beech park and farm land, 8 bedrooms and 4 large living-rooms, all with fireplaces and commanding views, 10 minutes from downtown Cork. The house requires renovation. US$ 420,000. Write or telephone David Miller at Woodville, Glanmire, Co.Cork, Eire. Tel. Cork 82-1020.

Substantial Savings On
Name Brand Typewriters

Realize savings up to 60% by purchasing thru *American International Typewriter*. We sell name brands such as... *Smith-Corona*, Olivetti, Olympia, *Brother*, Royal, and more. Full warranty, packed in sealed cartons. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. FREE CATALOG!

For *faster* service call: **609 452-7500**
American International Typewriter Company
745 Alexander Rd. Princeton, NJ 08540 (dept 4)

ported forty-five thousand Chinese laborers, twenty-five thousand Japanese, seventeen thousand Portuguese, and lesser numbers of other nationalities. Then, between 1910 and 1930, more than a hundred thousand Filipinos were brought in, primarily to replace the Chinese, who had begun drifting off to the towns to go into commerce, and the Japanese, who also sought more satisfying jobs in the cities and eventually became predominant in the civil service and in politics. All told, a hundred and eighty thousand Japanese migrated to the islands between 1850 and 1930—of whom about half remained permanently—and of the early plantation workers they had proved to be the most militant in objecting to the harsh working conditions imposed by the plantation owners and their *luna*, or overseers, who frequently used blacksnake whips to enforce discipline. In the last decade of the nineteenth century, the workers, by then mostly Japanese, rebelled against the *luna* on thirty occasions and conducted numerous strikes. The planters consistently took advantage of racial frictions among the immigrant workers and used Portuguese and Hawaiians as strikebreakers. Even after the penal-labor-contract system was abolished, in 1900, and plantation workers ostensibly won the right to quit when they wished, the planters went on using divide-and-rule tactics to keep the immigrant groups in line.

THOUGH King Kalakaua was personally revered by the Hawaiians and won the admiration and respect of learned visitors (Henry Adams commented, somewhat patronizingly, that he "talked of Hawaiian archeology and arts as well as though he had been a professor"), his reign was marked by power struggles that heralded the end of the monarchy. Scandals over land grabs, opium traffic, and lottery permits cast a blight on his efforts to make Hawaii the center of a Pacific empire of native peoples. He was also a spendthrift—in 1881 he became the first king anywhere to travel around the world—and his financial extravagance and mismanagement alienated the haoles, who in 1887 formed a secret organization called the Hawaiian League. Its more radical members armed themselves and forced Kalakaua to accept a new constitution—later known as the Bayonet Constitution—which extended the franchise to residents of American or European parentage, but barred Chinese and Japanese from voting; reduced the importance of the popularly elected lower house of the legislature; and, in sum, placed the haoles in a dominant position. An attempted uprising to restore the King's powers was put down in 1889, and two years later Kalakaua died, in San Francisco, where he had gone for medical care. He was succeeded by his sister Liliuokalani, a strong-willed, handsome woman. Taking over the faltering kingdom as Queen, she tried her best to restore the power and prestige of the throne, but political controversies continued, and the islands were caught up in an economic depression. This was caused by the passage of the McKinley Tariff bill in 1890, which lifted the United States duty on imported raw sugar and gave mainland sugar producers a bounty of two cents a pound. The advantages of reciprocity were thus removed overnight, and sugar production in Hawaii dropped off quickly, with resulting cuts in wages and employment, soon followed by a decline in property values. Talk of rebellion increased, and so did talk of annexation, which many of the haoles continued to support, even though it would end the advantages they obtained from the labor system they controlled so strictly. Queen Liliuokalani's efforts to promulgate a new constitution that was modelled on the one of 1864 led to the organization by the haoles of a Committee of Safety, which, in January, 1893, seized the main government building in Honolulu. The committee issued a proclamation abolishing the monarchy and setting up a provisional government headed by Judge Sanford B. Dole, a prominent lawyer who was the son of a missionary, "to exist until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon." Local military "volunteers" were supported by troops landed from the cruiser Boston on the orders of the resident United States Minister, John L. Stevens, who was a strong annexationist. The Queen, confronted by these forces, issued a document in which she protested the committee's action but "yielded to the superior force of the United States," pending an appeal to the American government that she be reinstated. Her protest was unavailing. Five commissioners appointed by the provisional government went to Washington, and, with the Secretary of State, John Foster, drew up a treaty of annexation. In the last days of his Administration, President Benjamin Harrison sent the treaty to the Senate for approval, but the Senate did not bring it to a vote. In March, 1893, President Grover Cleveland sent a special commissioner, James H. Blount, to Hawaii to investigate the circumstances of the overthrow. Blount wrote a report stating that the revolution had been a conspiracy between American entrepreneurs and Stevens. Cleveland thereupon condemned the action as "an act of war" against "a friendly and confiding people." He sent a new minister to Honolulu to help restore Liliuokalani to the throne, but it was too late. The provisional government was installed and functioning; it had passed an act to set up a National Guard and another one calling for a new constitutional convention, and the convention, held in the early summer of 1894, resulted in the creation of the Republic of Hawaii. Early in 1895, an insurrection against the republic was put down, and martial law was declared. About two hundred people were arrested, including Queen Liliuokalani, who had again protested—this time to Great Britain and other nations—in vain against the establishment of the republic. Eight days after her arrest, the Queen formally abdicated and signed an oath of allegiance to the republic. Annexation was held up until the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. During that war, the Hawaiian government ardently backed the Americans, and Honolulu became a stopover point for our troops, who were warmly welcomed on their way to the Philippines. It was on August 12, 1898, that the Hawaiian Islands were officially annexed to the United States, and less than two years later, on June 14, 1900, they became the Territory of Hawaii.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Mount Horeb* (*Wis.*) *Mail*]

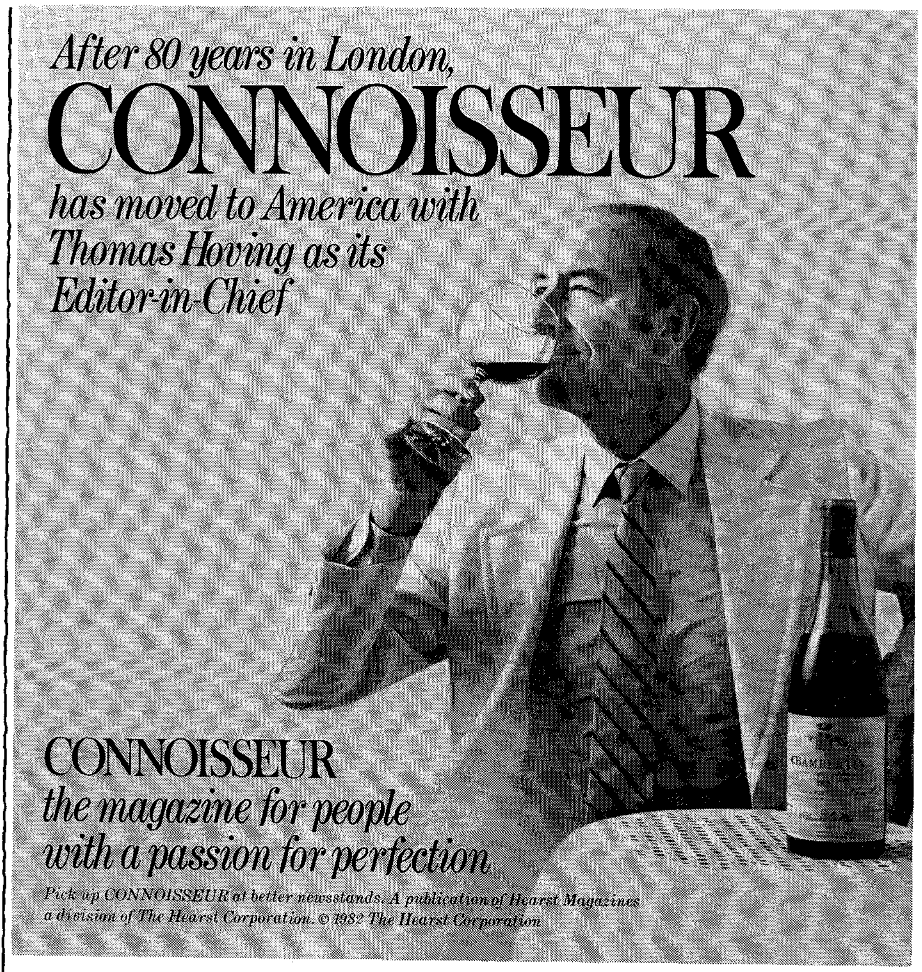
THANK YOU,
MT. HOREB, WISCONSIN!

NOR-COM VIDEO, INC., is pleased that we will be your cable system.

The selection of a cable television company is not an easy process.

Your municipal leaders have labored long hours in reaching their decision.

We are honored that they have selected our company on your behalf, and we will betray that trust.



After 80 years in London,
CONNOISSEUR
has moved to America with Thomas Hoving as its Editor-in-Chief

CONNOISSEUR
the magazine for people with a passion for perfection

Pick up CONNOISSEUR at better newsstands. A publication of Hearst Magazines a division of The Hearst Corporation. © 1982 The Hearst Corporation

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

FREE Fall Catalog

Fully illustrated. Features quality apparel and footwear for men, women and children; camping, hunting, hiking and winter sports equipment.

For 70 years L. L. Bean has offered practical and functional merchandise at reasonable prices. Our clothing and footwear is rugged enough to withstand active outdoor use, yet attractively styled and comfortable for casual wear. Many items are of our own manufacture. All are guaranteed to be 100% satisfactory or your money back.

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State_____ Zip________

L. L. Bean, Inc., 847 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

L.L.Bean
Fall 1982

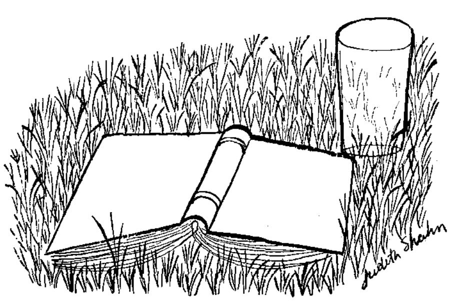
BOOKS

The Hollow Man

DENIS MACK SMITH'S "Mussolini" (Knopf; $20) is a model of its kind. Crisply written, its ironies razor sharp but often covert, extensively but unobtrusively researched, it exemplifies to perfection the view of human follies, of political brutishness, and of the absurdities of history which English sensibility, and Oxford in particular, takes. In a reflex of sovereign distaste, Mr. Mack Smith ends his biography not with some attempt at general assessment or a look at the Duce's effect on modern European and Italian affairs but with the blank report "The bodies were piled into a truck and taken to be strung up by the heels in the Piazzale Loreto at Milan, mocked and vilified by the mob." Connoisseurs of Latin historical prose will spot the deliberate offbeat of that final clause. Shades of Tacitus.

The road to the Piazzale Loreto had been almost uncannily smooth. Benito Mussolini had come up in the world of the turn of the century as an itinerant laborer, journalist, rabble-rouser, draft evader, and street bully. Nothing seems to have set him apart from the general flotsam of unemployed anarchists, would-be Socialists, and semi-educated pamphleteers drifting about the streets of Europe as the old order stumbled toward crisis except, perhaps, for one thing. From boyhood, in the cruel village existence of the Romagna, Mussolini had harbored fantasies of solitary power. Both words count. In a vividly gregarious society, such as that of rural and small-town Italy, Mussolini was, and was to his end, a loner—a self-infatuated careerist with exceptional reserves of contempt for other human beings. Moreover, he saw all personal and social relations in terms of naked power. Nothing else had much reality for him. Even before he had gleaned the odd shreds of dictatorial theory from Lenin or Nietzsche, even before the theorist of legitimate violence, Georges Sorel, had furnished him with ideological tags, the absolute primacy of power was manifest in his character and conduct. At some bleak stage in his early aloneness and more or less destitute wanderings, Mussolini came upon a dangerous insight: in a secular mass society, that which cuts across all distinctions of political belief, of class style, of regional independence is the sheer exercise of power—be it that of money, of the media, of the church militant, or of the truncheon.

It is this brutal perception which made a political movement and a strident rhetoric of what was, again to the very end, a puerile ragbag of conflicting interests and persuasions. When the handful of *fascisti* met in an obscure Milanese hall in March, 1919, they included "futurists, anarchists, communists, syndicalists, republicans, Catholics, nationalists and liberals of various kinds." Even at the height of his autocracy, Mussolini was, Mr. Mack Smith argues, "an actor, a dissimulator, an exhibitionist who changed his role from hour to hour to suit the occasion." Under such idiotic slogans as "Synthesis of every negation and every affirmation" and "That which transcends both the left and the right by unifying them," Italian Fascism sought to conceal its total theoretic and ideological emptiness. Mussolini triumphed not with a doctrine but with a technique for seizing power. Mr. Mack Smith's unsparing but dispassionate account shows that there was no great mystery to this technique. Mussolini's black-shirted thugs smashed the presses of opposition newspapers, terrorized with wooden clubs and castor oil any journalist, parliamentarian, or academic foolhardy enough to voice opposition, and, when need be, resorted to murder. While occasionally professing a certain dislike for violence, the Duce saw to it that physical assault, intimidation, censorship, and banishment became the order of the day. The knuckle-duster and the boot were the password to elevation in the ranks of Fascism. The Farinaccis, the Staraces, and the other servile buffoons and bouncers who were to form Mussolini's court and squat in the high offices of state were *squadristi.* They had shown their talents in the terror gangs with which Fascism took over successive municipalities and centers of communication throughout 1922. When the so-called March on Rome took place, in late October of that year, Mussolini encountered scarcely any opposition. King Vittorio Emanuele was only too ready to welcome "the man of destiny." The world of finance and industry saw in Fascism a useful corrective to the insidious advance of Bolshevism. Though Mussolini had himself been a rabid anticlerical, the Vatican sensed that a rapprochement could be easily negotiated on common grounds of social discipline, the Duce's demand that Italian families produce more children, and a general jamboree of Roman glory. So swift, so facile was the Fascist takeover that the actual bureaucracy of power was wildly makeshift. Once again, as Mr. Mack Smith shows, the amateurish, purely opportunistic tenor of the entire Fascist regime was to persist to the bloody finale.



Of one craft Mussolini proved himself a master: that of fantastication. Within months of the Fascist inrush into the emptiness of the political and legislative framework, the Duce's portrait was on every public and on countless private walls. A programmatic "Caesarism" was instituted in every facet of Italian political, military, aesthetic, and intellectual life. Taking a leaf out of the papal book, Mussolini saw to it that his own infallibility became a dogma in public affairs. No school day could begin without some didactic allusion to the leader's incomparable brilliance, devotion, courage, and clairvoyance:

> His picture—often in one of his Napoleonic poses—was already displayed on all public buildings and would sometimes be carried in procession through the streets like the image of a patron saint. Devout fascists might have his photograph printed at the head of their writing-paper, together with one of his short apodictic pronouncements. He was compared to Aristotle, Kant and Aquinas; he was the greatest genius in Italian history, greater than Dante or Michelangelo, greater than Washington, Lincoln or Napoleon; he was, in fact, a god, and the other fascist leaders should consider themselves his priests and acolytes.

The words of the Duce poured out of every loudspeaker, newspaper, and magazine. The "ideological" monthly of the Party, *Gerarchia*, described

"Here are Fred and Bernice. They've just returned from a sojourn in the wine country."

• •

Mussolini, Mr. Mack Smith tells us, "as a person whose ideas derived from no one, 'whose creative force has no limit in time or space,' and who—this was now a familiar incantation—could be considered only alongside or above Socrates, Plato, Machiavelli and Napoleon." In the period following victory in Ethiopia, the religion and rites of *ducismo* were at their apogee: "Peasants knelt to him in the fields, women held up their children for him to bless, and cabinet ministers were expected to stand in his presence for hours at a time. Now was the time when Starace laid down the general rule for interviews that people should run all the way to the Duce's desk and then run out at the double, stopping to salute at the door." Though farcical in themselves, and though probably derived from cinematic fantasies of Neronian and Asiatic despotism, the practices of *ducismo* do constitute one of the main venoms in our century. Hitler learned much from Mussolini's theatricals; there are elements in the Stalinist "cult of personality" obviously drawn from the Italian model; Maoism, Qaddafism, the nightmarish histrionics of adulation, citation, and invocation demanded of the subjects of an Idi Amin or of the sadistic tin-pot juntas of Latin America—all these bear the Mussolini imprint. This alone makes of the Duce a macabre, an inherently vacant, yet also a major phenomenon.

In pragmatic terms, *ducismo* became a substitute for political, economic, and military realities. The trompe-l'oeil effect is, from the historian's and sociologist's point of view, fascinating. Mussolini's mere statement that Italian technology and industrial progress were now leading the Western world sufficed in the eyes not only of the faithful but, for a time, of international observers to obscure the archaic disorder of Italian factories, the total failure to establish a raw-materials base, and the almost bottomless corruption that characterized fiscal transactions in the new imperium. Because the Duce had bellowed from the Palazzo Venezia balcony that Italian armaments were the envy and terror of all other states, because he had, in 1935, simply ordered his general staff to be ready for victorious war, not only the yelling crowds but a good many generals and admirals thought themselves ready and invincible. Mr. Mack Smith is at pains to point out that Mussolini's work habits were desultory and often amateurish. He spent lethargic days combing through the bedroom gossip gathered for him by an indefatigable and prurient domestic-espionage service. When presiding over the Fascist Grand Council, the omniscient chief would either emit raucous platitudes or listen, half bored, to the encomia of his lackeys. The nation and the world at large, however, were persuaded that the lights never went out in the Duce's workroom (another mythological touch appropriated by Stalin). Not merely the wretched Italians but observers such as George Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill, and, at one moment, Sigmund Freud were convinced that Mussolini was a prodigious organizer, a virtuoso of administrative renovation, a latter-day Augustus through whose untiring will and eagle eye for detail Rome would indeed recapture its ancient splendors. (It was to Mussolini, patron of archeology, restorer of antiquities, and drainer of marshes, that Freud sent an inscribed copy of his and Einstein's "Why War?") In plain fact, Mussolini's military adventures in Ethiopia, Albania, and the Spanish Civil War were revelations of radical military incompetence and technological backwardness. But this situation was glibly concealed from all but the most courageous or cynical. "The man on horseback" had made good his brutal promise: Italy was a bully among nations; the black man and the Balkan, the Spanish Republican and the Socialist exile walked in terror of her mailed fist. What had the League of Nations, what had Britain or France dared do when the Duce's warplanes rained death on Ethiopia? Privately, the Duce might observe that "governing Italians is not hard: it is merely useless." But the public pantomime was one of vigilant sovereignty.

The confidence trick might have held. The Duce might have breathed his stentorian last in some palatial bed, like friend Franco. Instead, he nosed his jackal way into a totally unnecessary and suicidal war. Why? Had Mussolini, as Mr. Mack Smith suggests, been taken in by the adulation, by the phantasms of imperial glory which he had drummed up and which

"A language buff's delight!"*

NATIVE TONGUES

A book of captivating language facts by one of the world's foremost authorities on languages and their origins

CHARLES BERLITZ

"A fascinating compendium of facts about the world's 2796 languages written in an anecdotal style that is perfect for browsers."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

Including these and over 1000 other delightfully entertaining nuggets:

- The language that lost to English by one vote as the official language of the United States.[1]
- The Indian name for "Place Where We All Got Drunk."[2]
- The basic 8 word groups you need to know to get a good start in the world's 25 principal languages.[3]
- What the sounds of these English words mean in Japanese: Ohio, auto, ha-ha, O'Hara, itchy-knee.[4]

"Engaging fun!"
—*The Wall Street Journal*

[1]*German.* [2]*Manhattan.* [3]*Yes, No, Good, Please, Thanks, Excuse me, Where is?,* and *How much is?* [4]Good morning, Father, Mother, Honorable stomach, One-two.

**San Diego Tribune*

Since 1967, Mr. Berlitz has not been connected with the Berlitz Schools in any way.

340 pages, illus. $14.95, now at your bookstore, or use this coupon to order:

GROSSET & DUNLAP,
A member of The Putnam Publishing Group
Dept. NT-NY
200 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016
Please send me *Native Tongues* @ $14.95, plus $1.65 postage and handling (and applicable sales tax). Enclosed is my (circle one)
check money order
Please charge my (circle one)
VISA Master Card
#____________Exp. Date________
Signature____________________
Name_______________________
Address_____________________
City__________State_____Zip_____

now tided around him like confetti? Did he believe in Hitler's inevitable triumph over democracies that he had hypnotized himself and his minions into despising? Neither explanation is altogether convincing. Mussolini no doubt basked in *ducismo*. But a vivid streak of cynical candor, even of self-knowledge, surfaces often in the man's clowning and rhetorical megalomania. The very scorn he poured on his colleagues and subjects seems to have undermined any naïve, untroubled belief in the military chances of Fascist Italy. And although the relation to Hitler was enormously complex—it exhibits Shakespearean dimensions of need and duplicity, of genuine liking and constant exasperation—Mussolini detested the German character, loathed the German assumption of racial-national superiority, and seems to have nursed profound doubts from the start. After one meeting, when the Allies had already begun their invasion of Italy, Mussolini voiced the withering insight that both he and the Führer might be slightly mad. As far as Hitler was concerned, that possibility had struck Mussolini even in happier times.

It may well be that Mussolini had to go to war because Italian Fascism, as a creed, as a working program, as an institutional edifice had no place else to go. The emptiness of the whole thing, the exhaustion of any rational impulse, had become irreversible. Unlike Franco, the Duce could not conceive of any legitimate succession to his own unique persona. He knew the Italian monarchy to be corroded past hope of renascence. Not one among the sycophantic gangsters or court jesters around him—this, of course, was Mussolini's own choice—could conceivably take over. War must have looked like a perfect postponement—the classical Italian *aggiornamento*—of political, social, and economic realities. Victory would bring its own Technicolor solutions. So, paradoxically, would defeat. Mussolini may have gambled on the former, the Italian people on the latter. This extraordinary point is argued persuasively in one of the most penetrating analyses we have of the collapse of Mussolini's house of cards, Salvatore Satta's "De Profundis" (1948). Having observed at first hand the Italian debacle, Satta says that this may have been the one time in recorded history when the people of a nation entered a war in the bitter hope of losing it. Such was the sterile trap of Fascism that the dictator and his subjects, and even his adversaries, could find no exit except in catastrophe.

The adventure so frivolously embarked upon proved ruinous beyond the darkest foresight. The civil war that broke out in Italy after the German occupation, the battles of partisan resistance throughout the north, were among the most savage in modern history. The courage of the partisans, the sadistic efficacy of repression demonstrate past doubt the absurdity of the myth of Italian military cowardice. In North Africa, in Greece, in Soviet Russia, the Italian soldier, lamentably officered, scarcely equipped, did not want to fight. Surrender was often the only constructive move toward a future politics. On home ground, the hatred and the heroism were uncompromising. Mussolini's macabre end was of little significance. Already he belonged to a hollow past.

Mr. Mack Smith tells this sad tale with impeccable elegance and authority. Scholars and specialists will continue to resort to the massive study of Mussolini by Renzo De Felice, now approaching its sixth volume. But, for the general reader, it is difficult to believe that the Mack Smith portrait either needs to be or can be improved upon. The trouble, however, is this: an Oxonian commitment to cool common sense, the skepticism inbred in a classical liberal imagination make certain areas of irrational and ideological history awkward to handle. Having put this book down, one asks, If this was all there was to Mussolini, how could it be that his regime either hoodwinked or mesmerized not only the Italians (psychologically, politically one of the most cynical and resourceful of peoples) but, certainly until the nineteen-forties, much of the international community? If Benito Mussolini was the somnambular windbag depicted, and depicted convincingly, in this indictment, how could it be that the Fascist cause attracted such individuals as Arturo Toscanini (very briefly), the philosopher Giovanni Gentile, Guglielmo Marconi? How could Benedetto Croce, Italy's most eminent and liberal thinker, urge people to vote for the Fascist candidates in the earlier stages of the movement? What induced Enrico Fermi to accept membership in the academy that Mussolini founded for the greater glory of *ducismo*? Was Hitler merely deceived in the ally whose swift rise to power and monopolistic uses of national institutions he certainly found worth admiring and, at various points, worth imitating? There is here more of a challenge to historical and political understanding than Mr. Mack Smith allows.

One of the most searching, if controversial, diagnoses is that of the great Milanese novelist and essayist Carlo Emilio Gadda. In his "Eros e Priapo" (1967), Gadda poses the key question: How could a personality as totally narcissistic as Mussolini's have had an almost mythical impact upon a mass society? Mussolini's rhetorical devices were, unlike Hitler's, almost parochial. Though, as Mr. Mack Smith stresses, Mussolini was capable of personal vindictiveness and thuggery, he did not carry with him the hypnotic aura of absolute evil which so struck observers of Hitler and of Stalin. Gadda answers in terms of the metaphors and symbols of sexuality. He sees in the fabric of Italian responses, especially on the crowd level, a profound "femininity"—an erotic acquiescence in the self-flattering, contemptuously egotistical demands of the male. Mussolini played upon the "body politic" of Italy as if it were a sexual object, ready to spring into sacrificial life. Gadda's analysis is acute where it details the raucous virility of Fascist speech, the machismo of the Fascist salute, garb, architectural style, cult of athletics, and promise of empire. The intuitions of political psychology and of "psychobiography" are too sketchy, too literary to satisfy the historian's rigor. But Gadda is surely thinking and feeling along crucial lines when he characterizes the problem posed by Mussolini's career as one of an almost carnal relation between individual and crowd.

Whatever the vacuity, moreover, of Benito Mussolini's person and program, the legacy of the Fascist experience and disaster has been of the first importance. Despite outward appearances, Italy is today a state of quite remarkable stability and resilience. It is not easy to name another modern nation that has not only endured but persistently rebounded from the terrorist onslaught of left and right. The Italian Communist Party is undoubtedly the most useful, creative thorn in the side of Western consumer society. Its bare presence—the intellectual and moral energies of its evolution away from Moscow—acts as an indispensable ballast in what is in fact one of the most subtly tuned, tensile of electoral and regional systems. The

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name

Address Apt.

City State Zip

☐ One year: $28 ☐ New subscriber

☐ Two years: $46 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)

Additional Postage: Canada $6.00 per year; other foreign $12.00 per year.

☐ My check for $ ______ is enclosed.

Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa

Account # ______

Signature ______

4352

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.

☐ One year: $28 ☐ Two years: $46

To ______

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Gift card to read "From ______"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your new address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

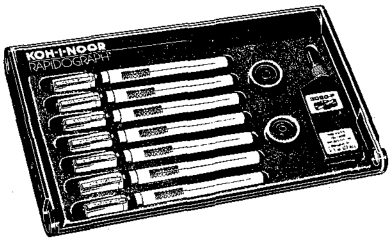
Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036

Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

menash inc

2305 broadway(83rd st)·nyc·10024
462 seventh ave(35th st)·nyc·10018
(212)877-2060

WHILE SUPPLIES LAST!



Buy a 7-Pen Set for the price of a 4-Pen Set
A $71.50 retail value
YOU PAY ONLY $42.50

3165-SP-7 Rapidograph® Technical Pen Set. Contents: 7 Rapidograph pens*, bottle of Koh-I-Noor "Universal" black india drawing ink, and nib keys.

RAPIDOGRAPH technical pen — the best-selling technical pen on the market.

Shipping & handling, add $3.00
Checks and major credit cards (include expiration date)
Contact Gregory Allen/**point sizes: 3x0 thru 4*

E.T.
come
home!

™ Copyright 1982, Universal Studios. All rights reserved.

Wouldn't you love this adorable little outer space creature in *your* home? He's 8" tall, and absolutely irresistible in soft, crinkly brown "feather leather" complete with a red glow spot. His gentle eyes and quirky little smile will steal your heart. A wonderful gift! $17.00 ppd.

To order send check, m.o. or credit card no. and expiration date.

See E.T. and hundreds of other very special dolls, toys, books, games and miniatures in our new, 112-page full color catalog. Send $2 (refundable) to:

the enchanted doll house
20302 Deer Meadow
Manchester Center, Vermont 05255

OLD LYME INN

A Fine French Restaurant and an Elegant Country Inn

Old Lyme, Conn.
203-434-2600

appalling internecine warfare of 1943-1945 has left permanent scars. (There is a sense in which the assassination of Aldo Moro was a late episode in this war.) But it has also educated Italian sensibility—the contrast with Germany is marked—to the full cost of the Fascist adventure. And it has given to many Italian cities and regional groupings—notably in the north and center—a lasting distrust of nationalism and of centralized rule. This distrust can be a weakness, of course, but it is at the same time a source of local confidence and inventiveness. It is my guess that Northern Italy—cities such as Turin, Milan, Bologna—is the one place (besides blessed Switzerland) where the idea of a European community may truly become practicable and where the complex symbiosis between American modernity and European historicity may be achieved. What deserves assessment is Mussolini's negative—spectral or parodistic—role in this epilogue of hope.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Madame Sousatzka, by Bernice Rubens (Hamish Hamilton; $16.95). A strange little story, set in London, about an eccentric piano teacher (famous for her Method) who polishes an amiable eleven-year-old prodigy's technique (he spends weekends at her Hyde Park house, which, despite its stylish address, is decaying) and then finds herself (along with her odd batch of boarders) loath to surrender him to success in the form of a crass, tin-eared impresario. This second novel by Bernice Rubens was first published in England in 1962; some of the nine novels that she has written since then—"Sunday Best," for example, and her most recent, "Birds of Passage"—are slier and more self-assured. Nevertheless, here are most of Miss Rubens' admirable hallmarks: a small cast, mostly of curious and quirky loners who know that silence is a form of speech (Madame Sousatzka's boarders include a prostitute who holds séances, an osteopath with a half-baked Method of his own, and a slothlike countess called Uncle); regular reports on the daydreams into which they tend to drift; and a plot that starts out simple and then, twisted and split to make way for these digressions, proves to be full of surprises.

The Questionnaire; or, Prayer for a Town and a Friend, by Jiří Gruša, translated from the Czech by Peter Kussi (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15.95). "DO NOT CROSS OUT!" is the command pencilled across the job application that the narrator, an unemployed Czech artist, aims to fill out (his sixteenth in two years). Taking these words to mean "Omit nothing!," he sets down the complete, cryptic, blackly comic story of the town where he grew up and which (centuries older than Czechoslovakia itself) has survived endless cycles of bloody invasions and violent regimes; of his deep-rooted family tree, and his forebears' forays into the chocolate and beer businesses; and of his own fanciful adventures, which begin *in utero* and include a journey to the year 2222. Once in a while, he returns to the questionnaire, with mock-solemn references to some of its questions (he mentions his mother's silverware and then feels obliged to add, "Note: *Personal Property* actually belongs in a later category, Question 10"), all of which he answers, in his own way, far too well for his own good. In 1978, after "The Questionnaire" had been distributed by a *samizdat* publisher, Mr. Gruša was arrested and charged with "initiating dissent." He now lives in West Germany.

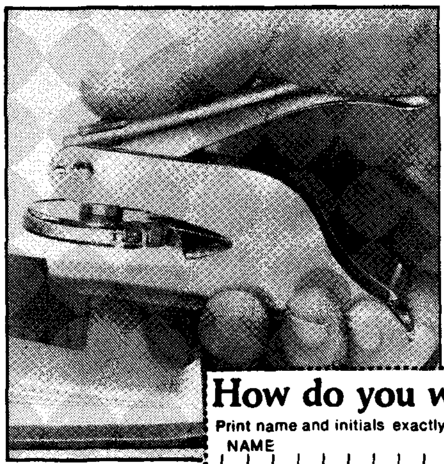
GENERAL

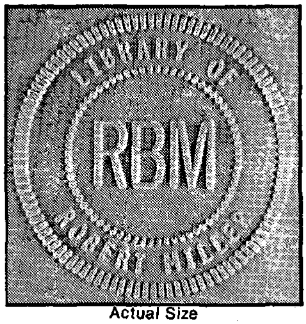
Mighty Mississippi: Biography of a River, by Marquis W. Childs (Ticknor & Fields; $12.95). Mr. Childs knows the great river: he was born (in 1903) in the river town of Clinton, Iowa; he spent his long and distinguished professional life on the staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch;* he has travelled the full length of the river, from St. Paul to New Orleans. But this is biography as well as autobiography, and "Mighty Mississippi" opens with the sixteenth-century river and its awesome impact on de Soto and his ragged men, goes on a century to the Jesuit Allouez, by whom the river's first name, Missipi, was first enunciated, and on to the explorations of La Salle, and to the river's role in the opening of the vast Mississippi valley in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—the era of the timber raft and the keelboat, which gave way to the short-lived triumph of the steamboat. The center of Mr. Childs' portrait is the steamboat era—the moment when the trade of the American heartland (lumber, grain, cotton) flowed from the North to the South, and New Orleans (the third-largest American city) threatened to become the preëminent American port—and the end of that much romanticized moment with the emergence of the railroads, which, under the direction of the Jay Goulds of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, secured the individualist West for the corporate East. Mr. Childs is a thoughtful writer, and his reflections on the Mississippi and its importance in our history are always interesting, and often even arresting. Illustrated with a useful map.

THE AVANT-GARDE TRADITION IN LITERATURE, edited and with an introduction by Richard Kostelanetz (Prometheus; $22.95 cloth, $11.95 paper). A generous assortment of critical essays about modernist writing from around the first decade of this century to the present. A few selections—by Apollinaire, say, and Moholy-Nagy—involve movements no longer shocking. In more recent selections, we find post-Second World War critics shredding prewar reputations, and Young Turks charging under such banners as concrete poetry, visual poetry, minimal fiction, Popwash (in Germany), and Oulipo (in France). The work represented here is curious and diffident; it is expressive not of great ambition but of reduced expectations of what literature can accomplish.

DOROTHY DAY: A BIOGRAPHY, by William D. Miller (Harper & Row; $18.95). A sympathetic but not worshipful account of the remarkable woman (1897-1980) who, in 1933, founded the Catholic Worker movement and its magazine. Miss Day's family were irreligious Protestants. Her father, a sportswriter, moved around the United States so often as to give his daughter only fitful glimpses of any community; yet the concept—as well as the example—of community was one of the most striking aspects of the Catholic Worker movement. Dorothy Day seems to have begun to attract the most interesting people in any circle as early as her teens. At the University of Illinois, her closest friends were Rayna Simons, later a famous

The Mark of a True Book Lover





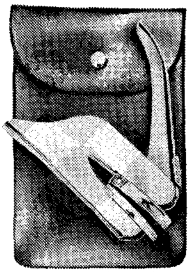
Now Only
$14.95 EACH

Actual Size

This is the same heavy duty, chrome plated embosser used by librarians to mark and identify books.

Now you can have one with your own name and initials on a 1½" diameter seal. It's easy to use. . . insert the page, squeeze the handle and "LIBRARY OF (your name)" and initials will be clearly embossed (see photo).

This quality embosser is fully guaranteed and comes with a handy storage pouch.



Since this item has to be personalized, please allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery.

How do you want your seal to read?

Print name and initials exactly the way you want them to appear.

INITIALS

NAME

For additional embossers, simply print names and initials on a separate sheet of paper.

Check One

☐ A check or money order is enclosed
☐ Please charge this purchase to:

☐ VISA ☐ American Express Card ☐ MasterCard

Account #

MasterCard
4 digits above your name

Exp. Date ________ Signature ____________

BARNES & NOBLE SALE ANNEX
126 FIFTH AVENUE DEPT. E 435
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

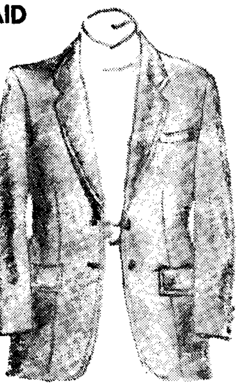
Please send me______ embosser(s) at only $14.95 each plus $1.75 each for postage and insurance. (N.Y. and N.J. residents: Please add sales tax.)

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________

Offer good only in the continental U.S.A. 0038158

© 1982, Barnes & Noble Bookstores, Inc.

$84.90 POSTPAID
$145. Value



If you add only two blazers this fall, they autumn be these:

- 100% fine wool heather tweed in cherry, russet, or plum;

—or—

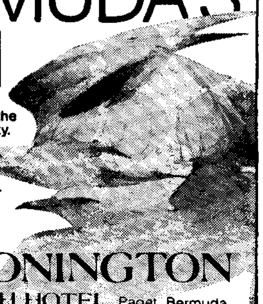
- fine flannel, wool/nylon blend in camel, navy, or grey.

Both, fully lined, 4-18.

Major credit cards.

Paris SHOPS
70 Greenwich Ave.,
Greenwich, Ct. 06830
203-869-6627

BERMUDA'S GEM



A sparkling new resort and training grounds in the gracious art of hospitality. Elegantly set in the natural beauty of Bermuda's South Shore.

STONINGTON BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda

For information and reservations see your travel agent or call Reservation Systems, Inc.
(800) 223-1588 In NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

a catalogue of the best

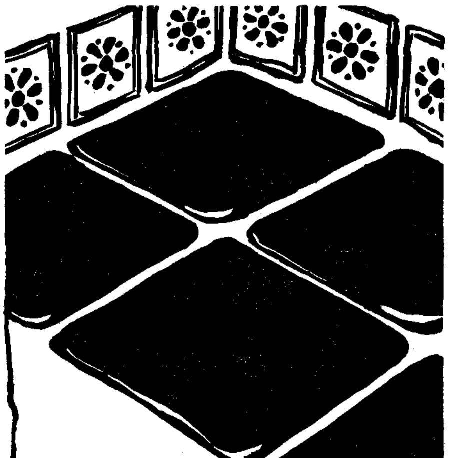
More than 1,000 presents—Museum silver, crystal, porcelain, sculpture, jewelry, scarves, prints, books, cards.

For the Museum's 116-page Christmas catalogue* send this coupon with your name, address, and zip code together with $1.00 to cover mailing cost.

* Mailing date September 1.

N352

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York, N.Y. 10028



Magnificent Mexican Tile!

Stylish, south-of-the-border elegance for every room in your home. Over 200 colors and patterns of hand-painted Talavera tile and 8 rich colors of Monterrey tile in stock for immediate shipment!

Send $1.00 for our color literature.

222 Galisteo St., Santa Fe,
NM 87501 505-983-5563

Artesanos
Imports Co.

The Mexican marketplace in Santa Fe!

Some of this world's most wonderful Christmas Cards, *delightfully fashioned in the Spirit of Christmas Past, with greetings from Shakespeare, Dickens, O. Henry, and others, are now available (with many other good things) at astonishingly reasonable prices in the new Cahill Catalog.*
Cahill & Co., 148 Palisade St.
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522

MARCO ISLAND, FLORIDA. Beachfront apartment in lush tropical setting on Gulf of Mexico. Fully furnished. All resort amenities including pool, spas, outdoor bar. Available by the week. Call Eagle's Nest at (813) 394-7335.

Country Inns and Back Roads
8.95 ppd. North American Edition
Norman T. Simpson
THE BERKSHIRE TRAVELLER PRESS
Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262

radical, and Rayna's first husband, the playwright Samson Raphaelson; her young womanhood was spent as a radical journalist in the company of avant-garde writers, such as Eugene O'Neill, who later became American classics. The process of conversion seems to have been percolating in her during the years she was busy in bohemia. She was baptized a Roman Catholic in 1927, and the pattern of her conversion was repeated thereafter, in that her impulsiveness invariably had deep roots. The *Catholic Worker*, for example, which was scrambled together at the suggestion of the eccentric Catholic philosopher Peter Maurin, expressed her lifelong concerns for the poor and for the creation of a just society. Her labors show her in all her austerity and asperity, and with the attraction that her deliberately slapdash management of a large movement in no way hindered either her deepening spirituality or her ever-widening human involvements.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

END-GAME, by Michael Gilbert (Harper & Row; $13.50). Mr. Gilbert is widely known as perhaps the best living master of the classic English murder mystery, but in this, his twenty-third book, he moves into the more suspenseful, more kinetic field of the thriller. This is not to say that he has abandoned mystery. "End-Game" is one perplexity after another: there is the junkie derelict with the Eton accent, there is the ravishingly beautiful and conspicuously overqualified secretary in the printing firm, there is the drunken but subtly inquisitive Welshman, there is the vaguely shady builder of tax-free conglomerates, there is the firm offering French and Italian guided tours which obviously undercharges its customers, there is a thoughtful official at a desk at Scotland Yard. The scene is London (much of it in the lowest depths) and Italy (chiefly Florence), and the entertainment factor is high.

•

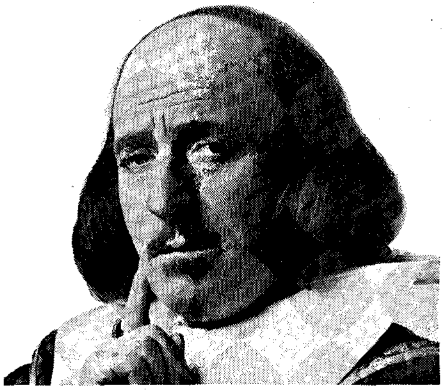
Chinese vases. Put a Ceramic liners covered flower in one and sneak with handwoven bamboo. In onto her matel of coffee table.—*Adv. in the Victoria (Texas) Advocate.*

Confucius say: Do not rely upon sneak bearing handwoven bamboo. Will crash every time into matel of coffee table.

Help our colleges cope with inflation. The money you give may decide whether I'm to be or not to be.
—William Shakespeare
Poet, Actor, Playwright

Inflation is hurting colleges all over America.
So please give generously. By helping to save my work from neglect you may prevent the greatest Shakespearean tragedy of all.

Help! Give to the college of your choice.



Council for Financial Aid to Education, Inc.
680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019
CFAE Ad Council

• CLUB MED •
RESERVATION & INFORMATION VACATION CENTER
Visit our Club Med video theater
See Video Tapes on most clubs
Caribbean • Bahamas • Mexico • Tahiti • Europe •
Ski Colorado, USA. Africa • Brazil • So. Pacific
Call us direct, visit us, or your agent
N.Y., N.J., Conn. (212) 750-1670
***All other states* 1-800-528-3100**
3 East 54th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
Over 3 million satisfied club members
• RESERVE WINTER SPACE NOW •

Rhodes School
COEDUCATIONAL COLLEGE PREPARATORY
Grades 6-12
Headmaster Donald R. Nickerson
Harvard B.A. '57/M. Ed '62
212 West 83 Street • NYC 10024

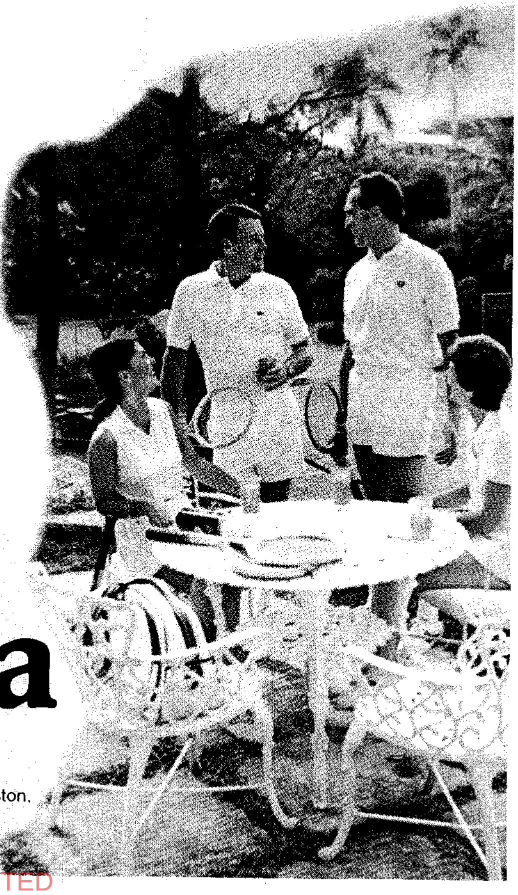
FANNY'S
INTERNATIONAL SALAD DRESSING
Gift friends with (3) 12 oz. bottles of our famous salad dressing $10.00. Shpg. Incl./Cont. U.S.A., 4 weeks delivery. Beautifully packaged. Send check, VISA, MasterCard Number, Expiration Date: FANNY'S
1601 Simpson, Evanston, IL 60201

"Charlotte says Bermuda is like a tiny Shangri-la in the middle of the ocean. We all agree with her."

George and Charlotte Conner and Sandy and Audrey Greene talk about their 14th visit to Bermuda.

"The moment you arrive, Bermudians make you feel like you've been here a long time."

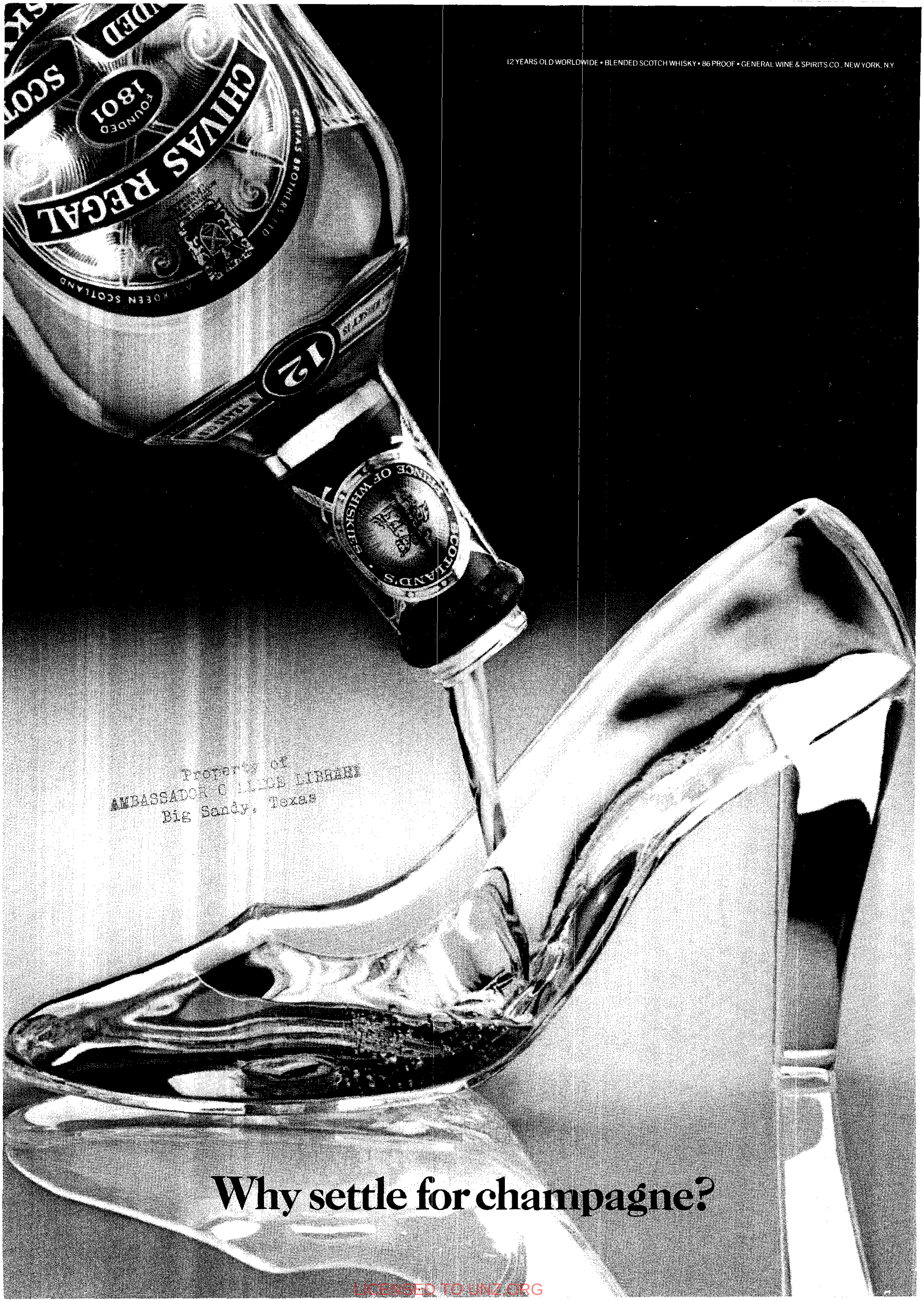
"There's an understated elegance here. It's part of the island."



Couldn't you use a little Bermuda right now?

Bermuda

See your Travel Agent or write Bermuda, Dept. 0721, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10111 or Suite 1010, 44 School St., Boston, Mass. 02108 or 300 North State St., Chicago, Ill. 60610 or Suite 2008, 235 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30303.


12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD
ABERDEEN SCOTLAND
12
SCOTLAND'S PRINCE OF WHISKIES
Why settle for champagne?

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas